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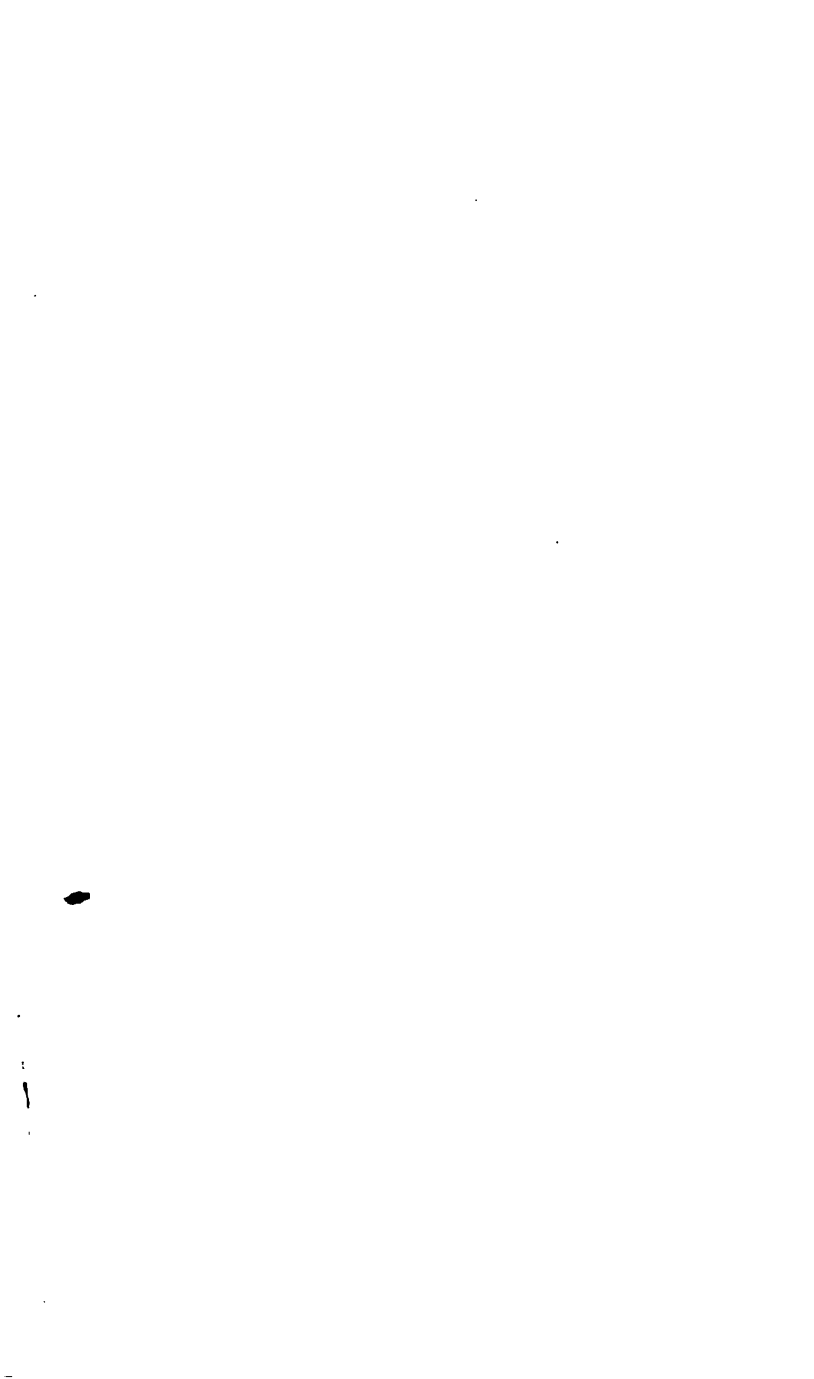
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FROM THE FUND OF
CHARLES MINOT
CLASS OF 1828



YESTERDAY AND TO-DAY.

BY
CYRUS REDDING,

BEING A SEQUEL TO
"FIFTY YEARS' RECOLLECTIONS, LITERARY AND POLITICAL."

IN THREE VOLUMES.

"If thou vouchsafest to read this treatise it shall seem no otherwise to thee than the way to an ordinary traveller; sometimes fair, sometimes foul, here champaign, there enclosed, barren in one place, better soil in another!"—BURTON.

VOL. I.

London:
T. CAUTLEY NEWBY, PUBLISHER,
20, WELBECK STREET, CAVENDISH SQUARE.

1863.

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B26318.26.5 (1-3)

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MINOT FUND

June 25, 1982
(3 vols in 1)

TO THE READER.

In works connected with autobiography, if the charge of egotism be made, the reply of old Montaigne is most fitting :—"Si le monde se plaint dequoi je parle trop de moy, je me plains dequoi il ne pense pas seulement à soy." The many confident in the wisdom comprised in "wise saws and modern instances," may expect that unconnected reminiscences of every character under individual experience should be put together in the third person singular, out of deference to custom. There is nothing more depreciating to reason than judgment from precedent. This is the only apology the author had to offer to the over-ridden by fashion or custom, for the use of the First Person in his "Recollections" five years ago. Random thoughts, draughts upon memory, reminiscences of departed friends, literary labors,

and the like, must be taken as they come uppermost in the sensorium. In the present volumes, however, a part of the matter they contain was designed for insertion in the "Recollections," which, though these were closely printed, would have been unwieldy had it been included in that work. If any disconnection observable here be charged upon the author he hopes that such portions, from being offered spontaneously to his mind, and given in the order in which they arose, will be deemed a sufficing apology.

The writer knows no more than other people, but he has a retentive memory little as yet impaired from advanced age. He has lived through many changes for more than two generations of mankind. Time is scanty with the most protracted existences, and we must tell what we wish while we are able to do it. Something may occur in the tale to interest others. Themistocles wished for the art of forgetfulness rather than to retain the faculty of memory. The wish was superfluous. We have scarcely time to record the events of the journey through life before we are dipped in the Lethe the great Athenian desired.

There are many persons who ask for works they can take up for a quarter of an hour without burthening the mind with a topic which requires a remembrance of the preceding part to retain the connection.

Such the contents of these volumes may suit ; and thus to them the order of dates and intermingling subjects of " Yesterday and To-day," may not be unwelcome. The visit to Washington is a sort of revival of the dead, and the allusion to a portion of the History of the Steam-Engine (in a county in which the largest and most magnificent of those machines have been made and used) during the interval of time from Newcomen to Watt, will furnish an incident for introduction into a history of steam during more than half a century at present little known. That wonderful power, not yet wholly developed, imparts in the connection with itself of a part of his family, a degree of pride to the writer which the boast of a descent from a Norman bandit eight centuries ago could never supersede.

In regard to the author's remarks upon particular works, and their tendencies under one class of German literature in the second volume, and repeated in regard to that of France in the third, the author is firmly convinced of the justice of his observations. He wonders, too, how those to whom the evil and its effects ought to be perceptible, and who are best able to cope with it, have kept silence so long upon the subject.

It was hardly worth while to mention Mr. Windham's intended life a second time, but it makes

the circumstance clearer. The author must also add that in one or two instances he has availed himself of an extract from an article he had before made public.

The heterogeneous character of the contents of the work is inevitable from the nature of the materials, and the order in which they presented themselves.

CHAPTER I.

Introductory remarks—parental affection—mode of education, mistakes regarding—a friend of Wilberforce—youthful stratagems—rustic rambles—mental phenomena—favourite reading—fancies—progress in learning—local attachments—paternal home—distaste for mercantile pursuits.

It is not an easy task to follow the mind in descriptions of the effects produced upon it by external things in times gone by, or to trace the impressions they once generated. The same objects delineated through the visual organs of different individuals, to go no farther, are not always alike; much less do the associations they generate uniformly resemble each other. Hence the depths of light and shade in such mental delineations are differently graduated, and must be revealed for comparison with each other, if designed for amusement or instruction. This is independently of those tendencies to certain pursuits belonging more immediately to intellect, which appear spontaneously, including that denominated genius, a species of intuitive knowledge,

in which the mass of mankind has no participation, and to which, except in one or two insulated cases, it is only sensible by the results.

The order in which objects present themselves to the senses is perfectly natural, but how they pass from the sense to the locality of the memory for notation, is beyond the sphere of successful research. The keenest intellect has so far never been able to furnish a clue to that process of the slightest value, for it does not always depend upon volition, but upon an operation of which we are wholly unconscious of the mode. The immense storehouse of the mind, retaining with equal fidelity the more vast as well as the minuter objects of our perception, the atomic grain or the massy pyramid, the enormous world sailing through the serene of heaven, or the minuter particles of which it is composed, are received with equal facility. This sufficiently explains that the substantial and tangible may be mysteriously exchanged for the unreal and incorporeal, no matter whether it be existing and present, or the accumulation of dead ages, collected by studious aggregation. Nor is this all; we can produce and re-produce those vast or minuter objects at pleasure, from their invisible depository, where, like the host in Pandemonium, they must be reduced to minute dimensions indeed not to jostle each other in the sensorium—how is this marvel effected?

But it is needful to pause here, because though we now only know results, it is possible the means may never be comprehended by finite creatures. We must abandon the means to those who love to wander in metaphysical labyrinths without an exit. It is more useful with our stunted knowledge to be humble in our aspirations. We must recollect that there is a period in human existence when it is idealess, and the senses are without mental direction, when volition is undeveloped, and all is left to the will and care of others, and we are then without any but a mechanical being, of imperfect organization, defective apprehension, and in fact possessing only animal life, with a far inferior power of self-direction and sagacity to the domestic quadruped which awaits our pleasure and shares in the comfort of our dwellings. At that time we do not, it is clear, possess the directing and reflecting agency which is necessary to a free action. The body in our infancy has not yet received the immortal spirit; the receptacle for it is not ready until our responsibility as reasonable creatures shall commence. The sinless, new-born infant is merely animal. It cannot yet generate ideas. That sight which is no guide to the touch, and that hearing which conveys nothing definite to the imperfect creature, is it without the responsibility of action? Does not its innocence arise from its intellectual and bodily feebleness?

Is not its smile unconscious of a cause? Its griefs, are they not those alone which arise from corporeal pain? No mental functions can yet be troubled by disarrangement from an external cause, and if it leave life in this state it in no way differs from any others of the animal creation? Sin and sorrow come from knowledge, word it how we may. The moment the knowledge of good and evil commences, it would appear as if the infusion, if it may be so called, of the responsible mind took place, or was the soul or spirit imprisoned and inert until at different ages, sooner or later according to physical maturity, an imprisoned intelligence became capable of action?

It is clear our finite existence is not the end-all of our spiritual being. Without sacred history, this point is established by the more lucid intelligences, and the strongest arguments drawn from nature and reason.

“When I consider the wonderful quickness and reach of our minds, the strange memory we have of things passed, and foresight of things to come; when I reflect on arts and sciences, and the variety of human inventions; I am fully convinced and satisfied that a being which is capable of all these things cannot be mortal; and since the mind is always moved, and has no other principle of motion but itself, it will certainly never cease to move,

because it can never cease to be with itself. Since also it is simple, unmixed, and hath nothing in it different from itself, it can therefore never be divided, and consequently never perish.”*

A second great name observes: “Reason alone speaks this truth, for reason is that enunciation of the divine Spirit which the Creator has been pleased to impart to man.”† These were more advanced arguments than the Jews exhibited under the law of Moses, for they had no clear mention of the immortality of the soul in their sacred books.

With a firm belief in a great controlling power, and man’s responsibility to that power for his actions, and that a life led practically after the institutes of the founder of the Christian faith is the safe path of duty, and with little regard for anything in the shape of traditions, fathers, formularies, or the innovations of the Priesthood upon the plain bearing of the “Christian” Book of faith, I confess it in itself to embrace all which is needful for the duties of this life and for happiness in that which is to come.

This may be deemed a commencement something out of the way in a partial Memoir, because it is not after precedent; but it is unworthy of any man who

* Cicero de offic. lib. i.

† “Ratio nihil aliud est quam in corpus humanum pars divini spiritus merm.” Seneca, Ep. 66.

retains his reason to be ruled by custom. Besides, I fear that without the foregoing explanation some things I may hereafter state may not be orthodox to the letter in the view of that large portion of the public which is ever contented to take all things for granted that custom may whisper in their ears. I believe in the progress of my fellow-beings towards a higher state of intelligence, with all beneath the sun. I must be excused this, knowing that I cannot help the ideas which pass through my mind—the doubts or certainties, the apprehensions or fixed principles which prevail there. I am not answerable to God for these things, because though arising in my own breast, they are the consequence of the reason which He has planted there, according to which alone, and not according to my will, I believe or reject what is presented to my mind. We can no more believe or reject at our volition than we can see in a cloudy, moonless night the objects which it requires a noonday sun to discern.

I shall avoid as much as possible the recurrence here of anything relating to early life which has appeared in a previous publication.* I may remark as we too generally find the case in the world, that the strength of parental affection far exceeds that of

* In reference to my "Fifty Years' Recollections," not to matters which may have been casually handled in numerous scattered Essays, or in periodical publications.

the filial; but in my case the filial as well as parental affection was exceedingly strong. Animals repel their young when they can take care of themselves. In man the affection of the parent never diminishes, but the repellant disposition seems to belong to the offspring, as if the end were the same only the mode differing. How amiable is the weakness sometimes shown in this respect beyond natural instinct! Few children display a tithe of the affection their parents feel for them. The Mosaic commandment was to the child alone. In my case nature had rendered it superfluous in relation to the parents, and mine were all that the fondest yet most rational in their treatment could be, in their care and affection towards me. I believe I tried them sometimes. I was very active and lively. I could learn well at one time, and at another found my spirits too elevated for application. In those days this did not matter, all boys were treated alike, the lively and dull, the naturally and wilfully stupid; this had the ill effect of rendering them cunning and reserved. They were set to their arid tasks too young in those days, before the faculties were fully developed for acquirement. I was not denied hours of recreation, and while the lads, my companions, had heavy tasks to learn out of school hours, I was excepted. It was positively cruel when boys had been from nine till twelve o'clock daily at Latin and Greek, from

twelve to one at writing, and from two to four at Latin and Greek again, and from four to five or six at writing and arithmetic again, with only one half-holiday in the week, to give them daily tasks to be learned out of school hours. The Saturday half-holiday had its task, and the Sunday beside, in what related to public worship—the whole a tolerably heavy exaction, over and above the school. Thus it was that youth was deprived of wholesome exercise. The task lay heavy on the mind. The system borrowed from the old monkery—the system of making youth love learning by every means that reason can allege to make it distasteful—was followed up by the clergy at the head of scholastic establishments, and after all, young men went to college who did not know the true meaning of common English words. To be a good classic by the longest way of teaching was the desideratum which caused such melancholy displays of ignorance as many men of means and property showed to the country, during a large part of the last and commencement of the present centuries. The lads of the old grammar schools, at twenty years old, knew nothing but the classics and how to falsify their poetry.

I was educated partly at home and partly at school. I was at first under my father's tuition. I remember while on a visit to my grandmother, she possessed an old history of the Turks. It was that

of Knolles, a folio, with pictures of the different Ottoman rulers. I have not Johnson's life at hand, but I think it was the same book he had read with delight in early life. It was a very old but clearly-printed work, and many of the words were spelled in the old way, but I must have mastered them pretty well, as I contrived to entertain the old lady by my readings, or spellings, or both in connection. However it might have been, I certainly learned to read out of that work during my long visits to a strong-minded female.

I have stated elsewhere* that I had gone through Corderius in my eighth year. I now find I had done so in my seventh, for in my eighth I was reading Virgil, not I am certain as the Roman poet ought to be read. I had begun in 1792, and in the following year my father complained of my dulness. He kept a journal until his death in 1807, and I found in it a note to that effect. He was a good scholar, and understood Hebrew, in addition to Latin and Greek; he also spoke French. I dare say I tried his patience sufficiently, for I was at the time little inclined to learn. I longed to be free, and as there was no clock in the room where I studied, and he was generally present, I marked on a wall outside the window where the shadow of a chimney fell at twelve o'clock, and spent much time which should

* "Recollections."

have been devoted to my tasks, in looking off my book and observing how near to the mark of my emancipation the shadow had approached. Not but that at times I worked well enough, but my young mind was not always in the same capacity for the reception of facts, or the remembrance of what it was desirable I should retain.

My English reading about this time was a life of Alexander the Great, and a History of France. Cook's Voyages were then read as a novelty; what of novelty is there now in those discoveries? Then, New Holland was scarcely known, and my horror at the Zealand cannibalism I even now remember. Yet is New Holland become peopled since, better ruled, and more free than all or any of the thirty-nine states of the German Confederation, and more populous than thirty-three of them, and New Zealand is become an important English colony. In a score or two of years the land of savages so recently, will be more free and populous than the Confederate states of Germany have been found after as many ages.

I can remember the noise made about mesmerism, not from the name, but from seeing people put to sleep as if by a miracle. A careful investigation had taken place some time before by unprejudiced persons, and the nine wonders were put down, to be revived at a day which affects to be much wiser.

The whole was soon declared to be operative only upon the nervous system of particular individuals. This was about 1794. It was revived in Dr. Perkins' metallic tractors, which were sold for a guinea a set, and they too had their dupes for a time, numbers being cured by the application of those bits of common metal colored over, and said to possess astonishing virtue, a piece of imposture of which the wide swallow of the sagacious public took the hook in the customary way at all times. At length two medical men of Bath, one of whom I had the honor subsequently of knowing, got facsimilies of the tractors made of hard wood, and coloured like the genuine. These were found to produce the same effects, and some persons in the hospitals were cured by them, thus showing that upon the belief of their efficacy depended the curative process. From that time where the faith was wanting the good work could not be operated.

My studies were increased by the addition of arithmetic, and drawing. I soon got into division, and found myself shading my pencillings with India ink. There was a bitter frost soon after, for I remember knocking down the poor half-starved birds with a stick. This was the season of 1795-6, when water was frozen in all the rooms of the house, a thing unknown before in the extreme west.

I was now set to read upon Indian antiquities.

I heard great talk of missions to India on all sides, on account of which, I imagine I was set to learn the History of India, and to study the use of the globes. At the same time I was construing Erasmus. My idleness was a subject of complaint in my tenth year; 'what should I not be from that cause when older!' Yet there was added to my other studies that of geometry, having got out of the rule-of-three in arithmetic. I read as a lesson Sheridan's elocution, Pope's satires, and other works aloud, as part of my daily duty. I read Homer a little at that time. I have never considered myself a good, even a tolerable Grecian. I got the sense of the author as far as I believed myself correct, and was content.

At this time when a mere boy there came to the town, waiting for a packet, a very agreeable clergyman. He was going to embark for Lisbon, on account of his health. He appeared a man of learning from what I heard my father say of him, for he was often with him before he sailed, to return no more, for he died there. His manners were remarkably kind, and won my heart at once, and I was not when a lad always pleased with a stranger. His name was Babington. He was a great friend of Mr. Wilberforce, and also of Mr. Thornton. He had come from Leicestershire. How long he survived at Lisbon I do not know, as his memory would not perhaps have

been recalled here now, had it not come across my mind that he might have been connected with the late historian Macaulay, who bore that name. Still the gentleman of whom I speak must I think have died before Macaulay was born. The names of Wilberforce and Thornton seem to connect them with his family.

In after life youth is too often declared to be an enviable period of existence because it is a thoughtless one. I cannot say I deem it enviable except for that flow of spirit and extremely vivid perception which attaches to it, and doubles the zest of enjoyment. I was always remarkably active. Being determined to have some moments for relaxation I rose at four o'clock in summer, and dashed off alone into the fields. I endeavoured to excite a companion to imitate my example, but he was too heavy in the head. Though he desired to be otherwise his nature contradicted his inclination. As he slept in a different house from myself I persuaded him to tie a string round his foot when he went to bed, and let it hang out at the window, when I engaged to rouse him by pulling it. For once or twice the plan succeeded, but one morning pulling it, perhaps mischievously, a little too hard, he declared I had hurt him so much he would not consent to such a mode of awakening him any more. I had therefore to en-

joy my morning excursion alone. I mention this to account for the fact that though naturally of a lively disposition I imbibed from those rambles in the fields my habit of thinking and my attachment to literary pursuits. Having no companion, I took a book, not always choice and profitable in subject. I visited a large and dense wood, over the site of which corn now waves, and read for amusement in the summer mornings, beginning with Robinson Crusoe. It was from this habit I found out how to do without society, and was at last taught by accident never to feel less alone than when by myself. If I had no book I built *Châteaux en Espagne*, until they almost became realities. I soon felt I could amuse myself and not be dependant on my comrades, and yet when among them I was sufficiently active and enjoying.

In my solitary moments it was wonderful how numerous were the fancies, imaginations, and dreams that came into my mind, mere shadows, combinations in fact that were not less welcome for their extraordinary nature. This was not wonderful for I read all the books which came in my way, and hence association had material enough upon which to concentrate. What a phenomenon is the human mind—how strong from reason, its own action, is the proof of its imperishable cha-

racter, the unearthliness of its loftier aspirations ! How often in early youth it seems to exhibit a strangeness to its position, as if it had been accustomed to some previous state of which it possessed but a faint shadow, a something indefinite, like a half forgotten dream, that kind of glimpse faint to the vanishing point, of what Mülner makes one of his characters describe in his "Die Schulde," when he enters the house of which he seemed to have a misty recollection at some pre-extant period :

"It seemed at times as if in childish hours
I once had known those rooms ; the very pictures,
Gravely pourtraying my dead ancestors,
Looked on me from the walls, as if their faces,
And yours, and his, had gazed upon my cradle
In halcyon moments of my infancy !"

Who then shall pretend that one existence is the total, the be-all and end-all of that which has such longings after immortality ! We cannot have come out of nothing, to exist for no end, but to pass away into nothing, as some will have it we do come. If such be really the opinion of any sane person it must arise from the uncertainty continually thrown over the stronger convictions of the better order of mind, by those who are endlessly disputing, and involving weaker minds in perplexity with intricate and idle deductions, the main points being disregarded together with their unshaken proofs.

I was too active in body to be a plodding scholar. I took care to do my work, but I had no ambition to be considered the most forward the little time I went to school. When I should have been emulating the example of the best boy, and nurturing my school ambition, I was in the East among the heroes and heroines of the Arabian Nights. This reading was generally by stealth. It is impossible to describe the pleasure I had in secretly reading these kind of works. My father talked to me of Eneas and the Cyclops, and the boring out of the giant's eye by Ulysses. He directed me to the heroes of Homer, and I got pretty familiar with them, but there was always something too scholastic about them for my callow taste, and I got into the company of the Peri and Genii as soon as I could be alone. There was more attractiveness in getting upon a horse, and turning a peg in his neck, on being conveyed wherever I desired. It was not riding a miserable palfrey a few miles an hour that pleased me; it was the sweep round the globe, the imagination still foremost, and the hungry mind still unsatiated. Boys that are favourites at school seldom make a figure in subsequent life because they are always the plodders—they die rich men, or excellent officials. This may be taken as a rule, the exceptions are so few, nor do I state it in the way of excuse for my own negligence or that of any cotemporary, since too

long a period has elapsed to make the results a matter of the smallest concern to others or myself. As we grow old, it is one of the compensations for the diminution of our previous activity of mind and body, that we are not affected by the little things that once made us sensitive. We have got upon higher ground than before, and regard with indifference the objects below that were once those of our ambition, or sources of personal satisfaction which now cease to excite, because they are of no utility. I had never to encounter the trials of a boarding school. My parents would not part with me from home. I slept nightly on my own bed, and took my own plain food in my father's home. I was as wild and active as most boys. I had an impatience of authority when I could not perceive it was grounded in justice. Nothing would have made me submit to fagging for example, and the debasing system followed in education at public schools, heirs of the monkery of the catholic times, which should have been reformed as well as the faith.

I had still the advantage that I retained something of my school learning, which except with those who follow it up at Cambridge or Oxford, is soon forgotten, and replaced with nothing of moment. Yet some when they go to college know next to nothing.

"I knew a lad," said Paley, "who had been seven

years at Eton, and could not spell 'but!'" There was another case of one who came to college, and could not decline *musa*, said Paley's friend, though his manners were as good as those of Etonians always are.

"How did you contrive to learn so little in so long a time?" said a friend of mine to a lad.

"I don't know," he replied, "they gave me the run of the school, and flogged me."

I had myself a cousin at a grammar school, who lodged in the master's house, and made up his mind to be flogged, having undergone the punishment once or twice, and thus got seasoned. He was many years at school, and I do not believe he acquired anything worth learning either of Latin or Greek. Of the sciences or the literature of modern times he knew nothing whatever. He had a good mechanical head, and scrambled through life better than many men of twenty times his ability and acquirements. On the justices' bench he was thought an oracle, notwithstanding he had acquired little and remembered less; they had learned more, and remembered nothing. One of them insisted that *alveus* was a bed for sleeping in place of *lectus*; after some dispute, he quoted *cubitus discessimus* to show they were wrong!

There is something melancholy in revisiting a paternal dwelling which has long been forsaken,

more especially when its inmates are nearly all departed from the world. I remember such a visit.

The spot where we passed our earlier years, where we were cherished by our parents, and which we left to launch out upon the great scenes of life, cannot but revive mournful feelings. I must mention mine, visited after its hearth had long been cold for mine and me. I had been long absent from a domicile which at present exists but in a ruin. A street partly crosses the place where it stood environed with trees, and now shows an extended level of housetops. After twenty years' absence I visited it, before its destruction. Such localities are powerful in affecting the minds of all who think.* I felt desirous of recalling bye-gone times. I anticipated a melancholy pleasure in entering once more where I had opened my eyes upon the world. There I remembered my mother nursing an infant sister of mine, of whom death a few years afterwards deprived her. I shall see again the chimney-piece over which had hung a vessel with all sail set, on which my young eyes had gazed with admiration a thousand times, and which I had more than once vainly imitated with a pencil on the discarded cover of a letter. A large landscape, an indifferent copy from Wilson, hung near the door, on which I had

* I touched upon this subject soon afterwards in the *London Magazine*, if I recollect rightly.

once thought art had exhausted its utmost efforts. I now fancied how much I should like to restore all those pictures to their old places, and spend days in that room in holding communion with the spirits of the past.

Impressed with this idea, I reached the house and found it untenanted and desolate. The wind sighed through the broken casements, and a sort of wing containing what had been once used as a nursery in my time had been pulled down to improve a road which ran close up to the place. Such improvements make havoc with old associations. What memories of past pain and pleasure belonging to hundreds of minds are involved in the destruction of a street, or the widening of an alley ! What stories might not these vanished apartments have told of men and things, before they disappeared ! Purveyors of bricks and mortar make in this mode sad havoc with the poetry of our lives !

In the present case the appearance of the old house smote me to the heart. Still I congratulated myself that I had found it nearly entire, that I might enter it again, and gaze upon the rooms where once my young heart had throbbed with delight at the smile of most affectionate parents—my mother, in particular. What gift of heaven exceeds that of a good mother ? To youth, earth has no blessing to compete with it ; the best father is but half a good

mother. How happy was Pope that he had one to watch and nurse, when he was past the meridian of life—a happiness but few could enjoy as he did.

With some difficulty I procured the key of the dilapidated habitation from an aged female neighbour, who well remembered when my family occupied the place. We entered it together. I felt as I always feel in a locality where I remember objects in connection on whom the light of the sun shines no longer. I thought of Moore's lines :

“There we shall have our feast of tears,
And many a cup of silence pour,
Our guests the shades of former years,
Our toasts to lips that bloom no more.”

My companion did not partake in these sensations. I got rid of her by a little management, and rambled alone through the apartments. What a gloom seemed to pervade them ! The hues of decay from parted time, and their neglected state, added to sombre remembrances, coloured every object. My heart beat quicker as I entered the old drawing-room, that which had been most used in my early years ; all was silent, desolate, dead. The furniture, the carpet, the paper on the walls, two or three frequent visitants who were free guests there, all came up in their shadowy forms to my sobered recollection. Here appeared one great mystery of our being. I remembered on which part of the wall I

had once sketched the candle-light shadows of my companions. My name scratched on the glass of one of the lower room windows, fragile as it was, had survived "most of the inhabitants, and a small ash tree waved near that had survived the solid walls of the nursery, recalling the lines applied to Rome and the Tiber, where that which was fugitive and passing, or in this case fragile, was permanent.* There were other names scrawled upon the same window, which had been there before it became the habitation of my family; I had spelled them over a hundred times when a boy. I was standing among the shadowy wrecks of my own years, and contemplating their nothingness. Where were the friends that looked upon my childhood? I gazed around and saw none; I turned my vision inwards, and fancy's forms appeared distinctly enough, and the corners of the rooms their chairs occupied, their very positions as they sat, but I needed not the reality of the place to recall them. The mystery of memory could do that anywhere.

I wandered into the room which my father had occupied as a study, but I found it inhabited only by the spider, curtained with its web, and aged with neglect. In that corner were still shadowed the

* "———immota labescunt
Ex qua perpetua, sunt agitata manent."

desk and papers; there were the books, the old Plutarch of Dryden, and Watts' Logic, Cicero's Orations, and Martin's Grammar, Locke and Fergusson—those I have still in my possession out of the store once there; I remember the very shelf. In that corner used to hang the velvet cap, and beneath tomes of divinity Spanheim, Turretine, Poli Synopsis Criticorum, and I know not what beside—where are they all now?

In the dining-room the place of the table came back to me, and the accustomed seats and faces of well-known guests, not one of whom survived. I would have given an empire to have had them all there again, though only for a few hours. What a delicious intercourse we should have held! How affectionately should I have addressed them. They should have seen how little time could do in quenching my regard for them, and that years and knowledge had not diminished the love I felt—vain, impulsive thoughts of a frail humanity!

Passing along a wainscoted passage I saw my name cut where it had borne inerasable evidence of my mischievous propensity for carving, or perhaps for notoriety. Why not commit, as well as full-grown boys called heroes, authors, or statesmen,

“The glorious fault of angels and of gods.”

Church pews, smooth-barked trees, and school

desks too often declare to the eye the longing after empty distinctions even in early life.

I visited the garden where all was desert except a white thorn tree that looked green amidst the desolation around it, and, not even "a garden flower grown wild" had survived. What happy hours had I gambolled away there, where all was now dumb and dead. The rank grass indeed seemed to betoken a better soil than common, but coarse, tall weeds, with the sere sad leaves of Autumn, told the eye the tale that the breath of the past had long ago exhaled, and that its history was heard in the brown melancholy rustling around, in the way of a dirge, as if to harmonize with my feeling, as the dead foliage swept along before me, and originated unutterable sensations with which the multitude cannot sympathise.

I threw myself on an old decaying oak seat at the moment, when

"Remembrance wakes, with all her busy train,
Swells at the breast, and turns the past to pain!"

What after all could the home of my father be to me any more? Why should I indulge these reflections? If they were a memento of happier days, the best way would be to forget them. Dumb monitors, addressing the heart by signs, telling of human decay and nothingness, what can they

matter now? Yet there was a reply in that plane tree whose broad leaves overshadowed the spot where I sat in this sombre mood. Our family had often breakfasted there in summer. I had conned my holiday task there. I remembered the tree not half its existing size, yet every bough seemed to have a voice, and to chide me when the nothingness of such feelings as those I am describing crossed my mind. "The tree shrieked to me," as the poets say of the mandrake. There is a joy even in sorrow, and in melancholy there is a pleasure from which we would not willingly part, if it be of no utility. I cannot consent to give up the poetry of life for the regard of the "least erected" Spirit that fell, the utility of whose worship cannot be denied, but may not that worship be too costly?

From one spot near the seat of which I am speaking I had often gazed on the waves of the ocean at a distance, seen between two hills, when now and then a white tiny sail could be distinguished. Cook's Voyages, the great novelty in my young reading, made me sometimes wish I could get on board, and sail to the same distant region, there to explore new shores and islands. My imagination was exceedingly active, and this is sometimes a misfortune. What a waste used to be these wild thoughts! In these imaginings the dangers of the

sea had no place ; the surface was ever calm ; its skies ever bright to the visions of youthful hope. What dreams of glory hovered around my youthful head, even when fatigue hushed me into slumber ! What music of unearthly tone I heard with the senses apparently ten times as acute as if I were awake ! When, to return to the deserted locality in the midst of which I stood at that moment, where were my light-hearted companions in that garden often to be mournfully remembered ? Emma — the young and lovely who had gone to the land of shadows, having floated for a time in the atmosphere of youth and beauty, only to be withered by the blast of death ! Her petite figure, exquisitely symmetrical, her lively eyes, and mind clear as a mirror, and temper analagous ; made to love and be beloved, and what else does a lover ask. Artificial acquirements have nothing to do with the passion which nature inspires. There is no reason in affection, or it could not be affection. Here we must go back in our youth to first principles, for love is ever the same involuntary unartificial thing in all ranks and degrees of persons. Mine partook of the romantic then — but enough. The worm was soon to riot on her beauty. I may truly say of her what Shenstone said so well of Miss Dolman : — “ How much inferior is the conversation of the living to the bare remembrance of thee ! ”

I slowly passed out of that garden, never destined to see it again, for it was soon after covered with bricks and mortar, those sworn foes of feelings similar to those I have been describing. I turned and looked over the spot for a minute or two as I entered the house, for I had missed the old sun-dial—it was gone. I chided myself for my feelings, oblations from a spirit that had encountered its share of sorrow as well as pleasure in the wastes of life. I moved I remember with a hurried step through the passage when I departed, and so out at the front door, which I heard creak upon its rusty hinges as it did of yore. I was childish enough to feel an inclination to go over to the old place again. I lingered, but checked the weakness, if it were one, and with a species of effort that ill agreed with my feelings, I stepped briskly onward without looking behind me until I came to a turning in the road, when I could not help playing the part of Lot's wife. It was but for a moment. Three months afterwards the owner of the house razed it to the ground, and no trace now remains where I had passed my youthful hours, and where I had so many day dreams of that prospective happiness with which all mankind play the same deceptive game, and yet, is still permitted to continue it in the teeth of experience, because we love to be cheated in our dealing with the insubstantial.

Is the foregoing too imaginative? It must be re-

membered that this is an attempt to give more the history of mind than of adventure, of the movement of the internal than the external man, and is therefore more addressed to the cultivated than the uncultivated mind. There must be some portion of curiosity above the vulgar which only looks for excitement in the well worn trade of every day existence. The solitary spirit is not inactive. It has its difference of character, its more acute and distinct feelings, its confidential thoughts and trials, in which the world cannot share, borne in silence and solitude. The details of the feelings of such must interest those who can respond from a similarity of the same in others, even if felt in a lighter degree, because less refined. The mind is a nobler sphere of action than the external world, and its adventures, and hopes; its aspirations and its successes, being more refined, have less attraction for the multitude, but more for the wise and cultivated. It is in fact the difference between mind and matter, that here marks the dissimilarity, and as its difference, so must its value be estimated in comparison.

There is no greater change can take place in youth that is studious, imaginative, and full of ancient example, than being plunged at once into the arid employ of the lawyer's desk, or the counting house ledger. I have often thought it a great cruelty that youth is to a certain point educated in a mode, which, leaving

out of the question his future objects in life, tends to carry him above it, and make him unfit for that course to which he is destined. If the clue to learning be supplied, and the mental tendency be unconquerable, the scholar will know how to travel so as to follow the bent of his genius should he possess it from nature, for school never yet did more to develop it than hand over the key. Youths never intended for a station above a grocer's or mercer's shop are taught what can be of no service to them in after life, because the parson's, or lawyer's sons, or those destined to follow learned professions, are sent to acquire the ancient tongues to whom they are necessary. Too many are thus sent by parents because they would not have it said they could not afford to give their sons as good an education; whereas geometry, history, and modern languages would be a hundred times more in accordance with their future views in life. It is pure pride after all which operates here, and not the benefit of the scholar. There are some of the sciences which would be of infinite value to youth in their pursuits, which they are seldom taught. Mathematics for example and drawing, which are of extensive utility. To send a boy for years to learn how to translate a little of Homer, and read Cicero in the Latin, is a great waste of time, and a neglect of what would be really useful in after life.

I witnessed this folly to an incredible extent in my

youth, and saw some curious exemplifications of it. I have known a stupid lad become a tolerable scholar in the way of translation, and in the art of making verses on the fingers, one of the greatest follies of our schools, next to the false pronunciation taught in them. The poetical spirit of a tongue cannot be learned by a foreigner, in a dead language more particularly, though the literal meaning may be well understood. It is the peculiarity of poetry to convey to the mind not its mere literal meaning alone, but often an inexplicable impression of beauty, or grace, or a pleasurable sensation, which no similar combination of meanings and images can produce on the mind of one to whom the language is not native. Of what use therefore can be the fabrication of verses which we do not know how to read with a correct euphony, or that in themselves are foreign to the association they would produce on the mind of one to whom the tongue is natural.

An attempt was made to introduce me into a mercantile connection; and the essay was made in vain. To sit, having before me two or three folio books, bound in rough calf, and any thing but "lettered" within, was too monotonous for my temper. I really fancied that a steam engine might be made to do the work about which they put me. Mr. Babbage had not then set about his mechanical calculators.

CHAPTER II.

Literary fancies—Charlotte Smith—youthful impressions—a friend—become solitary—attachment to poetry—faults in writing—ambition to be seen in print—a youthful critic—poetry of the north—Gray and his odes—the mystery of mental tendencies—thinking—the literary mind—arguments in favor of vaccination—early reminiscences—attachment to solitude—seclusion and companions there—female confidante—pleasure ended in deprivation.

DURING the foregoing time I was still the reader of all that came in my way. It is not the innate excellence of works which are early presented to the youthful mind, which linger there the longest. Some particular sentiment or accidental line strikes the fancy, and by impressing itself upon the memory becomes as it were the key-note to much of its own date and stamp, which would not else have been retained. Several for example of Mrs. Smith's sonnets were translated from Petrarch, and this induced me to seek an acquaintance with the great Italian, but I at that time knew nothing of the language in which he wrote. In this way the recollec-

tion of what Mrs. Smith had written, tempted me first to a perusal of all that I could procure of Petrarch's works that had been translated. This can hardly be imagined, all is so changed since my boyhood. Her talent combining the poetess and novelist gave her the foremost station on the whole, at that time among the authors of her sex. Sir John Bowring recently borrowed one of her titles, in a work he published for young people in *Minor Morals*. She exhibited by her conduct the sincerity of her avowals, which was not always the case with writers of that day. She was an excellent wife and mother, and died a little after I launched into life, I think, at Farnham, about 1806.

Saturday was the larger part of it my own. I knew not among my schoolfellows or acquaintance, a single youth who exhibited that kind of feeling which would induce me to endeavour to trust him with my particular views or feelings. I attempted in vain to find a confidant or one with whom I might deposit my ideas upon many passing matters. None seemed to comprehend what I meant or indeed to feel a pleasure similar to mine, when I repeated by heart some of Mrs. Smith's poetry.

I was without a second companion with whom I could exchange my thoughts when we left school. The idea of a cough or a sneer would have sealed up my communications with any of my companions.

The Latin school held no lad who could enter into my feelings. I myself also wanted confidence and undervalued myself; a thing very fatal to success. Be bold and conceal your defects; the world is shallower than men think it. I did not seek for more than commendation from others in exchange for my thoughts or my attempts at composition, by which I might direct my judgment; I was not understood. I resolved still to keep my secret, and to enjoy in my own bosom the gratification derived from reading, and making more attempts with my pen. I should have been more pleased to appeal openly, but I dared not trust my own judgment. My time passed with some book I had not before read, and independently of my morning and evening readings I used, secretly, to steal away into the fields, and read some one of the poets, until I had learnt half of the work by heart.

Gray was a favourite, and at one time I knew by heart nearly all he wrote. Scraps of Virgil with my own translation as well as of Ovid, and passages I had learned of the latter were continually on my lips. Having procured Pope's Homer, the Greek was no more perused for pleasure. The translations by the bard of Twickenham enchanted me, and I got whole pages by heart, which I recited aloud.

The mind and disposition soon accommodate themselves to circumstances in youth, and this practice

of mine became a habit, and by indulging it I could be contented to separate from my companions. It is true there was too much of the ancient Greek and Roman mythology intermingled in the school reading in those times, particularly in the poetry, which it took many years to shake off, and to substitute for it the existing realities, the natural for the artificial, the modern and vernacular phraseology for that of the ancients; and yet judiciously directed, no foundation in learning worthy the name can be laid without them.

I had, as I soon perceived, too great a tendency to diffuseness, and not sufficient patience to work out my objects, under that care in phraseology, and that attention to a certain propriety which is so requisite to correctness. The study of our best models I soon saw would remedy all this, but I had not patience to follow the track which I was well aware I ought to follow if I desired to appear in print. In regard to paternal aid, which would have been gladly tendered, I did not like the methodical rules, and mode in which it would have been enforced. I wished to learn in my own way.

It happened that accident threw in my path a youth a year or two older than myself, who was self-taught, and possessed superior natural talents, which he had cultivated to considerable advantage; he was a musical composer too at that early age.

Of his proficiency there I can say nothing, for to this hour I know nothing of the science. He was slow but sure. He could not reach my rapidity of action ; he had not half my imaginative activity, but his deliberation furnished him with that correctness which my fiery pace overrode. I soon obtained his confidence. I bound him to secrecy. I had many ways of obliging him, and thus we became mutually useful. I shewed him attempts at composition in imitation of the northern poetry, with injunctions of secrecy, to which he the more readily assented, as he had no motive for making the matter known. Who cared about my attempting to write verse and prose, as it were surreptitiously? He looked over my effusions with pencil in hand, pointed out what he thought were defects, and suggested improvements. In fact he was a master as far as his superintendence was concerned, and as long as he kept my secret, we had nothing about which to differ. At this day I feel towards one whom dusty death made his prey many years ago, no slight degree of gratitude.

The poetry of the North never took such hold upon my affection as that of the South, especially that poetry which treats of the affections. There was always something too cold and calculating about it, and as man in the North always made the females of the family feel that he was all-powerful, so the

Southern even where he maintained his reign over the weaker sex, never suffered her to feel it. Gallantry too belonged not to the North. Even now Norwegian ladies wait at the father's or husband's table, and do in the dining-room the work performed by servants in more Southern countries. The poetry of the North and South is in both cases tinged by the feeling of the stronger sex towards woman.

“The cold in clime are cold in *verse*.” The clime imparts its nature to the poetry, and the dwellers in ice-bound regions are not troubled, like the children of the sun, with lava floods of passionate out-pouring. The iceberg tempers the blood, and all proceeds between the sexes in a current of equability. I did not, therefore, direct my studies to the north, though there is a romantic about it stamped with terrible imagery. The Runic rhymes had no interest for me, and the Edda was a sealed book. I loved the terrible too, and all the love I had for the North arose from that feeling. Odin and the deities that regaled themselves on mead and ale in the midst of ice and snow mountains did not attract me. I remember when, quite a youth, reading the prose translation of a northern song, which I must needs put into verse. It was from the old story beginning, “Sneid fyrir Sikely vida,” a well-known ditty, in which a Norwegian is in love with a Russian girl, who will not accept him, although he

has distinguished himself in the field, is an adept at play, and a daring seaman, and though he complains that

Far from the abode of men away
I've ploughed the wide and pathless sea,
And yet though this my worth must prove,
A Russian maid disdains my love! *

I had been reading Gray too, who took several pieces from the same mythology, but they were not sufficiently attractive to make me study the language yet, at this hour, some of the northern subjects or rather stanzas of the poet of the "Elegy in the country church yard" remain fixed in my memory, having startled my youthful mind.

See the grisly texture grow,
(Tis of human entrails made)
And the weights that play below,
Each a gasping warriors head.

Shafts for shuttles dipp'd in gore
Shoot the trembling cords along,
Sword that once a monarch bore—
Weave the tissue firm and strong.

It would be impossible to describe the effect produced upon my young feelings by this ode, or how they were stimulated by the images to which I am alluding. Much alone, rambling in the woods, and among the rocks on the sea shore, I was continually repeating the lines. The image seemed to me ter-

* The poem is too long to copy at full length; the date of the version, 1805.

rific. I fancied I saw the heads pendant like the leaden weights in the loom of a carpet manufactory hard by where I lived. Vivid as the reality was, the picture present to an imagination apt to paint strongly was far deeper than the reality would be now. I soon had the whole by heart, and when I walked alone in the woods of Nansavallan, over the whole site of which ancient oaks then cast a solemn shade, and belts of coppice extended still further—there where corn now waves luxuriantly, and a stranger could never imagine woods and groves of oaks—I used in the gloom of the foliage to invoke the Norse sisters, repeating aloud the whole poem, which I fancied should have closed with the stanza :

Horror covers all the heath,
Clouds of carnage blot the sun,
Sisters weave the web of death—
Sisters cease, the work is done !

It was the same with the descent of Odin and the lines :

Facing to the northern clime,
Thrice he traced the Runic rhyme,
Thrice pronounced in accents dread,
The thrilling verse that wakes the dead !

I have said I was by choice a solitary, but only because no other youth appeared to enter into my feelings. I had tried my pen at verse, but it was lame stuff. It was in 1799, that I lost a sister two

years younger than myself. Fortescue Hitchens was the fourth son of the excellent clergyman, vicar of St. Hilary, who had for a time filled Maskelyne's place in the royal observatory at Greenwich, while the astronomer royal went, if I recollect aright, to St. Helena, to observe a transit of Venus. Mr. Hitchens held the post of computer to the nautical almanack up to the time of his death in 1809. Hitchens wrote some verses upon my sister's death. They were not of moment to insert here, but I envied him the ability they displayed at least in my youthful view.

I have mentioned in my "Recollections" * how I became shy of making any one of my adult friends a confidant as to my authorships, the latin letter still rankling in my mind. I was content if I could get the commendation of strangers, and felt certain that whatever they said must be impartial; as to my friends some might censure, and others praise me out of partiality. Why I should be less shy of strangers than friends I cannot tell. Thirty years afterwards talking with the poet Campbell about his lectures at the Royal Institution, he told me he was not at all nervous before strangers. He did not in the least mind before what audience he stood when away from home; but, that in giving his lectures

* Page 12, Vol. I., Second edition.

there upon poetry, some ladies, particular friends contrived to get seated near, in fact opposite to him, and if he looked off his M.S. for a moment towards his auditory his eyes met theirs, and it discomposed him. I demanded why. He replied :

“I can’t tell, but I would as soon have had my eyes meet as many dragons. It cooled my courage. I fancied all sorts of things passing in their minds about my delivery and mode of reading. The matter of my lecture had no concern in the affair—what could they know of Hebrew or Greek poetry?”

“It was singular.”

“I can only say, I had rather have met the eyes of any number of strangers—it discomposed me—that is all I know of the matter. I requested Mrs. Campbell not to attend again, or to keep out of sight, as well as one or two of her intimate friends.”

The dislike I had to show my verses arose perhaps from a feeling somewhat similar. I feared too my *amour propre* would be wounded by some, out of mere wantonness, and that would have deeply mortified me; for I do not put all my shyness down to the incident alone to which I have before alluded. However the feeling arose, it had a permanent effect on whatever I published. The remarks of newspaper critics in after life never affected me, perhaps, because I knew how those things are got up, and sometimes how they are influenced. Youth

is not only susceptible of deep impressions from things of real weight, but it is often too strongly indented by trivial pressure.

Yet despite such susceptibilities doing harm to nobody, how dear is the remembrance of the time when young being unfolds its blossoms, when the simple pleasures of the heart are cherished unalloyed, and impulse and feeling rule the hour, before the bustle and shifting scenes of active life, call forth exertions that must be made contrary to our natural bias, and life begins to develope its melancholy truisms. We are forced to direct our thoughts to ignoble things, to sacrifice upon the social altar, when we would fain make an offering of a different nature, and in the arts of civilization, in departments in which winning is not enjoying, pass through the bloom of life in continual counter-action to desire, in the worldliness of the world, seeing extinguished, before maturity is past, all the fresh and not unreasonable hopes we had woven into a texture of happiness for our future years. The poetry of the muse exists after the poetry of life has been debased, that rich ideal, those feelings which come upon us at "summer's eve by haunted stream;" those indefinable sensations, that take us often unawares, those thoughts which rise from the deep fountain of the heart in gushes, irregularly, from unknown depths, telling of hidden things with which mate-

riality seems to have little concern—a wakeful dreaming about shadowy forms, and time-perished objects, and emotions that are hardly ascribable to the action of external things upon the innermost soul. I may venture here to quote myself upon this subject.* Though of forty years standing the description is still that of the feeling of the Poetry of life with all. I was then much nearer the period of the enjoyment of those feelings which are repeated in the early days of all who possess a susceptibility which most assuredly impedes the progress to what the many esteem the great object of existence. “The feelings experienced while gazing upon a calm summer ocean at eve, on a leaf-less tree, or the brown horrors of an autumnal landscape, sometimes the odour of a flower, the tale of heroic deeds, the saddened delight experienced in treading upon a spot consecrated in history, or visiting lands renowned in “monuments of Eld,” the melancholy remembrance of the dead, the ardour of genius, the zeal of devotion, and similar sensations belong to it. The young love of the innocent heart, its timid advances, its golden hopes, and dreams of happiness, even the aims of ambition, and the thirst of glory without wrongful ambition are equally its property. The sky-tinctured desires and hopes with which we build edifices of unsubstantial bliss that melt away as soon

* Vol. v. New Monthly Magazine, p. 161.—1832.

as erected, and the schemes which we project for the future, without a probability of their completion, are among its cherished illusions. If it be the *mentis gratissimus* error of our lives, it is that to which all are most strongly attached. In youth we enjoy the highest of this poetry, or what is the same thing the finer impulses of our nature, the glowing fancies, the ardent emotions, the sweet imaginings of the soul, that every day become closer inmates of our bosoms, and are less frequently imparted because the mass of mankind gets less poetical in feeling, as habit leads more and more to downward tendencies and to gross tangible things. Yet to what is the advance of society owing in its track towards a more advanced civilization, but to the imagination, to those dreams of the fancy embodied often times contrary to the bounded reason of the multitude, in useful inventions which have led the world onward out of the track in which the every day line and rule men would have floundered on until the day of judgment. Art and science differ widely. The first belongs most to nature, and deals with her much in her own fashion, in other words more by impulse than by that rule which is the very body and soul of science. To imagination and its castle building, however lightly esteemed in that wild state which may be compared to an unbroken steed "that paweth the valley, and rejoiceth in his strength," that unreined

faculty, which the mechanical every-day member of society looks upon, like Festus looked upon Paul, as in a state of semi-madness—to that unreined faculty is owing all human improvement. Without it man would stand still and soon become no more than a superior species of brute. It is in early life its pleasures are most enjoyed. I can well remember “what a reaching out of the soul, an ardent longing of the mind after something above mortality”* I oftentimes experienced. Who has not felt in early years emotions not to be described on seeing a glorious sunset when the sky is decked in the richest colours, cloud heaped upon cloud in gorgeous glory—who has not found imagination picture the throne of the deity, or often in the magnificence

“Purple castles where red turrets frown,
Or seagirt reefs, or gilded spire and town,
Or waving wreaths of snow spread o’er the blue,
Now streaming wildly in disorder new,
And ever changing.”

Who does not aspire in youth to mingle with such a scene, to ramble in fairy vales or climb mountains of ruby and chrysolite? Who at night viewing “the eternal lights that live along the sky,” does not in the fervor of his youthful enthusiasm wish to fling himself into the abyss of space that intervenes, in order to reach those unknown orbs and bathe in fountains of living brightness? Such were the

* Job.

feelings I had when I sequestered myself from my companions. Even now when the obtuseness of years which the world's collision, and the animated contests into which all classes of persons are led in some pursuit or another, until the soul becomes callous to the better things of the mind—even now memory's sunshine warms the spirit at the faded pictures it presents of the roses, the fruits, and odours, which the entire horizon presents to the view in life's brief morning.

What a mystery lurks in the tendency of the mind to such pursuits as are commonly said to belong to genius, sometimes quickened it is true by some accident, which kindles emulation, as in the case of Reynolds, who became an artist through seeing a drawing-book or picture, I forget which, or Themistocles whom the triumphs of Miltiades would not permit to sleep. Fully as often the tendency is a natural process. I do not myself doubt that it is the especial gift of the supreme Being, and as much a part of the regular system so ordered, and attached to mind as differences in strength or flexibility of limb are qualities attached to matter. Such a gift of heaven is what some denominate "inspiration" applied to mental endowments of a peculiar and high class, those mental tendencies or qualifications of a rare order of excellence, being gifts to fill up or extend benefits they are selected

to confer upon their fellow men to direct them to dispel popular errors, weaken noxious influences, or like Newton, unfold the dependences of worlds and mankind upon their great creator, and thus extend evidences of a first cause of greater strength, than idle tradition, or the light of untutored nature can exhibit while aiding their testimony.

Mere accident or adventure cannot compete in life with the results of thinking. The weakest or strongest employment is that of a man entertaining his own thoughts, says old Montaigne, though free mental association in its intensity, is apt to make the body weak, or as Shakespear has it—

“When the mind's free the body's delicate.”

But there is a difference between really thinking, and that which is often taken for it. People who merely exercise certain senses, do not think if they proceed no further. Ideas that come and go into and out of the mind, do not constitute thinking—thinking to an end is the point. Some have an air of thoughtfulness and “seem” to think of whom it may be said “he stalks up and down like a peacock a stride and a stand; ruminates, like an hostess that hath no arithmetic, but has brain to set down her reckoning; writes his life with a politic regard, as who should say—there was wit in his head, and 'twould out; and so there is; but it lies

as coldly in him as a fire in a flint, which will not show without knocking."

Without thinking to purpose, or as the world thinks, it were as well not to think at all. The judgment must be exercised, and do literary men ever think as we of the world think—there's the rub? If they do, what is the use of telling us what we know already, if they do not they are not of us, we have no sort of brotherhood with them, and it is only to divert one's mind from business, that we amuse ourselves with what is foreign to us, so we turn occasionally from the weighty and important concerns of our dealing and ledger-keeping to the frivolities and whimsies of books, as to the work now before us. We have little leisure for such unimportant things, for we do not want to know more than we know already—we only want to be diverted. We do not want to be set thinking. The question "what do you mean by the term thinking?" opportunely put, will show that he who thought he knew what thinking was, had rarely or never thought in his life to any purpose. It had never led to the employment of his judgment by the exercise of his reason. He had mistaken the negation of thought in regard to his daily business, for studious or deep thinking, no matter whether it was exchanged in his sensorium for the picture of the Lord Mayor's coach, or a sirloin at the table of one of the City

companies, but neither the one nor the other of those images coming into the head can be called thinking, however, it might excite the organ of desire, to be thought capable of it while the majority of mankind is not.

But a literary life? How many out of the millions in this great empire can form any conjecture of a life spent in thought, and in recording its products? To deal in a commodity, which is not interchangeable, seems altogether out of every-day reckoning, and yet who exists, that has not felt involuntary thought cross his mind in the midst of traffic or some agreeability that comes athwart the pursuit—

There are thoughts thou canst not banish—
There are shades that will not vanish!

And thought in those who have neither fear nor crime to trouble them, will come unlooked for. In the exception of the literary mind, however humble in the scale, it will create new thought, and multiply aspirations which grow on what they feed upon. At length however imperceptibly, they by their action direct that social body unacknowledging, and insensible, which of itself would come to a dead halt in improvement. The literary or scientific mind in its different orders acts upon the community, fulfilling duties in the social scale, and supplying wants which could only be furnished by those who think,

The thinkers are messengers of heavenly intelligence, gradually enlightening the plodding masses.

It is on this ground, therefore, that an account of a literary or scientific life may be presumed not devoid of interest. There is a spiritual as well as a corporeal action, of which the reality is not the less important because the vehicle of its communication is not the ideal of vulgar greatness. The workings of the mind, the impulses, even the trivialities, which lead from one idea to another, cannot in their results be without interest between man and man. "*Homo sum; humani nihil à me alienum puto.*"*

In a work entitled "Recollections,"—and literally no more—published several years ago, and written off hand, the writer on this point confined himself to generalities. He stated from what part of the kingdom his family had come, namely out of Worcester and Hereford. The family was of some antiquity, as there is an account of one born at Upton, in 1590, another buried there in 1666, not that to him, who understands the course of natural events, it can be of the slightest moment whether his ancestors' dust be absorbed in a pear tree, or transmuted into "the mast of some great amiral."

John Reding, as the name was then spelled, was

* "I am a man; and nothing that interests humanity is indifferent to me."

sent down to pay the fleet or part of it, at Fowey, in Cornwall, in the reign of Henry VII.*

My father was a very conscientious man—several people had doubts about the propriety of inoculation for the small pox. They raised certain doubts in his mind—it was in the year 1789. He considered the subject and committed his ideas to paper. They may be useful now to those who resist vaccination. “I am in a strait in regard to our little ones. People are inoculating all round us, and we are desirous of doing that which should be most for the good of our offspring. I have long weighed the matter and make it my prayer to God to direct me.” I find the following arguments, First, of a physical character:—

“We can choose the best time of the year and time of life, which is a great advantage. The children can be subject to no fear upon the occasion, a great point towards safety, and having it at a cool season it can be more readily governed. Secondly—We can tell what the disorder is, and therefore know how to treat it accordingly. Thirdly—By taking the complaint externally instead of internally, there is manifest a great advantage to the patient.

* July 23, 1495.—To John Beding for victualling and waging four shippes at Fowey and Plymouth, with 470 men, for six weeks, to be upon the sea, 350 2 9. Costs this riding, 6 13 4! Travelling expenses of Hen. VII.

"Its moral arguments are first, that it is the duty of man to preserve life, and if by running a small hazard we can avoid a greater evil, reason teaches us to do it. Disease is a natural evil. The light of nature teaches us to avoid every thing that would hurt us, but as we cannot avoid the small-pox, but shall most probably have it in the natural way if we have it not by inoculation, prudence teaches us, of two evils to choose the least, when we have the choice in our power. It has had great success in the world, and God has pointed man no doubt to this happy expedient to alleviate the miseries consequent upon one of the most trying disorders.

"The arguments used against it are: First—Is it not manifestly bringing a disease upon ourselves, before God would send it? and taking too much upon ourselves by rejecting the providence of God? No; we bring not the disease upon us before God would have it, for His providence is concerned in directing men to such an excellent preventive of a very great evil. We are at the disposal of Providence under inoculation as well as in the natural way. Secondly—Does it not spring from a distrust of a good providence? No; not more than taking physic to prevent a bad state of health is a distrust of his Providence, who could without it continue our health. We take the path which reason and prudence dictate as the best, leaving events to God. Thirdly—Is it not

placing more confidence in man than in God? No; it is only using man as a means to do what appears to us a part of prudence, yet still confiding in God to make those means succeed. Fourthly—If a child inoculated by us should die, should we not have reason to reflect upon ourselves in being accessory to his death? Should we not have much more reason to reflect in this manner upon our conduct, if one died in the natural way, seeing we did not use the means of prevention which God had pointed out? And seeing it is far more probable that a child would die by the small-pox in a natural way, than by inoculation, does a parent act a just part to his children if he does not inoculate? And if one should die by the natural small-pox ought he not much more to accuse himself of being accessory to the death of the child? He saw the enemy coming, but took no pains to keep him away and prevent the deadly blow. Fifthly—Does not inoculation leave bad effects behind it by communicating the disorders of the body from which the infecting matter was taken? To answer this argument, I have found myself at a loss. It is the general opinion of the gentlemen of the faculty that the virulent matter is *sui generis*, and that no other complaints can be communicated with it; and if there are any instances in which the small-pox by inoculation has left bad effects, they have been so few, that it is a question with me whether such an argument

should have any weight with us to prevent so very useful a practice."

The late returns of the registrar-general show how much vaccination is neglected; and at that time right of inoculation was much debated in this country. Added to which in my father's case, who took the disease naturally, he had lost his only brother by the disorder at seventeen, he being a second son. I remember medical men and clergymen stoutly opposing vaccination, the second and still better remedy for that exterminating disease. I had once rather a warm argument with one of these opposition medical gentlemen at Clifton. He would no more hear of it than some clergymen whom I then knew would tolerate education.

It was at Clifton that I spent a few very pleasant days with a family of which I do not think one now exists. There are or were some woods on the west side of the Avon in which in warm weather we could enjoy a pic-nic in the cool shade. The mention of the name of the place recalls those innocent enjoyments. It is pleasant among the advantages of memory to renew such incidents, but it is a melancholy pleasure. There are some which cause present discomfort and afford no future advantage, yet we would hardly choose to be without them. Thus our lives are spent in vain expectations when we look

forward, become melancholy on regarding the past and the present fills us with discontent. We would not pass the same lives over again although every thing we possess would be given to keep our existence. Strange inconsistency of our humanity. We must assuredly be designed for something more than we are willing to give the future credit for, while in our present existence, for when we consider its brevity and worthlessness, can we build on these alone? Is it not better to cease all anxiety on the subject, when so little of the future can be ours?

How strongly every thing remains to the last of life that is connected with youth, that poetry of existence. I might quote myself in an article written some time ago, which would supply all I can say now, and better than I can say it now, of that period of life. Nor is it wonderful, it was so much prized. There was a vibration of the chords of the heart, the sound of which was clearer than it could ever be again. What but the reminiscences of the morning of life, in the shape of vapory shadows now remain, causing sensations that tell of days never to return. The sky now never seems so clear as it was then, its azure never so deep, nor any of nature's hues so beautiful, to wean us perhaps as we grow older, from the best things of life, the glories of the creation, ever productive of pleasure—even now!

Old associations render them grateful. Of these every reflecting mind has its treasury, the species of wealth stored in which may differ, but the estimated value is the same to all. It sustains us in age, and nourishes the soul amid bodily decay, when it is necessary to live frugally upon a store which cannot be replenished.

Not far from where I resided when a youth there was an eminence crowned with a wood.

This was the scene of many delightful hours. The impressions of youth are not always alike. Few at that age find the greatest pleasure in retirement, in meditation, or in fondness for nature. The untaught harmony of spring with many, may have been discord to the ears of some. Many pass their time in bustle and traffic, and can have no sympathy with such associations as mine were, yet both may be equally a part of the history of man's mind, only differing in texture.

The shadow over the stream of which I have before spoken, darkened to blackness numerous pools and eddies formed by the action of the current, and gave a solemnity to the spot, in unison with feelings apt at times to be sombre. I liked the circumscription of that place and its wildness. My mind was discursive enough and I had no inclination for rambling. My retreat was quite secluded. A narrow path trod principally by goats, in their de-

scent from a ridge on the opposite side of the stream, alone marked the track of any animated beings on that side. On the skirt of the wood, near the approach, was a group of tall dark coloured firs, two of which forked off at the bottom, and there I fixed a bit of plank to serve as a seat. From thence, through an opening in the foliage, a distant landscape might be seen lost in the gray distance. This was my look out and reading place. Here I sat, often lost in youthful vacuity of thought, watching the shadows of the clouds sail over the distant landscape, listening to the lowing of cattle, or the hum of insects. How the colours of nature used then to deepen on my view. How the blue winding stripes of water sparkled, and the balmy breeze that swept over it seemed to breathe a living freshness, a

—— Vernal delight and joy, able to drive
All sadness, but despair!

Amid this affluence of nature's beauty, my ideas crowded upon me too fast to be distinct. No anxiety troubled me. I loved the scene I scarcely knew why, and could not well define the cause of my delight. It is the property of maturer years to define causes and to analyze. I was contented with the enjoyment I shared. Peeping across a deep ravine beneath the declivity of a hill, an old church-tower

rose solitary and melancholy, the burying place of some of my relations. I used to gaze upon it and ask myself whether any one when I lay among the dead would look over the spot and think of me as I was thinking of some that I had known, who were resting there. At such times I always found something wanting, which I did not possess. I desired to interchange thought, and find some sort of sympathy in another, with my own particular views. The impression made upon my mind by the beauty of nature I longed to describe, but to whom? Youths of my own standing were not awake to similar feelings. Grown-up persons I was diffident about trusting for fear of ridicule, and I therefore hoarded my thoughts. I was not the lover of solitude I appeared; it was because it was grateful to me and aided the enjoyment of castle-building more uninterruptedly and not for itself. If I met with a boyish trouble I went off into my solitude. I sought the valley of which I have spoken, seated myself on the granite rocks, and watched the stream break over the stones. There I soon recovered my mental tranquillity. There too I delighted in listening to the song of the blackbird coming in gushes upon the ear, for I loved the choristers of the air from childhood. Their music, their harmlessness, their sagacity not enough noticed, their free career through the air,

tenants of unbounded space, never, to be subjugated by the tyrant man, and emblematical of the liberty of some free realm. Whenever I read of human slavery and of the oppression of men, I longed to be a bird. "O that I had the wings of a dove, that I might fly away and be at rest," says the great Hebrew Poet.

I was full fifteen when this seclusion fit came upon me, and for four or five years it was my stolen enjoyment in fine weather. I remember how discontented I was with winter, because it excluded me from my wonted resort. I might have become reserved and imbibed a dislike for society, but I was saved by what—if she has been the feeble agent of evil to the world in a solitary case—has been in reality the saviour of many of its sons. I soon had a stealthy companion to whom I could reveal my thoughts without disguise, be heard with interest, and have a rejoinder full of kind feeling.

The cynic may scowl and the worldling scoff at my declaration, but I aver that now if I had a crown I would exchange it for one season of that time again—for the same feelings and the approach to perfect contentedness I then enjoyed. Alas! that cannot be, the irrevocable current of human destiny bears away to return no more the sensations which alone balance the ills to which the flesh is heir. Why is the cup of Tantalus for ever at our lips? Why is it our

destiny to lose the most innocent joys the moment we are able to estimate their preciousness!

My wish for a companion was supplied in my mind by the object that became so at last. I had been struck with the simple fascinating manners of ~~EVE~~ when first casually thrown in her way. I used to fancy how pleased I should be with such a companion when I heard the music of her voice. Escorting her and a sister to the house of a friend our more intimate acquaintance commenced, and in a short time we began to prefer each other's acquaintance to that of our friends of either sex. The difficulty was to get by ourselves. Mutual communications and sideway glances combined a language well understood. Not that we dreamed of love, we were pleased with each other, unknowing the cause, that affinity between two young souls knowing not they were made for each other. I occasionally put home my fair companion to her father's house, and I well recollect stopping and looking at the house for some time after the door was closed upon me. I turned back thinking how soon it would be before I should be able to repeat the pleasure.

When I visited the retreat, which I have mentioned, I began to imagine how delightful it would be to have her there with me, and that there was one being in the world I was very certain would relish my ideas and feelings if they were communicated to

her. These thoughts occupied me continually. I was fonder of my solitude than ever, and all I had to learn or to transact in the way of business, was regarded as a sort of injustice, if it diverted my attention from objects that I wished should entirely engross me. This kind of romantic feeling would be dangerous with some temperaments ; and should be resisted. I am not aware that it had any further pernicious effect upon me than attaching me to solitude, of which I was afterwards forcibly cured by being cast alone in the midst of the immense population of the metropolis.

One fine evening in a narrow lane on both sides rich with wild flowers, I met EVE, and a friend just her own age. After a little conversation, finding they were their own mistresses as to leisure, I prevailed upon them to accompany me the same day to my retreat. The weather was beautiful, and I ventured to think I was a favourite with one of my companions at least. This conviction is certain to be half the means of realising the thing itself. Diffidence and fear do not go half as far in aid of the object as a manly confidence. I soon began to detail some of my youthful feelings, and raise an interest in what related to myself. I contrived now and then to separate the two friends. I related how I had been situated with my companions, that they were unable to enter into my ideas, and were continually rating

me for abstracting myself, that in fact I preferred being alone. How naturally one is led to confide in woman for good or evil !

EVE expressed a wish to visit my retreat and with her companion made an appointment for the purpose. She would not be afraid to trust herself alone with me, but her friend should go too, and besides her being alone with me would be remarked. She would not herself have minded going alone with me. I was delighted with the acknowledgment. A day or two after it happened she had to see her friend part of the way home, and I fell in with them. On leaving her I said to **EVE**, here we are alone; we have plenty of time to visit my retreat, and get back to your house without being missed. It had been a lovely day; the sun was sinking in the west. We turned down the narrow lane leading to the spot we sought. We had to cross a rustic bridge, her hand fast locked in mine. I fancied it trembled.

“Do not be afraid,” I observed.

“I am not afraid; O! not at all.”

“Your hand trembled.”

“Did it—it was unknown to me then.”

My heart palpitated, and I felt a degree of pleasure I had never felt before. I was now certain of her confidence. I remember as if it were of yesterday's occurrence. We were both silent as we walked

panting up the hill, and in reaching the seat among the firs E—— felt almost overcome. Can I forget that moment though only of boyish pleasure—never until the pulses of life cease to exist. We remained till the sun had gone down. I would not have exchanged my feelings when we crossed the stream returning, no not for Pactolus and its golden sands.

Talk of first love as we may, there is nothing like its pleasures; they may be fooleries, but they are precious in recollection. Again and again we visited that retired spot, but in the midst of hope and happiness the fairy picture was defaced. Death put his irresistible prohibition upon the future prospect. E—— was struck down by the king of terrors in her eighteenth year, when I was absent from home. I never saw her tomb until thirty winters had driven their fierce storms over the place where she lies. I have recorded in my "Recollections" * the unworthy tribute I paid to her memory at that far distance of time.

Our first and last meetings were in the spring season. It was an April evening, soft and mild. E—— seemed in low spirits. There was a foreboding, a presentiment as it were of future evil, such as would almost make one credit that at times the soul hears prophetic whispers. We sat where we had been accustomed to sit by the clear stream. We

* See Volume iii., p. 196.

conversed little, and with an evident depression of spirits returned homewards, never imagining the worm was so soon to riot upon those features which I beheld then with so much pleasure. We parted, shortsighted as all mortals are, and the young more particularly, and I sat alone afterwards where we had met and rejoiced in our mutual regard. The dream song of our happiness was over.

For sorrow there is no remedy provided by nature, its accidents are often irreparable. We feel the helplessness of our humanity more under that calamity than any other, and time which alone relieves us, does good, only by blunting that affection which was the pride of the blessing of which we thought ourselves in permanent possession. "O! death thou hast a right to the bold, to the ambitious, to the high, to the haughty, but why this cruelty to the humble, the meek, to the undiscerning, to the thoughtless?" Nor age, nor business, nor distress, can ever erase the dear image from my imagination. In the same week, I saw her dressed for a ball she was in her shroud. "How ill did the habit of death become the pretty trifler! I still behold the smiling earth!" to quote Sir Richard Steele. But enough the dream of the past, had better have perished with it.

CHAPTER III.

Youthful aspirations—lines on Abercromby—a caricature—Whittaker the historian—clerical Latin-Greek—Gray the poet—Tyrtaeus and Greek translations—early habits and sights—mummers—miracle play—superstitions and ghostly tales—presumptions regarding the future—popular waverings—cast on the wide world—entrance upon life.

THE aspirations of youth, always sanguine, generally virtuous of intent until advancing life introduces selfish and deleterious ideas—those aspirations are directed to realize desires in themselves, innocent and uniformly of a better and more generous order than the realities around exhibit; its imagination rests upon the better things of humanity. Collision with every day life, lowers and sullies the natural purity of the spirit, and damps the generosity which accompanies it; we thus get corrupted down to the social level, out of which some are

again elevated by purer principles of honor or religion, under a species of penitence.

It was on one of my rambles in a very extensive wood called Nansavallan, over the site of which corn now waves at the harvest time with great luxuriance, that I determined to attempt writing something which would bear putting into print. I sat under an old oak, where there was a place clear of underwood, and covered with moss, rooks cawing over my head. I had half a summer's day to myself. Here I meditated first on the subject about which it was not easy to decide. Love is generally the first topic of youthful poets, but I had turned into English already one or two of the fictions of Roman bards, breathing fierce war not faithful love. It happened that the news had arrived of our success in Egypt, under General Abercromby, where so many brave men fell through the bad conduct of the ministry at home. Sir Sidney Smith, then commander-in-chief on the station, had some time before obtained a capitulation, by which the French were to evacuate Egypt, and be conveyed to Toulon. This capitulation was violated by Lord Keith, who coming to the coast soon afterwards, declared that he was commander in the Mediterranean. Sir Sidney could only replace matters as near as possible in the same state as they were before the treaty with himself took place, and he did so scrupulously.

The ministry at home was not at all nice in the principle of honor in more cases than one. The consequence was that the French remained in the country, beat the Turks, our allies, with great slaughter, put England to the expense of an enormous sum in money, and the loss of thousands of lives afterwards, among them the gallant Abercromby himself, and when all this was over, admitted the French to the same terms as Sir Sidney had done. The latter had felt that the great point was to get the French away from Egypt, not to waste lives, and treasure to no purpose. Such was his statement in Paris in after years, where I met him.

Among those who had run away from home and school, was an old companion of mine, Edward L——. The running away of boys from the tasks and floggings in grammar schools was not uncommon, where the sea was not far off, and hands on board ship were always welcome. L—— had eloped, and had come back in a year or two, minus an eye from ophthalmia. He had been sent from Egypt to Malta, and thence home. An uncle on whom, with his sister, he had been dependent, and who had neither wife nor children—that uncle had died during his absence, and all he possessed was settled on the sister. She contrived to spare her brother money enough to go into some kind of business, I cannot

remember what it was, but it suffices that I had heard from him of the death of the general, and some particulars of the battle of Alexandria. I tried to write at some length upon the subject, but it failed to please me. I then thought of lines on Abercromby, and I went to work, secretly, of course. At length I produced some very ordinary verses upon the dead hero, which are not worth copying here. That which to myself is only of interest from being the first that went out of my own hands, cannot interest those who have not the same relation to it. We are also too apt to ascribe merit to productions which are "firstlings of the flock," but which others will rightly not estimate at the same value. The vanity of authorship is as excusable as that of any other species, but it is better to avoid its display when we are ourselves conscious of our weakness, however, the elder of the offspring may plead its cause on the ground of merit, which no one else can discover, or the more valid plea of primogeniture, that great basis of the species of dubious virtue constituting aristocracy. I could not for a considerable time determine upon one or two of the terms I adopted. That got over, I deliberated where I should send the lines. I determined at last, and dispatched them to the "Entertainer," a country publication so named. I need not say how sharply I looked out for several

weeks before the verses appeared. I examined them when in type again and again, but like Junius, I was the depository of my own secret. I was satisfied, flattered, and imagined I was of much more consequence than I ever before could believe myself entitled to be deemed. I did not value so highly as I might have done the abilities as critics of those who were my companions. I did not want their commendations. My great desire was that my lines should be known to the public, and I began to fancy that which I desired would come in good time, through this obscure attempt, and I should be acknowledged from my offspring—thus early begins the sin of ambition. As yet I was selfish in regard to my success and the knowledge of it.

Banditti tales were sought for, and stood high in estimation in those days, and Rinaldo Rinaldini, a new novel, almost tempted me to collect a youthful band for felonious purposes. The difference lay in this, that in our envyings of the Rinaldos and Turpins, we did not value the profit one farthing. The charm to us I well remember, consisted not in the cavern, the adventure, and the good cheer. We were like the heroes of Cervantes, who troubled themselves little about eating and drinking, or even the spoil. We too wanted the errantry, the hair breadth escapes, nor were we insensible to the smiles

of some of the Dulcineas of our neighbourhood, whom we might make companions.

It is difficult to ascertain correctly the effect of that kind of reading upon the mind. Scott thought it tended to veil historical truth when it intermeddled with history. At present, except among the tribe of table rappers, spiritualists, and believers in hobgoblins, "newly revived," as the vulgar say, they would produce little, though a spirit in a robber's cavern, or a table rising to the rocky roof might heighten the effect. The desire to know the secrets of futurity has long been an acknowledged passion among kings, robbers, and the ignorant and unreasoning part of mankind, but the art has made no progress that can be verified since the days of the witch of Endor. Mrs. Radcliff's volumes, to return to the point, were seldom read in company, their effect being strongest on the mind when perused in solitude.

The public at that time loved to sup full of horrors. I scarcely knew a young person who had not a firm belief in spirits, nor an old one who had not seen or heard some supernatural manifestation. These tales are prevalent in proportion to the scantiness of the population, and are always rife under circumstances where the population is most apart. A ghost seer now can make nothing of his trade.

I should have been idolized by the spirit rappers and ghost seers of the present day, if they had seen me with a female companion staying up one night until past twelve o'clock, in expectation of meeting a spirit or ghost, which had haunted an avenue of trees at a place called Tregols, in the shape, not very usual with spirits, of a large white rabbit. We waited hour after hour, but had no manifestation, and we took our way home shivering with the cold. My companion was a strapping servant girl of my father's. I was about eleven years old, armed with a rusty sword drawn in my hand. Our adventure was kept secret a good while. At last it oozed out, and some that affected to laugh at us, looked serious on one side of the mouth, so credulous were the country folks three score years ago.

The Rev. Mr. Polwhele, the translator of what remains of Theocritus, Bion, Moschus, and the elegies of Tytæus, besides his historical and other works, was the minister of the Parish in which I lived for some time. Peter Pindar accused him of appropriating some of his verses, but praised him as a man of talent, who had spent his life as a country clergyman without that church promotion to which he was justly entitled, for he was a virtuous man and good scholar. At school a son of his, I well remember, whom the boys used to call Sally Orange, I forget wherefore. He entered the naval service and

was in the battle of Trafalgar. He was in the fore-castle of the *Tonnant*, with fifteen or twenty men, of which number three or four were killed, and half-a-dozen wounded, young Polwhele was unhurt, though deaf from the firing for some time afterwards. Their duty was to stopple the rigging, but before half-an-hour had elapsed the rigging was rended past all mending. No less than eighty-seven of the enemy's shot passed through the fore-sail just over the heads of the party. The youth was made a lieutenant after the battle: but his career was cut short by a fever at Portsmouth, which carried him off in the prime of his youth. His father suffered deeply in mind upon the occasion. The Rev. gentleman too got into a war of pamphlets I well remember with an ecclesiastical great gun in the west, the Rev. Dr. Hawker, who made much more noise than he was worth. He had been a surgeon in the navy, and quitted that service for the church. He got a Scotch D.D., and also published several works on religious topics. He appeared uneducated, for he broke his grammar frequently in the pulpit. He had powerful lungs, and was inclined to the interpretation of the thirty-nine articles as originally intended, or in the calvinistic sense they unquestionably possess. Polwhele was on the arm-inian side, and to battle they went. It terminated as most such polemical disputes do terminate, in a drawn

battle in which the adherents of the two champions both claimed the victory. I well-remember I got a severe rubbing down from my father for a caricature of the reverend combatants. I had drawn two churches, at the doors of each stood a crowd of people, while the two divines were battling together who should possess the ammunition of a great gun, ready for use on the spot, loaded with a label coming out of the muzzle, having the inscription "thirty-nine articles," which each wanted to fire off his own way. Dr. Hawker died about 1827 or 29, in all events a better man than the money grubber Tomline, bishop of Winchester, who was born and died in the same year as Hawker.*

On the whole, few men passed through life more blamelessly than Polwhele. He was educated at the grammar school of Truro, once the most noted in the west, but now I believe changed into a sort of academy for all sorts of teaching. Polwhele's works are well known, and there were edited, I think by him, two volumes of poems by gentlemen of Devonshire and Cornwall. Quitting that part of the country so young, I had the less opportunity of knowing so much about him as I should otherwise have done.

Polwhele, the historian of the west, has re-

* The author has also alluded to Polwhele, Whittaker, and Hawker in his *Recollections*. Vol. i. p. 189. Second Edition.

corded some oddities of parish clerks in the country who were generally original characters. One I knew resembled Goethe in person. In Kenwyn, a parish in which I resided fifteen years, two dogs were fighting in the church. The parson reading the second lesson stopped in the service, for one of the dogs was his own, and then went down and parted the animals. Returning to his place, he said to the clerk in a low tone: "Where was I?" To which the clerk answered, audible all over the church, "Why down parting the two dogs, maister." He had a great dislike to the Wesleyan methodists, and to Peter Pindar, who had befriended his younger days. This was owing to Polwhele's intimacy with Gifford, a much less respectable character than Wolcot, with a deal of cunning. I believe Polwhele was author of the following epigram on the lighting of a Western town with gas. It was stolen from him and circulated anonymously.

T——'s morals as well as appearance must show,
What praise to your labors and science we owe:
Our streets and our manners you've equally brightened,
Since our town is less *wicked* and much more enlightened.

Polwhele wrote much poetry, but placed himself in too prominent a position in this respect. He wrote and sent verses to every body and upon all occasions. Living continually in a remote part of the

country, he was not awake to many conventional forms and usages, which prevail in the great world and the want of observing which is prejudicial to those who would make way with the public through their writings. He was a good man, attentive as a parish clergyman to his duties, attached to literature but with an inconvenient mode of shewing it. A piece of clerical advice of his was excellent: "Let no one trouble himself about predestination and free will, for it is absurd to look into futurity and disturb ourselves with contemplations which can avail nothing." Yet he owned himself of the opinion of the Greek fathers that "they whom God foresaw that they would live piously were predestined unto life; not that he influenced their wills, but that he saw what they would be disposed to do and would do!"

There was also the Rev. Mr. Whitaker, one of those writers of the old school, who would indite a whole volume upon a topic which any body else to do would have required some actual knowledge of localities. He produced, if I recollect rightly, three thick tomes about the passage of Hannibal over the Alps, which mountains he had never seen. He was overlayed with learning, sturdy, passionate, and somewhat overbearing. He fought tythe battles in his parish where he had refractory farmers to deal with, but his anger was momentary, and he never

nursed "his wrath to keep it warm." His history of Manchester is ponderous, and overborn with his learning. His sermons on death were not good, and his vindication of Mary Queen of Scots, more remarkable for its abuse of Elizabeth than illustrative of the innocence of Mary. His works are numerous, consisting of reviews, tracts on the origin of Arianism, and the like subjects. He was very unequal in his writings, and full of conjecture rather than fact. He had several daughters, if I recollect rightly, and was so prepossessed with the idea of a spiritual communication being possible between this world and the next, that he sent a message to a daughter whom he had lost, by a dying woman, to whom he was administering ghostly comfort. He had a high opinion of his own performances, though he viewed them more moderately in referring to them out of the circle of his immediate friends.

There was not at that time either the delicacy in conversation or the propriety, particularly among the country clergy, that there is at present. The change in manners in this respect indeed is in all ranks greatly for the better. There was an excellent man who composed epigrams, at that time, serving a church near Exeter. Among the epigrams there was a line, unintended of course, in which the Latin read, or rather conveyed in English, certain coarse allusions. It was written upon partaking of

some pudding made of small birds. I put it in the Greek :—

τὸρδὺν ἐν πιστῷ φάρτυμ μὲ ἀνὺς ἀσσε δέδειτ.

The writer was so simple-minded a clergyman of those times, that he did not see the impropriety of printing what was really sense in a dead language, because the sound was not altogether agreeable to the ears of those who were more particular than he was about offending good manners. In nothing belonging to social converse is there a greater improvement in the last half century, than in the banishment of coarse language in after dinner conversation, once of the vulgarest kind, and the ridiculous habit of swearing also, both then so very prevalent.

I was once told a story of Gray by Polwhele. Gray was a great favourite of my youth. The story came from Mason. It is well-known that Gray was retiring, shy, and even effeminate, so that he was ridiculed by the young men of the University. The poet in consequence took it into his head to let his whiskers grow large. Some of the wags of the college get one of their scouts to do the same, and then being a man of larger make, he was contrasted with Gray. The project failed, Gray was obliged to reduce his whiskers to their old dimensions. Polwhele told me he knew Mason, the friend of Gray,

I believe through an intermediate agent, and he described him as a most worthy, conscientious man, not much of a poet in manner, exhibiting no flashes of genius, but plain and unaffected in conversation. exact in morals, and very conscientious. His abilities were no doubt overrated. He determined to accept no preferment beyond that which he enjoyed, and gave up a chaplaincy to the king, because he was of opinion no one in such a post could help feeling a desire for a bishoprick, a thing he thought not compatible with a truly christian character to be always 'hoping.' Mason gave away a third of his income in charity, and was remarkably hospitable. He had also a good taste in the arts, and could paint pictures above the usual display in merit of amateurs in general. Mason spoke of Gray with lavish praise. In what year the Rev. Mr. Temple died, also one of Gray's friends, who resided in Cornwall, I do not remember, but I was then a mere boy. On returning to the scenes of my early life forty years afterwards I was deeply affected by the changes I witnessed. All had to my seeming become history. The old streets alone were the same, but I knew not one human countenance, and was told that all the gentility, humour, and ease of manner, had passed away, that a new race was in possession of the place, who were strange, and to whom I was unknown. Time and the vicissitude from which all

think themselves free, had new modelled all save the face of nature. Nothing more forcibly reminds us of the fact that what has passed away is not to be renewed for us. Others are destined to be cheated in their turn by that never ending succession of things to which we have given the appellation of time—that nothing which masters all our realities, and at last kills our hopes.

Polwhele's translation of the *Idyllia*, *Epigrams*, and *Fragments of Theocritus*, *Bion*, and *Moschus*, with the elegies of *Tyrtæus*, is most assuredly among the best we possess. The copy I had of them was a second edition, and they were retouched by the translator.

That of *Tyrtæus* by Polwhele, and one in the Greek anthology considered as translations, seemed to me so much to want power, that out of vanity I tried, and failed I fear, as all others have done. Though I had shown one or two of my earliest pieces to Wolcot (Peter Pindar) whom I had seen in the West, the last time I believe he was ever among his countrymen, still I did not like to appear to differ from a good scholar like Polwhele, whether I had reason or not, and I did not show the doctor my version. Five or six years afterwards, I was informed by the late Mr. Penwarne of the Treasury, that Wolcot had accused Polwhele of stealing some of his verses at the time

he lived in Cornwall. All this was in good humour, for Wolcot, who loved genius wherever he found it, had encouraged Polwhele when quite a youth in his literary attempts, and had sent off some of the "lad's" lines to a newspaper. In return Polwhele had censured him most unjustly. One day Polwhele, for a school exercise, but long years before my time, had rendered into English the beautiful lines on Sleep, beginning, "*Somne levis quanquam certissima mortis imago.*" Wolcot commended the effort, but taking up the pen, in a few moments translated them himself, in the following beautiful manner :

•
"Come, gentle sleep, attend thy votary's prayer,
And though death's image to my couch repair,
How sweet thus living without life to lie,
Thus without dying, O, how sweet to die!"

Knowing Polwhele had years before placed his translation before the world, Wolcot might have thought I was trying to rival a man of some fame, and many years my senior, as well as being a friend with both. I was sorry afterwards that I did not show mine to him. However, as I have said, I thought Polwhele was too tame, or in other words wanted force. Literal translations, it is true, are generally of a more feeble character than their originals. No matter for the title of Elegy, there appeared to me, as I have said, a want of strength

with ease, a "*je ne sais quoi*," when if we could feel the exact essence, the true impression produced by the poetry independently of mere verbal meaning it would be better—in fact that inexpressive something which it is impossible to describe, an energy with the sadness, an elevation with the lofty melancholy, which Polwhele did not seem to infuse into his verses. It was no matter what rank or degree of fame Tyrteus or Homer bore as bards or *Aoidoi* as Polwhele explains. It was the want of force I thought I saw in his versions, which he should not have missed. I afterwards presumptuously attempted the same subject with the view of increasing the energy of the lines, though possessing much less scholarship, and therefore having a less qualification for the purpose, a literal or word for word version would never impart the force which the Greek must have possessed to a native :

I scorn the wrestler's idle game,
I value not the racer's fame,
His agile form and mould—
Cyclops in strength, like Tithon framed,
Though his soft tongue Adrastus shamed,
Though Midas he in gold—

Empty such honours ! Give me arms,
The martial field, the trump's alarms,
The rushing battle host,
To bear o'er slaughtered foes my shield,
Unshrinking on the bloodiest field,
This is true valour's boast.

This wins the brow unfading bays.
This, this, his grateful country pays
 With ever green renown!
O glorious is the warrior's deed,
Whether he live or nobly bleed,
 Unfading is his crown!

See the bold youth, the foe in sight,
Foremost amidst the gory fight,
 His glowing soul on fire,
The dead strewed round him, panting on,
Fresh hills of slain he climbs upon,
 And dares the foeman's ire.

Shouting defiance, cheering loud—
"To victory or a battle shroud!"
 His comrades near and far,
Flame darting from his fervid eyes,
Chief of the field's red destinies,
 He guides the helm of war.

He falls the foremost of his band,
Ennobling in his native land,
 The city of his birth,
Marking his gashes where he sleeps,
The lovely death his hoar sire weeps,
 Low bending to the earth.

Beauty grieves o'er him, old and young
Bedew his corse, and every tongue,
 Praises his brave career,
Green is the chaplet round his urn,
Where glory's brightest splendours burn,
 And spring's first flowers appear.

Though dust be to its dust returned,
His name shall never be inurned,
 For that can ne'er decay,
His country tells how bravely true,
He fought, and fell, what foes he slew,
 How brilliant was his day!

He lives! what glorious trophies rise!
Arches and banners taunt the skies,
His triumphs have begun!
Youth and old age, beauty and grace,
His country's love, all, all replace
His toils and perils done.

His life grows hoary with renown,
His ripened honors pouring down
Sweet solace on his age—
For none but thoughts of homage breathe,
O'er a crown'd Veteran's deathless wreath,
His valor's heritage!

Go, freeman! climb the heights of fame,
There's virtue in a soldier's name—
Go, for your country dare—
Forward! list to the warlike throng,
And glory calling loud and long,
Go, in her trophies share!

But enough of that which time has cast so far
into the back ground, of that already growing dim
like a morning dream, while of what we labor to
forget we the more vividly remember.

We live between the past and the future, between
regret and hope, both which do their best to pre-
vent our enjoyment of the present. We are seldom
thoughtful enough to recollect how short a space of
time may remain for the completion of our contem-
plated labors, which can never be too much within
compass if we desire to see them completed. I
was much struck with this on entering upon a
metropolitan life.

There were a number of scientific men in the county from whence I came, but I left it at an age too early to derive benefit from the instruction of any of them. I took a fancy to follow out no particular object, nor do I think this any great disadvantage, as having a clue to a variety of studies, that which is best adopted to the fancy may be ultimately selected. In the meanwhile my solitary habits were continued. I sought pleasure alone. In consequence unless it was in a ride to some romantic scenery a few miles off, or a little boating, I seldom joined my companions in their games. I left them to their cricket, and took myself off with a fishing rod and a lad very much my junior for company's sake, to whom I often confided the rod and line while I sat and read or penciled down my thoughts under some shady tree near the water. Many were the volumes I went through upon such occasions, which were carried in a bag with my lines and provisions. I thus obtained information from reading in a manner somewhat irregular. I do not think this mode of acquirement at all objectionable. The formal or set task learned, or commanded to be learned, at home when the mind is not in tune, becomes a drudgery, but no matter for that with a master over you. That which is done with a good will is certain to be well done, at least to the full extent of the

ability of the learner. In those times it was more amusement than reflection, or the desire to store up ideas, which prompted me to read. Still facts were acquired, and imagination did not run so far into the probable, or even into the improbable, as it would otherwise have done.

At that time of life I did not trouble myself about the future, in which consists all the happy ignorance or carelessness of happiness in youth. This solitary mode of action began to gain ground upon me. I became fond of it while no one suspected that I had become a young philosopher, as an old gentleman called me, who in his walks had once or twice fallen in with me. He had no idea of the true state of things. My fishing rod covered my real employment, and thus it was that a habit of sequestering myself grew upon me. My studies became yet more solitary. I acquired a knowledge of many things of which nobody suspected I was master. I mingled with other youths in their amusements out of school time because, as it only comprised an hour or two in the day, there was not time for me to "take to the country." From four to eight a.m., when daylight permitted, and my half holidays, were my periods of retirement. I confess that my principal wish, for we all have our wishes in every stage of existence—my principal wish was for a companion who would

enter into my feelings, for solitude, in the absolute sense, is always a compulsion. The wish to communicate, in other words, the desire to be social, is a part of our nature sometimes lessened in age but never obliterated.

Compelled therefore to keep to my lonely system—for my companion before mentioned was a mere boy, or he would not have served my purpose—I continued to follow the same course. No congenial mind crossed my way. In reading the poets, oddly enough, Pope followed Gray. I learned much of this poet too by heart, and with Pope's Homer soon consigned the Greek original to the "tomb of all the Capulets." I repeated off-hand page after page of the old bard, and sometimes at this hour whole passages will come up into the mind, and be repeated verbatim, of which I had no idea I retained a line; if I had tried to recall one I could not have done it. Memory is often spontaneous to a surprising degree, at least with me. I fancy its storehouse contains all that we have known or felt, perhaps, to be evidence against us in a future state, it is only that we cannot make it obey our will.

I once got into a quarry where my meditations were disturbed by a large viper, which I contrived to dispatch, but the incident troubled my equanimity for the remainder of the day. My memory ran upon Eve and the serpent, and all I had read of serpents,

and how strangely the reptile was first introduced. My thoughts were not at all contumacious to the love making affair of Eve and the serpent, so as to endanger my orthodoxy. Still it seemed a puzzling affair to my young comprehension, yet how could I doubt the fact of the conversation of our common mother in her intrigue? It seemed to me, however, that she might have chosen a more comely animal, for though the snake, it is said, lost his legs and speech in consequence, it still remained in my view a sad impeachment of good taste in Eve. I began to read about snakes, and in discriminating the different kinds could not settle whether it was one of the boa constrictor species or an amphisbæna, which as two heads are said to be better than one, might after all have been the true species.

In an old Cornish miracle play, the writer or stage manager, being puzzled no doubt as much as my young brains had been in the matter, gives the serpent a virgin's face and yellow hair. She will not suffer herself to be made Satan's instrument of evil and so he kills her, and then reanimates her with himself, so that Eve thinks she converses with one of her own sex in place of the devil. By this means the reserve and modesty of the sex are gallantly retained. I have seen some of the amphitheatres yet standing, in which these representations took place. This is a mode much more regardful of Eve

lady character, than most other accounts. Otway, for example, makes his lady openly intrigue with the tempter—

“And for an apple damn mankind.”

The amphitheatres to which I allude, are some of them made of turt, and others of stone. I have often sat down in one of them and lost myself in conjectures upon the performances there, the simplicity of the audiences, and their physiognomies. The language too was that of a remote antiquity.*

As a scene from one of these plays will be a novelty, I give the following extract from “The Creation of the world.” The idea that Eve would be disgusted with a serpent in its natural state, seems to have struck the mind of the composer, or rather the writer, from the directions, for as they are given as follows to the stage manager, this may be presumed. “A fine serpent made with a virgin’s face and yellow hair on her head, is to be got ready against the performance.”

Lucifer alludes to the cruel fall he has had from heaven, and that he will be revenged upon the woman God has made, a thing of “brittle wit,” fashioned out of a rib. He complains of his ugliness of person, and how needful it is he should dis-

* See “The Creation of the World, &c.” Edited by the late Davis Gilbert. Nichols and Son. London.

guise himself. Beelzebub, a brother fallen-one, tells him he is the ugliest amongst all the devils, none uglier, and he must bargain wisely to succeed. Lucifer says he *will* make his attempt on the woman. Torpen, another devil, stimulates Lucifer, and tells him if he succeeds he shall be the chief ruler in the infernal regions. Lucifer reiterates his determination, and going to the serpent wants permission to possess her, because being so fair of person she will not be mistrusted by Eve. The serpent-virgin flies from Lucifer. He overtakes and kills her, then animates her with himself, and in this disguise takes his place in a tree. It may be surmised that setting the serpent in a tree was an idea taken from some of the old popish pictures, which thus displaced the creeping reptile.

In the mean time Eve soliloquised :—

I'll go and wander there among the flowers—
Sure all of this world's pleasures here are growing !

The serpent perched out of his natural place, like a bird in a tree, then addressed Eve :—

Sweet Eve, and wherefore dost thou not draw near,
And hold discourse with me ? I know one thing,
And if thou knew'st it joyful it would make thee,
I pray you listen to me !

Eve answered :—

Who art thou with melodious voice above me
In that tall tree ? I marvel much to hear thee—
With thee I've no concern. Whence comest thou ?

Serpent :—

To help thee fairest woman—wonder not—
I come from heaven in haste to speak to thee,
In private to commune, then wonder not,
I pray thee howsoe'er things may appear,
Fear nought at seeing me.

Eve :—

I have no dread
Because thou hast a countenance so fair,
I cannot doubt; thy word cannot be false!
From heaven thou com'st directly, so thou say'st,
If so thou doubly welcome art to me,
Tell me thy errand, I must credit thee,
And give thee aid; thou shalt not be denied it.

Serpent :—

My errand is to thee, and for thy good,
If thou believe not, doubting what I tell,
To me thy doubts will be full mischievous,
Or if of me thou make'st discovery.

Eve :—

Thou art my friend? Why then I'll keep thy secret,
And thou mayst do thy purpose trusting me.

Serpent :—

Doubt not, fair woman, for there is no danger,
It would be sin, great sin to work deceit,
And heavy punishment would be my due.

Eve :—

Assuredly, t'would be a wicked thing—
I long to know the secret, pray you tell me?

Serpent :—

Listen, and wondrous wise will you become,
Like God on high knowing of every thing.

Eve expresses her desire to be made wiser, and grows more anxious for the secret. The serpent speaks boastingly of his veracity, and of the sin of falsehood, and then alludes to the command not to eat of the fruit. Eve hesitates and recalls the command. Lucifer tells her she is a fool, and if he did not love her, he should not tender her the secret that was to make her wise as the Almighty. At last she says she cannot forbear tasting. She takes the apple, and as advised, promises to give it to her husband. All through Eve takes the serpent for a female.

Here a curious anachronism occurs, Eve telling the tempter that the God of the *Trinity* will now set her up on high. The Serpent and Eve then separate, the latter taking leave, says :—

Farewell, my heavenly friend, my kind adviser,
For ever will I love thee.

She concludes by promising to present the apple to her husband.

This is not the oldest of these plays extant, there is another called Mount Calvary. Both are in the more modern of the original dialects, of which there are two. For example suppose the first commandment—

"I am the Lord thy God, that brought thee out of the land of Egypt, out of the House of Bondage."

Ancient Cornish.—"Me yw an arluth thy Dew, neb es droz the vez an tyr Mizraim the vês a chy habadin."

Modern Cornish.—"Dew a cowzas an gerriow remma ha lavarraz tho ve an Arleth de Dew, neb a d'roz dêz vâz a'n tyr Mizraim, vâz ân c'hy gwasanaeth."

From these plays being acted in an amphitheatre, it is a puzzle to discover how the scenery was managed. It is clear that the actors could not face the audience, except on half of the circle. There is a sort of excavation observable in one part of the arena.

Of later years in the west, relics of the olden time were still to be traced about Christmas. It was then different classes alike prepared to pass the time jovially. A log of wood was set in the fire-place designed to be partially consumed, and a portion kept to kindle that of the next year. Ale, cyder, and flip, all hot and spiced, and sometimes porter with sugar in it went round. There was punch, too, made of rum and lemons. There was no feasting nor any previous announcement of the season until Christmas eve, except the waits that went round in the murkiness of the early morning, as they had done for the week before, a custom that for centuries has heralded the season. The Christmas-eve keepers met about dusk. The common sports of the young

at that season were carried out sometimes a little boisterously. With many there was a supper. The yule log was called the Christmas Stock.

It was after church service in the morning of the next day, that the novel part of the Christmas keeping began. The mummers came forward to play their part. I never saw anything like it in other parts of England. One figure, a deformed hunch-back, was called old Father Christmas. He wore a wig, and had over it a three cornered hat. His face was painted to represent age; he supported himself with a staff and wore spectacles. The other characters were fully as grotesquely dressed. The old man strutted up and down, and repeated some verses explanatory of his name and object. He called upon a Turk, who rather out of keeping was dubbed a knight, to clear the way for him. Then, without any connection in the plot, he challenged St. George, evidently meaning the renowned Christian knight or his representative. The latter now made his appearance in the semblance of a young man, who shewed himself equally boastful with the Turk. This boasting among knights errant, Cervantes has not passed over unnoticed in Don Quixote. St. George brags that he has won three crowns of gold with his sword, fought a dragon, and got for his reward the "fair Sabra, the King of Egypt's daughter." These two champions threaten each other in

rhyme, as becomes doughty knights of Chivalric fame, and they fight until the Turkish knight cries for quarter. St. George refuses it, and bids him fight on; and of course the unlucky Turk falls. St. George with true knightly generosity calls out with might and main, for a doctor. A doctor appears who can cure any thing, even "if the deuce is in him, he can take him out," but he must have fifteen pounds for the job. He pours some medicine down the throat of the Turk, who rises cured, to have another bout of fighting. He is then slain outright. Next comes the Dragon. Both the knight and the beast make a great boasting. The dragon is then overcome, but the doctor proceeds to cure the vanquished animal as he did the Turk for a fresh fight. Then there appears a female impersonation of the King of Egypt's daughter to hail St. George her champion. St. George in his turn comes forward to request the company to pay into the box, while the comedians dance.

That this sort of Christmas game has been played in the same mode for centuries there can be no doubt. It is a relic of the foregoing plays acted before the reformation, called the "mysteries."

In alluding to antiquity of about the time of which I am speaking, there stood near a farm of my father's a small barrow which I had a great desire to open. I

procured the assistance of a couple of country lads, but we discovered nothing save a few pieces of copper ore which might have been left there when the barrow was made. We had therefore our labour for our pains. No matter for the disappointment, since it led me to read with avidity all the works I could obtain on regarding the antiquities of the county.

It was at this period that I first saw a modern play; it was *Hamlet*. Indifferently performed. It left no strong impression. I had several passages of the play by heart. These I had read before often in school books. I cannot say that the effect on my youthful mind was what might have been expected on that of a novice. I did not perhaps understand the drift of the piece. However it was, the effect did not approach that produced when I first saw John Kemble in *Hamlet*, in London. The theatre was small, and the actors indifferent, still I could not account for the slight degree of that emotion which on reading similar works, they had always before produced in my mind. Even the ghost scene lost its terrors in a small theatre ill performed.

Mrs. Radcliff had been the mistress of the terrible about that day, but then it was the terrible of that peculiar day and of those which preceded it. Fear of that nature, as superstition diminishes, is certain to lose its power, because if the mind becomes en-

tion to natural causes and effects, it
to weaken opinions founded upon
ebleness. Terror produced by natural
, and such causes as well which
rise. The difference here in the pre-
half a century ago is astonishing. I
fancy or imagination has made many
truths in relation to the appearances
things, when the beholders have
something unreal. There are many
kind which seem unaccountable, and
ies. When at the dead of night a
side the philosopher's curtain, and he
wanted, and got the reply: "I am
heaven," he would have propagated a
and he not got up, rung the bell, and
had woman to be turned out of the
was better still, she actually proved
oman who had escaped from a place
and got into the room nobody knew

a soldier, a very gallant man, who
Quebec, under Wolf; he had lost an
e was once of what would now be
alists," for he insisted he often saw
objects. He told me that one day
ridge on a desolate moor, a locality I
saw a great number of persons ap-

proaching the bridge, and drew aside for them to pass over. They did so for a full quarter of an hour. They were all dressed in dark clothes, and wore cocked hats, such as he had worn in his regiment, and as all the infantry wore in the old time. I have no doubt the man did fancy what he described. It was evening, the light dim, and he was alarmed, being of a superstitious and timid character in regard to spirits. Many, like Swedenborg, have a monomania in relation to one thing as he had to spirits, and as Tasso, the Italian poet, also had. They are sane upon all topics but one. Mind frequently deceives the senses; how often do we verbally answer and aloud too, some mental query, and why may hearing or sight not be deceived from within as well as without? I remember my father had a cottage on a farm where a trusty laborer lived. This man had four or five children; the eldest was not more than eight years old. They were untutored, too young to be cunning or to hatch up a design for any purpose whatever, so it might be presumed. About a three-acre field distant, there was another cottage, in which the father of the humble family had once a brother resident, who had been buried about a fortnight before. The children playing together in a field close to their home, about eleven o'clock on a bright sunshiny day, went into that house in a fright, and said they had seen their rela-

and stood near, and looked at them. The feet were seen below the blanket in which the father was buried, and in which he had really been buried, as stated. The people were much interested in the story, especially as the children said they had seen the same appearance a second time on another occasion. They were the last children to believe in such a story, as it might be thought too young, poor, and uneducated. On account of the circumstance, and on cross-examination of the children separately, there was no discrepancy in their story. This puzzled my friends, as they did not think such poor, ignorant, and thoughtless young ones, could have invented such a story. The minuteness with which these unsophisticated children described to him what they saw, the fact that the feet "seen below the blanket," made a strong impression upon his mind, that he remained there and watched for two hours on the two occasions, but saw nothing. He accounted for the fact that the children had heard their father or mother deceased was buried in a blanket, by saying that he had made up the story. I confess I should have been inclined to credit the children, such as they were, on their being cross-examined, but as I should have grown up persons. It is similar to the thousand and one stories which children have made up the tale from what

he had heard his parents say, and persuaded the others of its truth. I have been in all hours, by day and night, in every kind of place, that might be deemed favourable to such appearances, and have wished at the time to have my mind settled upon the question, but the Asmodeus of the goblin hunters and table rappers was inexorable. I have almost invoked the black spirits and white, but in vain. I am far from denying that persons who have repeated such stories have told untruths, they have spoken to seeing what fear has dictated, or visual phenomena operated. I have known instances in proof. I have been told of horses drawing a carriage, at tremendous speed, by a certain spot, the horses black and without heads. I remember a waiter in an Inn in a country town, a sturdy man, who said that about one in the morning of a dreadfully stormy night, all but himself were in bed, and he had gone to secure the street door, when he thought he heard the wheels of a post-chaise coming up. He drew back the bolt, and opened the door, when he saw dash by as swiftly as horses could fly, rather than gallop, a carriage and four black horses. The storm was raging, but he could distinguish the wheels rolling along the pavement. Nothing came of it, why should the table rapper or coach-wheel spirit, take such a whim to frighten a waiter? I have thought it was possible it might have been a sub-

ge and four, only that the horses could be changed for rather a long stage which there is in fact nothing too silly or preposterous for a ghost to perform, with or without a change of scene, and fable turning; a single ghost is a phenomenon enough. The diseases in the human mind, the semi-insanity, defects of the organs of the mind, are set down to the account of spirits. Coincidences, they too are supernatural to the feeble-minded. The wife of an adventurer in the East Indies, died the same night that her husband dreamed of her death—how wonderful a coincidence to the husband! Wherefore, when we cannot be certain of the truth or whether he dreamed for months to come, whether he heard from England or arrived there? We often dream of the deaths of their wives, or of their husbands, but do not note it because we know both perhaps are reposing, Darby and Joan in the very same bed in which the dream was dreamed. It is not noticed for it cannot mean anything. He went into Piccadilly and meet a man who he knew. It was two or three millions of people in the city, that we should not meet that particular person, yet we make no marvel of it. Coincidences are calculated like the results of games, the data being given.

One feels ashamed as intelligence is more widely diffused, to see these delusions not only repeated but cultivated. I believe the wider diffusion of knowledge to be true, but that it is shallower from the greater extent of the superficies. This will account for the delusions of the dark ages being again resuscitated and widely propagated.

Man is a conceited animal; he must see that, however clever, however wealthy, or endowed he may be, his animal life is no better than that of others of the animal species. He is the superior on earth, and he wants to get some sort of introductory knowledge out of it regarding a future state of being, before the supreme disposer of all things has chosen to make it visually known to him. In his low pride he courts a subordinate agency to help him out in his difficulty, and abandons fact for fancy in the attempt. Crafty priests knew this, and in past times made a selfish use of it. The superstitious got a crowd of imaginary beings to aid them, fairies, witches, wizards, lemures, ghosts, spirit-rappers, magicians, and the like, up to Asmodeus himself, and a host of angels who intrigued with earth's women. Thus long has this labor of pride to penetrate into futurity been going on before the time and since the witch of Endor, whom like our Macbeth, Saul went to consult. No progress has really been made in the truth of the matter. Infinite wisdom knows

man, and fixes the bound of his
 spect to that of which he neither com-
 racter through sense, nor perceives
 r for his interest it is he should be
 ne limit of sensual comprehension.
 ense and association is extensive
 n to the natural world, and of that
 e yet to shew no more than "a
 on the shore of the great ocean of
 akes so bungling a hand of it at
 mes the proper course to ask "how
 e comprehend the infinite." The
 lists have even admitted old Aubry
 allistical authorities ! This writer
 as spirit-rapping in his time ; I had
 when young ; he was a miserably
 eature. A Mr. Barton died after
 nocks had been heard on his bed's
 or four days before my father died,"
 "as I was in my bed about nine
 orning, perfectly awake, I did hear
 nocks on the bed's head, as if it had
 r or ferule," so that bed-knocking—
 king—are old things. Well may
 "Imagination is a kin to miracle-

f this subject, the opprobrium of the
 possible for me to recall how often

I looked forward to the period, when I should appear in the great world. I do not think I built so much on the expectation of leaving the paternal dwelling, as youths do in general. I had no sort of objection to go out into life, but I had certain attachments to go no farther than those of a local nature, which qualified my wish to take my leap in the dark, for such is the start into the great world of one in similar circumstances. I had a presentiment that I should never again find things in the same state as when I quitted home, return when I might. I was not deceived. My ride in the mail towards the capital, was on the whole a melancholy one. "I can never be again as I have been," continually crossed my mind, and yet I had been far from satisfied while at home. I wanted to see the world, and yet seemed as if I should have a price to pay for it, that was as much as it was worth. I perceived too that I should have to make some sacrifice for every pleasure really carried out, while I much fear that imagination laid on the colour too gaudily in the first view I had of life to reconcile me to its subsequent shadows and disappointments. The displacement, under delusive hopes, of the present by the future, was the same to others as to myself, but that was a common-place consolation !

The English people are remarkable in their public conduct for moving by fits and starts. They will

every game that accident presents upon all
e it down, wear it out, and then turn
even day's wonder for a fresh folly. In
they are not a jot better or wiser than

The hero of to-day is one of surpass-
, an Alexander in the field or a Tully
, something has set the machine going,
stop it. The hero of the moment may
accomplished knave in reality, but what
every body says he is a demi-god. The
the hour keeps his post until a new
ne last from his seat. The individual
y be Tom Thumb and his master, or
d Italy, either will serve.

ing fact, and the changeableness of the
having no ideas, take them from the
r the way," was exemplified at the mo-
arrived in the metropolis. Pitt was
he same public that shouted "church
and applauded Pitt as the heaven-born
s now jeering the weak-mindedness of
nd censuring the blunders of Pitt.
t had lost the prestige of his talent.
d at the head of the cabinet no one
cept that embodiment of imbecility,
ust made a peer. It was in vain. Pitt's

The king had sacrificed him on the
tion when he went out of office. The

value of royal friendships was here exhibited. The "heaven-born minister" was flatly refused leave by his half-demented sovereign, to form a strong united cabinet. Melville's breach of duty had rendered his support of no value to his friend, except over the bottle, and the health of the premier rapidly sunk. Still he clung to office; for he had a strong ambition. His foreign policy, having been uniformly unfortunate, no doubt he wished to make an endeavour to retrieve it. The king cared nothing about his minister or his minister's feelings, if he could have his own way. Pitt should have again resigned, but he was withheld by the natural desire to recover lost ground. In addition to the restrictions under which he was kept, his health had failed at a moment when France was all triumphant on the Continent. It was then I began my weary journey through the world, and soon after death severed the paternal tie. I was afloat on the great ocean of life alone, without connections in the metropolis, and in the country, my head quarters broken up, I felt the desolation. But I had health, spirit, and some determination.

I was not much out in any of my juvenile calculations, especially when it is considered how remotely I had lived from the great world. I had, it is true, all the knowledge of it necessary to social conduct, or that books could give me, nor was the town in

longest and latest resided, at all defied the opinion of the inhabitants. It had the reputation of being the "proudest" town in the county for the handsomest in buildings. In the hierarchy of society above the mere mechanic, the general character of the business is more commercial than agricultural, there is a more refinement of manners to the better than that of the capital, unless the country is in some remote situation, where the refinement of the people with other places is much less. Cheap travelling and the advance of the century have since that time worked wonders. Far from the great lines of road that one would expect the same dullness can now be found. I was every inch a man in my own estimation and had thought much about becoming a tenant of the law of the land—but not that the expenses cost so dear as I afterwards discovered. Care is the corrosive that I had now to think and provide for. I did not know that I assumed any importance upon the occasion. I was by nature modest but I began to imagine I was really something. By measurement I had never grown older than the twentieth year.

Although I was well provided with letters and friends, I had no companion that was access-

sible. An artist from the country was the only individual I knew, except a fellow townsman, and he knew no more out of the line of his profession than one of the crow family at this moment cawing over my head knows of him.

I have stated* in my Recollections that I did not enter seriously into any pursuit until the last month of 1806, living out of London some part of that year. The bustle, the crowded streets, the cold indifference of people towards each other, the selfishness, the inveterate toil, all seemed ungracious, and not at all reconcileable to my feelings or habits. I do not know whether it did not generate very early something of a similar feeling on my part in the way of return. There was still something wanting. The clear air, the country freshness, and the feeling that—

“ There was a time in that gay spring of life,
When every note was as the mounting lark's,
Merry and cheerful to salute the morn—
When all the day was made of melody.”

So sang an old poet, and so I had felt; but how different in town! If my mind was waxing stronger, and more vigorous as I imagined it was doing, it was at the expence of that animation. The mind seemed as elastic as before, but there was a lassitude about the bodily powers which I had not felt

* Recollections, page 72, Vol. I., Ed. 2.

It is strange to say I felt more *tedium* in town than in the country. It was not idleness, and as nothing employs the mind in literary composition, so my occupation relieved than increased that feeling.

There was a considerable change produced on me—delicate I mean in bodily constitution—by the fresh, pure, air, of the country. It seemed then more damp and foggy, and hotter in summer. In town I rose and fasted at eight o'clock. I then wrote what was required of me for publication, and the year passed until near the close of it when I became too busy to find time for leisure. I read and wrote until four o'clock, and going out to dinner at five, I did not return till tea-time. I got, too, into coffee-house as was the mode in that day, and when otherwise engaged, passed the evening in

CHAPTER IV.

New habits adopted—Character of studies—Retrospective glances—Pedagogy of the past time—Ivy the schoolmaster—The old home—Education after Solomon—Metaphysics at home—Early reading and studies—My mother—Engineering—Newcomen—Hornblower—Watt—Trevithick—The steam engine before Watt—First usage of in tin mines, from 1720 to 1780—in America, 1753—Death of Hornblower in New Jersey, 1809—His brother and nephew in England—Lardner's ignorance—Rev. Mr. Murray—His tour in the States.

It was impossible I should not perceive in this new state of things, how much I had to change and amend in my habits of country composition. I found too, that I felt much less interest in certain passages and phrases which I had admired in the country, and in some cases imitated. I no longer felt those deep emotions on one hand, or that exuberance of animal spirits on the other, which according to the circumstances, had before been familiar with me. It seemed too, as if I had now less to hope than formerly, and while I wished to speak a disagreeable

perhaps the exclusive privilege of that so little to demand of mankind, I was the task of timidity in setting about my was imperious upon me. At that distresses made no part of my s neither liable to the frowns nor constraints, and it was not in my e uncivil to other people, and thus regard to the future of life, if it d to prolong it, I was content to rtune, for I was not wholly unreflect- ed my style of reading. Voyages, hy, and a little natural history occu- did not wholly lay by works of fiction. a of the scenes where I had read so n oaks and cool leaves, the sheltered rs, came upon me poignantly some- shed myself among them again. The n and its indifference to the individual netimes as if it were personal in place generated revulsion in place of at- y course of reading had taken a new y works exciting curiosity and enliven- ad not laid by the Latin classics, but y Testament, which is not very good doned all, the testament serving to arrow knowledge of the language I

had a desire to retain. I therefore returned to the Latin with a wish to renew an old acquaintanceship. The Roman poets brought back all my love for the Muses. I began to write verses again, as I imagined, of higher merit than I had done before. I ran over Plutarch anew, and read Cicero's orations again. I was much struck in his other works with his ideas about the deity (see Cicero de Leg. Book ii.) but I had kept clear of all religious or metaphysical discussions, which were so tempting to many around my father's dwelling. They were really dry to me, and though not a German nor a native of the land of Cakes, I have had and have doubts still as to whether any good is gained by religious metaphysics.

It was at this time that I wrote papers or heads of papers which more than a dozen years afterwards I published in a work with which I was connected.* They generally bore upon my circumstances at that moment. I wrote many articles at that interesting period which I did not send to the press until a long time afterwards, either altered or in some degree changed. I remember passages that my feelings prompted at that moment, not printed for many years.

It is delightful to throw back a glance at our earlier efforts, and to recall our boyish actions, when

* In the New Monthly Magazine.

the light of hope, under the sanguine
incipient being. The remembrance
when we were full of elasticity,
and every sense and relish keen,
saw nothing save a world of beauty
, every object beaming in golden
the most agreeable thing of all.
of boyish actions gives little gratifi-
of riper years, except for what may be
them. The youthful sensations ex-
the age of enjoyment was most
senses exquisitely susceptible, furnish
pects, which cling round human
itself in the last stage of being.
collect the exquisite taste to have
rticular flavour, or of a fruit or dish
draught from the running stream,
osphere compared with the metro-
filth. A landscape, or a single
ck in fancy, much better defined
n it ever appeared before. Though
ew objects were of greater magni-
nce than those I had quitted. We
more narrowly and in detail in
ing life we regard them in groups.
youth have a power of attaching
will not admit of multitudinous
comparative space is a universe to

the young. The parental dwelling is always one of magnitude, however small it may be in reality ; the garden is vast, and the meadow of an unbounded extent. A mile is a measure of immense length, and the blue hills in the distance, to incipient beings, seem faintly drawn on the horizon, as if they were the limits of the universe. Having seen no objects for comparison, the present visible is the world of the young, and their perceptions readily include the minutest things impressed upon the memory. When the carpet of the universe is figured out beneath the feet, it becomes only generally known, through the objects being really so extended. All too is looked at in larger portions ; thus in later life we see and retain masses, and consequently have in the mind a less vivid picture of minute things. We rarely feel again that interest in insignificant objects which we felt before, unless they are connected with some contingent circumstance which gives them unusual importance. It is more than a common regret we feel at a retrospective glance that recalls the scenes and sensations of youth, there is also the superior attachment to individuality in the case of those upon whom our eyes first opened. We find our regards all lost when we mingle in the world, we have rarely any employment for them. We have only fractional affection to bestow, and must retain it for the objects of our primary locality. I thought no tree

an one I saw near my paternal door.
 er trees after I left home, but the
 t individual tree, though excelled in
 still remained. I loved its shadow
 under it for years, and though on
 I found it lessened in size, its in-
 the same; it was the old, delightful,
 d object. If I had seen finer since I
 one bore the like fruit of hallowed
 I travelled in large forests after-
 ee there, however mighty, possessed
 ion.

forget the sunny side of the wood
 ramble, and hear the cooing of the
 ses, and where in autumn I listened
 the wind through the half-stripped
 smell of the sere foliage, and now
 rurgling sound of water, the spark-
 am when it broke out into the light,
 d oaks of ages still as they were,
 e impress had they not made on my
 d without being able to define my
 being at any great trouble about
 the cause. Bonaparte said that if
 . Helena blindfold to Corsica, he
 by the smell of the leaves—of the

he accustomed old churchyard, with

its ivied tower, the dark yews and the grave stones, seemed to me the only permanent things in nature. When at sight of these there came to me, and will come to others of the generations yet unborn, those kind of sensations, turning at times "the past to pain!" I sometimes chided myself, at the same moment wishing I had never seen them.

It was not boisterous joy even in youth that was then so soul satisfying, oftentimes filling me with a sensation of delight which cannot be put into language—a tranquillity which for a moment led to the belief that there was no desire in the world ungratified. Such feelings were mere glimpses of happiness as if in a brighter region seen through a chink, and yet weeks passed away then slower than years pass now. Still when I come to separate one thing from another there were matters enough to create distaste. Of these school days were among the more prominent, and the heart-burning and tears they cost. I turn away from the sight of the place even now, towards the meadow, where in true joviality of heart, I leaped, and raced, and played, as if leaping, racing, and playing had been the end of my existence. How the sunshine of the breast warmed me! How all nature sympathised with me! Assuredly the sun has never since shone so brilliantly; the flowers have never since been so fragrant, the azure of the sky never so deep, the green hue of the field

intense were the short-lived sensation and pleasure! How genial all im-
confiding and open all action!

to the distressed, and insolence to
besetting sin of adult sinners were
to the unsophisticated heart. In after
were deemed the result of inexperience
if not useless in society! It is
ever-virtuous, for how could business
be followed under such a system.
be too strait laced." No matter if we
of some part of our stock of virtue
have gained in other ways, by living
with conventional views and in-
conventional vices might be too

the days before the burden of thought
wings of enjoyment. Our earlier
not look upon the cares of to-mor-
onage in ruins to be rebuilt, and
the garden neglected, recalled my
it was left a waste—but I may
train too long. I depicted my feel-
many years ago at greater length,
ved. They are it is true common
some their value is wholly obliterated
they come and go like faint
dawn. With myself they constituted

the happiness of my existence, that portion of it power devoted to the rule of the pedagogue being the other extreme. Solomon may have been the wisest of men in an Israelitish kingdom, but when he recommends teaching wisdom by being unsparing of the rod, and takes a biped for a spaniel, which is beaten to make him love his master, I cannot help thinking the wise man overshot the mark, or human nature must have greatly altered since his day. In fact the masters in our country districts, or in too many of them, wanted the rod as much as the scholar. I do not speak of the towns, where things were much better.

I was early 'suspected' of being 'suspicious' of certain tenets, not orthodox in the neighbourhood where I resided. I cannot affirm there were no grounds for it. Yet I never committed myself by any decided betrayal of my sentiments. I never stated any thing by which I could be pronounced decidedly inimical to submission to the powers that be. I was told 'Providence,' a sad misused word, gave for our instruction, to whom passive obedience was due. I was not long of age before visiting Doubting Castle, and so far from the giant using me in the ill manner in which he did poor Christian, in Bunyan's Pilgrim, I found him a useful ally in aiding me to set about the examination of questions which had sadly puzzled me, and he aided me greatly

through life, in clearing them up. Those days a sin beyond all repair was the eleventh command-

ing when I visited a village where to whom I was much attached. The school there, the master of which writing, and arithmetic after a His stock of learning could have judging from the little value he set on as a pedagogue. He was exact days and a half in the week, or morning nine a.m., to Saturday at could be more attentive, sober, and, however, Saturday came, and the twelve, he turned out the boys before hammer was gone, piled the forms over, that the due cleansing of the it be accomplished, and then betook village alehouse, which he seldom clock announced the last hour of times he happened to be pugnacious, fight, but in general went home "like the wind," as the sailors have it, and exactness, that his potations seemed selves in effect by his hour of day he became irascible, and yet the necessity of being right for

his duties by the Monday morning, to which rule he rigidly adhered.

One day I heard a carpenter's son, belonging to the village, say to another lad :

" I saw master just now as tipsy as you ever saw Jack Wills, the carrier"—a noted village character never sober. " He had been fighting too, for the blood was dropping from his nose. Look out for the Monday morning," cried the boys.

I saw him myself soon afterwards looking the most deplorable figure as he was rambling towards home, where it must cost him all the time from the hour to recover. His name was Ivy; the vulgar wags of the place used to say, " there goes Nic Ivy, he wants propping."

On the Monday morning except perhaps the blackness of an eye, the result of accident as given out, he appeared at his post with his usual air of confident master, and all went on well until Saturday came round again, and the same game was repeated. The people of the village, who well knew the failing of this sage instructor, made no observation upon such a character having the instruction of youth. As long as he kept his scholars to the duty, and they took home their copybooks, which marked a progress in general satisfactory, when the dull character of country boys is considered, that was enough for the parents, many of whom were n

The exclamation, "I saw mas-
h just now," struck no one as an
is part, and as a bad example for
did not then judge so 'narrowly,'
rm it, nobody ever saw him tipsy
urs, and out of school hours they
with his doings. The clergyman of
old B——, used to relax a little
ame way.

er, Ivy, was a man of starched visage,
oralist of the most rigid order, a
'mathematical' looking creature

My young features looked grave,
on my occasional visits to the place.
ver beheld him was on a fine Satur-
e was dressed in a loose blue great
torn, his light waistcoat stained,
aming with blood, one of the most
es I ever beheld if my boyish me-
ful as I suspect it is. "What's
en," he said to me passing, and
e. "I don't know, Mr. Ivy, you had
-morrow."

young fool—you must come to my
ied, hiccupping and staggering in
I knew he could not overtake me,
ered him.

o that, Mr. Ivy!"

I ran off and soon got out of his sight. I had seen something similar, or rather heard of it, in the town where I lived, but it was only occasionally at club feasts and parish dinners. Those were days in which education was neglected, and respectable persons opposed the instruction of the poor. I lived to see time conquer the mistaken notion that if the poor were instructed they would become unmanageable even though they became as wise—no great difficulty—as those who opposed their education. I lived to see the plea of political necessity and prejudice, beaten by reason and truth in high quarters, religious asperities softened, and something like rational freedom established. Our remoter country villages generally had a self-educated schoolmaster in those days who contrived to vegetate by teaching “reading, writing, and ciphering,” that was the phrase. Some had their profession and name stuck in their leaden glazed window, “at two-pence per week for teaching, and a penny per week for ’haviours (manners).”

Another of this class of men I remember, a short, well made square-built man, who was really an ingenious personage. He taught himself engraving, and as there was a hunt in the vicinity, and the members wore a particular button, he used to engrave the club initials upon them. He was a tolerable land surveyor, and attempted to paint portraits

ness, but always a likeness, if not called a picture in the artist's view. I remember a cow that was a favourite of mine and a family nag, but it was after many years subsequently I met him when he told me he had been taken by a country gentleman who had paid his salary for a couple of months that he had exhibited, and get some hints from "first-rate talents." I imagine he was guided by his homely works, in what may be called art. His drawings were all made but were very incorrect; some of his work was good. I remember Wolcot making a mistake in regard to Opie. It was his colouring that gave him anxiety for progressing in the art, and he begged Wolcot to "draw him out of his error." The Doctor phrased it, assuredly not his error, but his pencil, in the use of which, when improved, Coleridge praised the work of the artist, or complexion, declaring it was the most different features, the fragile frame that entered into the comparison. Just so it was the colouring of those artists, over their work.

There were discussions going forth in the neighbourhood where I lived about points

of doctrine, and the constitution of man, I heard metaphysical disquisitions between my father and an elderly friend named Turner, who had a select library of works in very elegant binding, all of which were beyond my power, both of comprehension, and the inclination to comprehend. Mr. Turner used to call at times, and then I heard enough about Hartley on man, or some recent work of Priestly. It was always too dry for me. Such subjects and " reasonings high " I did not comprehend.

I shunned them, and as I knew similar discussions were likely to be prolonged, I had usually taken the opportunity at such times, of stealing away into the garden, with some book in which I found an interest. In my earlier age I had been provided with Crusoe, Peter Wilkins, and that youthful book I have not seen of late years, Phillip Quarle. I was long past those leading strings. Bunyan's Pilgrim, and the Siege of Mansoul, came next, and if I could name any work that I obtained among the earliest, and that remained with me longest, even at times looked into now, not for old acquaintanceship merely, but for its quaint merits, as well, it was old Quarle's Emblems. The volume was my mother's, the recommendation of it came from her blessed lips, and were it as arid and sense-

less in those days as a laureate ode of Pye or Robin Southey, it would have been welcome and cherished. I will forgive Quarle his attachment to the arch hypocrite Charles I. Divine right was the doctrine of the time. I find it difficult, though the cavaliers tore to pieces the books and Bibles of the Parliament party, in their Chapels wherever they found them, and retaliation was merited, I find it difficult, nay impossible to forgive the destruction of the books and MSS. at Oxford, of this excellent, simple-hearted, beautifully devout christian, especially as it is said to have hastened his death. There is deep pathos, noble devotion of soul, and rich fancy scattered through his emblems, which though borrowed in the plan, do not the less merit the highest praise that can be bestowed upon purity of heart, and a masterly command of language for the age in which he lived. The introduction has a sentence that in a devotional sense is very pleasing. "Before the knowledge of letters, God was known by hieroglyphics; and, indeed what are the heavens, the earth, nay, every creature, but hieroglyphics, and emblems of his glory!"

I was fortunate in the paternal encouragement, as far as my father could bestow it, that I should store my mind with learning. He laid before me works of natural history, and explained the bases

upon which my observations should be grounded. The developments of geology had not then been disclosed, but Davy had begun to make known some of the results obtained through the employment of galvanism in chemical science. These were little circulated or made widely public before I left the paternal dwelling.

I must observe here that while the life of my parent was in no inconsiderable degree directed to study, and he endeavoured to impart to me much of his own knowledge which had not been that of the world, I was acted upon by others. They looked only upon the hard side of things, and were full of "wise saws and modern instances," regarding the necessity of my devotion to money-making, against which I was every day becoming more and more estranged, an unfortunate thing in a venal community. It had been better perhaps in one sense, that I had listened to their counsel, but then it involved the command of the whole man, and I objected to the sacrifice; it was with me "counters for gold,"* or just the reverse of their preachments. I was not born to walk the Exchange, that was clear, for what is money getting, in fact any analagous pursuit, without handing over to it the whole soul, and I had

* Pro thesauro carbones.

bestow upon it. I was told every
and regard me if I was rich, but I
and how love and regard were to
commodities; it was at war with my
the fitness of things. I felt if I
w such advice I should miscarry.
my studies and castle building,
of my worldly-wise friends were
," "as the dog returneth, &c." I
entire passage. I was by some
the greatest suppositious calamity,
or. I could only reply from Cicero
fortune's fault not mine."* From
viewed by some like one of the ex-
mother church, devoted to the ex-
il, but I was not followed with un-
f bell and candle, or "reformed"
those appendages of ecclesiastical
friends were all too good and kind
I could not be brought to see the
nor any in Solomon's maxim, "get
understanding."

reached when I was to launch forth
acquired a knowledge of that which
bially feared and abused, though

society is deeply in its debt. I had written in a paper without being known, for my anonymous contributions had been accepted. I had received instructions in the mischievous arts of printing and editorship in all its branches. I had Latin, some Greek, and a little French, Geometry, and the principles of drawing. My prose composition was not I fear to be commended for want of practice. Here I must introduce circumstances into my narrative which have often excited general curiosity, and must be interesting to a class of professional men in England who also lead the world in the aggregation of power.

I shall also set at rest a question which has raised not a little local curiosity. The obscurity regarding the early history of the steam engine is still great. When we look at the importance of our metallic and mineral products, our manufactures, our railroads, and more recently at our superior arm of defensive as well as offensive warfare, when we see how much the use of the mighty instrument to which I am about to allude is increasing, and still improving in the management, I do not think I shall be accused of vanity in showing my family connection with some of those who have been among its earlier connections. Except in later times than those to which I am about to

has been known of that part of the use of steam to which I am about to— a history of which not a tittle should be said of the steam engine and of its uses. Watt's engine came into use in deep mines nearly confined to lists of patents. It was said of its adoption in the mines of Cornwall, particularly before 1780 or 1781, that the new invention came into use there. Watt's engine during the first years of the present century was more powerful engines, at a much less consumption of fuel and wear and tear than his engine. To the mines in Cornwall the larger engines made there in the present century were familiar. Watt's engines did no more than the atmospheric engines of Newcomen had been in use some years before, built there by the late John Smeaton. Watt's engine was more economical consumption of fuel, and thus more profitable. In a like manner too the younger Hornblower once used there. To show the difference between the past and present time, it is sufficient to say that the best of Watt's engines would lift 100 lbs. a foot high, with the same consumption of fuel, the present great Cornish engine with the same amount of fuel, lift

47,087,374 lbs. a foot high, nearly three times that of Watt.

But the history of the steam engines of all kinds in that country where the largest in the world are made is perfectly well on record from 1780 to the present time. South America has been supplied with them from thence by Trevithick. The cloud rests on the previous history from the introduction of Newcomen's engine down to the time that of Watt and others superseded it. In the accounts of these engines in Encyclopedias and Treatises, this is not to be found satisfactorily recorded, and in Cornwall much obscurity has prevailed on the subject, though the largest made were used there. It therefore becomes me as almost the last of a family once concerned in the question, and I believe the only individual left that has it in his power to do so, to record what little I know, or that little must otherwise soon be lost. I must here introduce some mention of my family on the side of my mother, into which, I should not else have gone. Every score of years brings out some new introduction of this great motive-power—how enormous is the debt England owes to its inventor and improvers!

My great grandfather, on my mother's side, died in advanced years in 1761. He was by profession an engineer, born 1698, or a year before. He was

Bromsgrove or the vicinity. He had
been for the purpose of erecting some of
the engines at the mines about 1725. How
any way connected with Newcomen
men from the latter being at Broms-
grove, Newcomen, visited a Mr. Potter,
to build one of his newly invented
engines at Wolverhampton in 1712. Newcomen
was much more talent than iron-casters
in general—he corresponded with the
Rev. Hooke. It could not be many years
before the first engine was erected in
the North Downs at Huel Rose,
about five miles from Truro, and Mr. Joseph
Watts mentioned, was the engineer, who
came for into Cornwall on purpose.
It is interesting to know that it required
much work Newcomen's first engines. I
was said that when the engine was stopped,
and at work, the words were passed,
"blow the fire, Pomery!" "work
the last let in the condensing water.
The condensing clack was called "snifting,"
on opening the valve, the air rushing
made a noise like a man snifting. The
was used through artificial means by another
being ready, the machine was set in
third.

Mr. Moyle, of Helston, an eminent medical practitioner there, and my first cousin, said in reply to a letter of mine on the above subject, in 1833 :

“I think it probable that the above engine was erected above a hundred years ago (referring to that at the North Downs, Huel Rose, I believe). My uncle Matthew says he has often heard that the *second* engine was erected at Huel Busy, or Chace-water mine, and that our great grandfather Joseph, was the engineer. I remember,” my uncle said, “when I was only five or six years old, I saw it working.” (Now this must have been eighty years ago as my uncle is eighty-five). “And,” he added, “I also remember the engine man wearing a red night cap, and some years afterwards I saw an old cylinder lying there.”

After erecting these two engines it appears that my great grandfather erected a third at Polgooth mine. He then left the county entirely, and my grandfather, his son, came down, and erected his *first* engine at Huel Virgin. These engines were all on Newcomen's principles, upon which Smeaton also afterwards erected one at the before-mentioned mine of Huel Busy, where there were three large engines. These were superseded by Watt's, I imagine between 1779 and 1790, before the mine ceased working. Newcomen's engines seem to have been used down to 1780 or a little longer, in all about sixty

for about thirty or thirty-five years these were then superseded in the premises before mentioned, by improvements nearly tripled the duty performed by . Thus one improvement treads upon another.

Encyclopædias and most treatises on the interesting subject of the steam engines have been made respecting certain constructors of some of the larger steam engines in their day ; it will not be amiss therefore to add to this history a little further, particularly as it has been a subject of much conjecture in the country and among engineers. Mr. Joseph Black was succeeded in Cornwall, as already mentioned, by his son Jonathan, my maternal grandfather, who was born in 1740 or 1743. His father had brought him up to the same profession, and he had been employed in Wales and at Madely-wood, in which place the works of Coalbrook-dale. On one of my visits there in 1836, I saw a tower in ruins, and was told that he and others used to hear philosophy in it. He had also, though so young, been employed before in Wales and Derbyshire. His father, the engine at Polgooth about 1741, and afterwards returned no more to the county, his son having taken his place. The last-named had a son, Josiah, aged about twenty-three, who

came into Cornwall with him in 1744. In May, 1753, he embarked for America, from whence he never returned. . He erected the first steam engine in the United States at a copper mine, belonging to Colonel Scuyler.*

To return to Jonathan the son of Joseph,† who,

* He died aged 80, at his seat of Belleville, in New Jersey, in January 1809. An American paper, with an account of his death, said: "The Honourable Josiah Hornblower just dead, at a very early period of life, became perfectly acquainted with some of the highest mathematics, with electricity, optica, mineralogy, and natural philosophy in general. In his labours as an engineer he showed eminent capacity and genius, and obtained unbounded confidence. He married into a most respectable family, and had a numerous issue. In the war with England, twenty years after he became a Colonist, he took a decided part in the cause of independence, and was early honoured as a Representative in Congress. He was for some years a member of the State Legislature and Speaker of the House of Assembly. He was a useful magistrate, and decided cases with rigid uprightness and great solidity of judgment, until his infirmities warned him to retire. In private life he was an excellent husband, endearing father, and sincere friend. His patience and resignation under afflicting bereavements were remarkable. He lost several of his children just when they reached a mature age, in fact he was one of those who in private life are of the more amiable, and amidst all simple, and without the slightest pretension. He reached America in May, 1753." He must have been a little older than the American papers stated at the time of his death, as the present writer's grandfather, his elder brother, was born in 1717.

With the writer's family an epistolary intercourse, and now and then a verbal one by some connection of the family visiting the States has endured for a hundred and seven years, but none of his American relatives have visited England.

† I have a letter from the father after he left Cornwall to his son, dated Bristol, Aug. 21, 1749. I suspect that his business at Bristol related to coal mine engines at Radstock; this is surmise. It is written in the old quaint style—mark the word "defend"—used in the French sense of "forbid." The following are extracts:—

"I wish you every comfort in your third son. I think his name is well chosen, &c. * * * *

"I am glad you go on so well at Polgooth. I wish you had hinted how the sinking shafts went down, and when there may be a prospect

departure, took up his residence at then at St. Mewan, near Polgooth at a house he built for himself at He had married the year before Miss ly, the only daughter of a gentleman e. She died in 1802, surviving her y-two years. I must pay her the ng she was a kind grandmother to have still Fontenelle's Plurality of sent from herself in her seventy-

not omit an anecdote of my maternal hich marked something of his cha- s a very handsome man, and perhaps er lasses of Brosely looked upon him he obtained a name among them, but Miss Carter won his heart. A lady

stuff. These are questions often asked me by d Champion. I am sorry to hear that Mr. C—ws cerned; we must not expect one more agreeable e. I am glad Boskillin is so promising. You Van Vein, neither do you take notice of Huel * * * It is pleasing to hear that electricity is You call enlarging the engine at North Downs a without assigning any reason. So far as I can ork a little quicker, in order to defend the water while a large second engine is erecting, which I an a year in doing. You will easily imagine the , having no one but James Baker that has any n engine. As to Mr. Champion, I think there are r.' I hope I shall have done with them soon—in most.

"Your very affectionate father,

"JOSEPH HORNBLOWER."

of the town, at that age when, for the individual, matrimony has become hopeless, wished that the youth should marry elsewhere, and persecuted the lovers with her presence and interference wherever she found them. At length this interference and her tattle were pushed to such an extent that his temper could no longer put up with it. As long as forbearance could be kept he abided by it; but while in company with his intended one day out of doors, the meddler intruded herself upon the couple in so annoying a manner, that the lover could no longer controul himself, he caught her up in his arms and ran with her into a pond close by, where he set her down in the water nearly to her waist, and was walking off when her cries made him go back. He took her out and seated her upon a bank close by, telling her he hoped he had cured her of the long persecution he had experienced at her hands.

By this marriage it was that my mother became connected with the Phillips family of Shrewsbury and Shiffnal, a family remarkable for having among its members aforetime, Edward Phillips, secondary of the crown office, who married Milton's sister, and whose two sons, John and Edward, are recognised in our literature. The Actons, one so well known as a minister of Naples, who died in Sicily in 1811, were distantly related, and residents in the same

ry, but I know not in what way,
very remotely. Time has obliterated
that came to me incidentally, for I
re I visited Shropshire, and death
k there.

y grandfather : he erected a number
nencing with that at Huel Virgin,
ow worked for more than a century.
chanical judgment and sound prin-
agile, florid of complexion, about
es in height; he also possessed great
ne day he heard some of the men
l Virgin, about their strength—
who work above ground are not
r wrestling shows. He bade them
und weight which lay at hand, and
to see how far they could throw
ad tried, he took it up and threw
y of them. He died of the stone

His physician was Wolcot (Peter
e treatment he highly approved,
ould do him no good. When dying,
mily around his bed, distressed
me away from all these who are
rtal die," were his last words. He
nan, even to strictness. He had
of whom six were sons and seven
hese the eldest daughter was my

mother, and the eldest son bred up to the law by his grandfather, Carter, at nineteen years old took such a dislike to the profession, that he abandoned it and turned engineer before he was of age. I am not aware that he invented anything. He went to Holland in 1775, to build some engines for the Dutch government. I remember his saying that the Prince of Orange or Stadtholder would always hold him fast by the large buttons then worn on the coat, whenever they conversed together. At a late period of life he went to Sweden for a similar purpose. He was the author of the article on the steam engine, in Gregory's Cyclopædia. He died in London in 1814, in his seventieth year.

None of the rest of the brothers were distinguished in life, except the fourth, Jonathan, who died in 1815, at Penryn, Cornwall. He was the most eminent of the last family, and the inventor of the double beat valves, without which steam as at present used could hardly have been managed with facility in engines of any kind. For his engine with two cylinders he had a patent in 1781, another in 1798 for a rotative engine, and in 1805 for a steam wheel. He left a considerable fortune behind him, and two daughters, both of whom are now no more. He was all his life professionally employed in the mines of Cornwall, but his engines have shared the fate of Newcomen's and Watt's

superseded by machines that do
 their work, about the first score
 of the century.

an invention is a part of the history
 of the mind, more immediately connected
 with the power of execution. That
 involves upon inferior mental ability.
 and great discoveries are accidentally
 made at the outset, but becoming important
 through study, and gradually ad-
 vancing towards a higher degree of perfec-
 tion. The steam engine is a striking ex-
 ample. I told my uncle about it one day, and
 he had with Watt on points now of
 no account. He smiled and said: "Steam, Cyrus,
 know any thing of it yet—it is in its
 infancy—all—it has not yet learned its
 lesson within two years afterwards of
 its birth. I have often thought of
 this, and that steam in Cornwall is
 then to seventeen to the best engines
 of the time. Then railways too were not in
 steam vessels were an experiment,
 decidedly pronounced incapable of
 being used. Dr. Lardner, who really knew
 steam or mechanics, except theore-
 tically, he declared that the

opposition of the air to steam carriages would prevent their running at high speed!

It is astonishing what the great engines do, but in that county of England where, except platinum, nearly all the other metals are found more or less. Whole armies in number could not do a tithe of the labor. In 1840, only fifty-six of these Cornish engines delivered nearly thirty-seven millions of tons of water. The tin produce had increased (though the workings began many hundred years before Christ) from eighteen thousand blocks to thirty thousand of tin, and of copper from seven to eleven thousand tons. The money value of which including a little raised within the stanneries of Devon amounted in some years to nearly a million and half sterling, not including iron exported to Wales, there being no coal in the county, and besides various other substances, as cobalt, lapis calaminaris, manganese, silver, and lead. The gold found is very trivial, the largest native ingot weighing only about 16 dwts.

To take leave of this part of the subject, it naturally occurs that a correspondence of more than a century with the United States must have existed with my family. From 1753 to the war of 1775, the correspondence had long been in the tomb of the Capulets, with those to whom it was addressed. It was renewed at the peace of 1783, and the pack

mouth rendered the intercourse easier, time a packet to New York consumed and four months to go and return. Family matters have no public interest, dates, but the correspondence led to persons from individuals landing in the port, connections, and they called upon us going to town or elsewhere. This had opening an occasional correspondence not related, nor resident in New York. The first of these was the Rev. Mr. [Name] the year 1789. I have noticed him in "Collections" by the sobriquet that his friends conferred upon him from his religious labors. He did no more for reasons expressed at the completion of these volumes, namely, the extension of the work, the present advertisement was obliged to exclude there.

From a Journal of my father's a description of a man who attracted great attention in America. He was an English born divine, who after the independence of the United States was proscribed from his native country for a particular tenet. He was a Universalist in creed, and considered at that body, he had been resident at that place. His sect is now a very large one. In

p. 6, being an Universalist in creed, so well known as [Name].

other respects it did not differ much from our church. He returned to America, and was well known all over the States as a public character, and much respected.*

He became a correspondent with my father for many years, and survived him. On his return he visited New York and Philadelphia. It will be interesting to know something of the state of several things in America at a singular moment of its history, but first I will delineate the man literally as my father noted him in his private journal, soon after he arrived at Falmouth. "I have been favored the past week with a visit from a Mr. Murray of the United States of America. In person, of the middling height, with a speaking countenance and masculine features, naturally rough and stern. His mind truly great and noble, stored with good sense. He had a poetical imagination, a retentive memory, warm affections, a love for all mankind, but in a particular manner for those who were of a sincerely religious turn of mind. In his public discourses he displayed no art or affectation. He opened the scriptures in their natural order, without any formal or scholastic division. He delivered his discourses with great grace of oratory, but not without something theatrical in his manner. He varied the tone of his voice, and was able in a certain degree

* Recollections, p. 6, vol. i.

and thus second his description of any had an astonishing volubility, a very words, a great variety of expression, his sermons with quotations from opposite lines of the poets. He excited and fixed the attention of his audience e, that he could arouse and animate e, or depress them with a peculiarly even to tears. Yet with all this prior qualification for the pulpit, he s to forget the plainest rules of gram- no accurate mode of arranging his etimes he became low, and even ession, as well as fanciful in his mode Scriptures, turning them from their g, and dealing too much in allego- s. Yet with all this I never met the pulpit, who so very soon carried gs."

y possession a great many of his 90 to 1806, the larger portion of a , but peculiar, and treating much of e, which subsequently to the revolu- o a great extent in that country.

must necessarily attach to all which rica in its first transition state, and t on the eve of great changes, it may sting to know something which may

serve as a standard of comparison in private life between that country in the infancy of its independence about 1789 and 1790, when it had not a population of more than three millions and a half, and in its present more mature state with that of thirty millions. This correspondence is not from my relations, who have been resident in the Jerseys, but from this divine at Boston, for the acquaintance grew into a friendly correspondence. The letters were the larger part, upon professional topics, and the correspondence voluminous. New York was at that time the seat of Government, for Washington city had no existence. The substance of a few extracts cannot but be interesting. In detailing them it seems as if I were carried back three-score years to converse with the dead, for they who received the letters, as well as the writers, are all within my remembrance. The shadowy forms of those who opened the letters, the very time, the appearance of the vessels that brought them, and the perusal of some, in the old parental parlour, come up freshly upon the memory. A resurrection of things too is around me on their reading, made so by the course of years, but how imperfect to the once living realities, those dusky mental shadows, that while we breathe can never shun our remembrance.

CHAPTER V.

ew with Washington—Mrs. Washington
Levees—Indian treaty—Ceremonies—
—Adams the Vice-president—The Federal
New York—Fever in Philadelphia—Penn
ies—Washington and the Chocktaw Chief
nd daughter—Hospitals—Philadelphia
racter on the decline—Burying grounds.

to which allusion has just been
with an account of a tour the
pleted in the States, in which he
to have travelled before, except
t of Boston, where his church was
extracts may form the means of
en what America was soon after
from the attack upon her liberties
and what she is known to be at
who in later times have visited the
facility of intercourse becoming
upon this ground I shall be as
The writer says: the date pre-

cedes 1800, several years—"I had seen Washington before, but I had never been introduced." I possessed a letter of introduction to a Dr. Smith, of New York. He was a medical man, and eminent there as a practitioner of great ability in his profession, and also as a friend of General Washington. The ladies in the doctor's house were equally friends of Mrs. Washington, and they took me with them on making a call upon that lady, then the Presidentess of the Union of the thirteen states. Mrs. Washington received me with unaffected politeness, observing how much she preferred such friendly introductions to those of ceremony at the levees for which she hoped none of her friends would ever wait in such cases, for they were merely formalities. My hostess appeared to be on terms of very close intimacy with Mrs. Washington, who seemed sensible and lady-like, but without anything remarkable in her manner, except an easy politeness not over common among the citizens. Mrs. Smith introduced me to Mrs. Lear, the lady of the Secretary of General Washington, and also to Mrs. Greene, the widow of the General of that name, of whom you cannot fail to have heard, as her husband was so distinguished in the late war. She was a very lively woman, of a temper that as far as I could judge, was to be envied.

Dr. S., lived in a style of elegance that of his professional brethren in New York. At this time the style and fashion were much the same as those in England, from the connection of the colonies with the mother country. Time will perhaps change manners, peculiar to the new state of things. I saw little difference between New York and England, except in one or two local customs at New York; but these differ as well from England as America, and were new to me, though I had been in the country.

Dr. S. and my hostess seemed to have many mutual friends, if I might judge from the conversation and mode of intercourse. The hostess was unaffectedly of her family, and of her country as a mother; referring to her two sons and a daughter, by a former husband. One of that son had survived their father, and the other had got their mother to con- sider them to her care, a son and daughter, who resided at the presidency in consequence. Dr. S. had also educated a niece who had been the nephew of the General, and lived at New York, of which estate they had the care. She was only visited by General and Mrs. S. when the congress was not sitting;

their usual residence was in New York, which was then the seat of Government.

The grandson of Mrs. Washington was about nine years old, and showed no remarkable difference from children in general, but his sister was a very sprightly girl, of whose occasional idleness Mrs. Washington complained. She was just turned eleven years of age, and had acquired a tolerable knowledge of music, but was most a proficient in drawing, and some of her sketches appeared to be very well executed for one of her age. Mrs. Smith spoke very highly of her natural capacity.

The most important member of the family, Washington himself, I had never yet seen at home. He had just recovered from a very severe fit of indisposition. Of his sufferings Mrs. Washington spoke in a very feeling manner. From what I have said it will be seen there was not the smallest ceremony beyond that of well bred society in the General's establishment. All was simple, plain, and easy. Washington himself was in manners a perfect gentleman, as the term is understood on your side of the Atlantic.

The residence of Washington was in the Broadway into which his house looked. The drawing-room, indeed all the apartments were spacious and lofty, and the furniture good, but no way ostentatious, nor, indeed, remarkable for any advantages it

that of other houses in the city. At the end of the drawing-room, glass doors opened onto a veranda, commanding a very fine prospect. Here, on a subsequent occasion, that I met General Washington. I had called a second time, and this time, upon Mrs. Washington, and we were seated in the drawing-room, before he came. It was unnecessary to announce the man, for he could not be mistaken. There was a certain air of benevolence, in his manner, and a certain softness upon his features such as I never saw in any other individual. For Colonel Humphries, who was to introduce me, it was a superfluous introduction. General Washington returned my address with the air of a polished man of the world, and requested to be seated. He was dressed in purple and gold, the customary uniform when upon public business. He was much occupied at the moment. His countenance, massive and sedate, united with sedateness, and a certain gravity which was peculiar, but without affectation or severity. Perhaps there was a certain reserve in his first address, but this reserve quickly disappeared. His forehead was high, his brows and features strong, his eyes of a deep blue, his nose aquiline, and his lips composed. He was slightly underjawed. As I discovered he was no ordinary man. He was of the largest and most manly form;

six feet at least in height, and well proportioned. His aspect shewed he was made for command. No painter could have done him full justice. It was only six or seven years before that he had taken leave of his soldiers, to whom he left an example of patience, fortitude, and courage, rarely surpassed. He accounted for every shilling of the public money which had passed through his hands, and returned his commission to his country without receiving one day's pay for his inestimable services during his long and arduous career. I cannot help this tribute to his character. Such was all I knew before, of this truly great man, and now I had seen him face to face. Begging me to sit down, he took a chair near me, and began conversation by asking how long I had been in New York. He thought after Boston I should not be disappointed. I assured him that it was the first city in the United States, and that I was much pleased with it. "Ours you know, we must consider is a new land."

"We should hardly think General that the States were so recently emerged from the woods to judge by the traffic going forward on the quays. It is the same at Boston in a less degree."

"Naturally one who had seen the City for the first time would not, but there is great room for improvement, and we have full scope for it in the extent of our territory."

anticipated great activity, both in regard to the development of commerce and agriculture, and that we are not an idle people."

"He," said he, "but we have much to do to repair the defalcations of the war. It is a very great injury in retarding prosperity—it is a very great loss. We shall soon repair it if we act con-

He was provokingly interrupted by a messenger. On this observation I did not hear, having been so much engaged. He hastily opened, and asked leave to retire. Rising hastily from his chair, saying his business was elsewhere, he regretted to say, demanded elsewhere. He bowed, he was sorry he had so much to do, and observing he must leave me, he turned to the ladies, and retired. He did not say a word of many words. I never saw him again upon public occasions.

Some time longer with my friends and family, whose countenance was expressive of the heart, gaining much upon acquaintance. She was so free of all pretence, but I did not know about her in manner or conversation. It made me to think she was at all mentally different from many others of her sex. Her position was not new, and it was no small merit to be so free as she was from all assumption or

Washington held a levee on Tuesdays from three to four o'clock. He received the company standing, and no refreshments were offered. Mrs. Washington received the ladies twice a week. They were introduced and presented separately by name, and curtsied low to Mrs. Washington, but no words were exchanged. The lady presented then stepped back, and mingled with the rest of her sex, who were served with tea, coffee, cakes, ices, wines, and other refreshments. At the close of their visit the ladies again led up, made a silent obeisance and departed. Nothing could be more simple.

I was invited while in New York to see Washington ratify a treaty just concluded with some of the aboriginal tribes. The ceremony took place in one of the halls belonging to the legislature. The galleries were filled to an overflow with people, men and women mingled indiscriminately. In the body of the building was a space railed off, outside which the men were arranged and within-side a brilliant circle of our pale ladies, (I say pale because on my recent return from Europe I could not help remarking the difference of complexion) many with features of great beauty, and all attired in the fashionable taste prevalent, which was more monarchical than republican, in other words more European than American.

Mrs. Washington, as the lady of the President,

ate place allotted to her in consequence
tion. She was fashionably attired,
composed her train, and her grand-
nd-daughter stood one on each side.
ate was vacant, as well as some chairs
and side of the President's. On the
resident's chair stood that of the Vice-
ams. In this state of things and when
see Washington enter and take his
er shall forget it—all at once amid the
ation of the assemblage, the most
discordant cries I ever heard in my life
e ear. To describe the impression it
impossible; it was unlike any other
L. Now these terrific screams and
e louder, screeches, and yellings inter-
then it would seem to change to some
a. Nearer and more near came those
sounds. I never heard such discord
g too! It was the wild rude song of
y the warriors and chiefs of the Creek
d read of the war-whoop, but if this is
peace, thought I, what must the war-
In came the red men of the woods in
nd took their seats in the vacant chairs
on's left hand, and then all was still
oration of the drum of the ear, which
st heard still affected.

Those wild chiefs were dressed in a blue uniform faced with red, and were under the care of a chief named McGillivray. The heads of some were ornamented with feathers or wreaths, others were bound about with handkerchiefs. All were fancifully painted, and some had ear and nose ornaments besides. They were soon seated by their chief's direction, and then all eyes were fixed on the President's vacant chair. A few minutes only had elapsed before Washington made his appearance, followed by his suite. He was dressed in his usual garb on public occasions, of rich purple satin. Every eye was directed upon him, such was the moral influence he inspired. Perfect silence pervaded the hall as he turned round, bowing with a good deal of dignity before he took his seat.

The articles of the treaty were first read by the secretary. They commenced by stipulating for perfect amity; acknowledged the sovereignty and protection of the United States, and required the emancipation of all prisoners. They then defined the boundaries between the two nations, and guaranteed possession. The minor points of subsidies and immunities were adjusted; an act of oblivion declared for the past, and concord recommended.

When the reading was concluded, Washington arose, and in an animated and very energetic

manner delivered his sentiments, and in a style both polished and elegant, a thing I little expected to have observed even from him. He said the treaty would be mutually beneficial; recommended a spirit of peace and amity, with the careful cultivation of a good understanding on both sides. He enjoined it upon the Indians to interpose their good offices as far as their influence extended, to annihilate all animosities, and to conciliate those nations with which they were in contact. He prayed the Great Spirit, the master of their breath, to forbid any infringement of a treaty formed under the present fortunate auspices.

The address was exceedingly appropriate, and delivered in short sentences in a deep tone, with the natural gravity of Washington's character. Each sentence was repeated by an interpreter to the Indians in their own manner, to each particular of which they audibly assented, and the treaty was then signed.

Washington now presented to the leading chief a string of beads with tobacco, to supply the calamut of friendship. The chief by whom the sovereignty of the Indians was represented then received the tokens, made a short speech in reply, and complimented Washington with the Wampum. This completed, up rose at once, in the elevated majesty of their nature, all the chiefs and warriors, and in succession

performed the shake of peace; among them was the chief. The majority however seized Washington by the elbow, entwining their arms with his, thus more ardently expressing their satisfaction, for the friendship of these men is as ardent as their enmity is relentless. A song of peace concluded these interesting proceedings, which, though for so long an inhabitant of the western continent, were new to me altogether, and much affected my feelings. It was a scene not likely to be repeated here in the presence of such men as Washington and Adams so distinguished in the revolution.

I went the following day to see a painting of Washington by Trumbull, the most distinguished artist in the States. It was a full length upon canvas, painted for the corporation of New York. If I might judge, the likeness was the best thing in the picture, at least the execution did not please me. The painter's room was crowded with visitors, and I was glad to observe that in the admiration expressed for the picture by many that knew nothing of the art, I heard expressions of praise applied to Washington, that showed the estimation in which he was held, despite, envy, "Look! it is the president himself to the life"—"Trumbull has hit him off exactly!" I remarked that the head of the horse, for it was an equestrian portrait, was brought down as if the animal had been stung by some insect on the

foreleg, and thus more of the rider's figure was displayed. In commending this picture I must add that I am really no judge of art, though of the likeness I was capable of giving a judgment. I saw the same day a good likeness of Eleanor Custis, the president's granddaughter; but the name of the artist I did not learn. The day was one of almost tropical heat.

The Vice-president Adams, afterwards President, resided at Federal Hall. His dwelling was situated on the banks of the Hudson River, commanding a varied prospect over a great extent of scenery of the most beautiful character. The mansion was spacious, and the front next the river filled with balconies one over the other, whence the view could be fully enjoyed. The house was coloured white externally. Within there was some carved work in no very excellent taste. There were portraits too, of Washington and his lady among others, which I did not recognise. The Hudson river was a fine object from its numerous white islands, with the New Jersey shore in the distance. New York on the left, with its immense mass of building, covered a large part of the landscape. At the back of Mr. Adams' house there was a large garden, with flowers, shrubs, and even forest-trees. The East river, its shores covered with wood, was seen in the gray distance.

From thence was pointed out to me the celebrated orangery and gardens belonging to a gentleman, named Branon. No one in the States possessed a house so happily situated as that of Mr. Adams'.* I found its distinguished owners pleasant, affable, free of ceremony as the President and his family, and hospitable as heart could desire. I was introduced by Dr. Smith, and had the honour of dining with Mr. and Mrs. Adams, much at the same hour and style as at home, or about half-past four o'clock. All was simple and in good taste, so much so as to leave no salient point for remark. It was still very hot weather, it being the middle of August.

The situation of New York, more to the south than Boston, where I had generally sojourned from my *début* in the States, is admirable, and had every claim to be the seat of the government. It was rapidly increasing in trade, and its political importance had long before been acknowledged while in possession of the old country. It was in the Federal Hall here that Washington was inaugurated President, and took the oath of office.

Every native born American must remember that though the site of government may be removed at

* Subsequently President of the United States.

some future time, it was in the Federal Hall that its most arduous labours were perfected, and the regular machine of the ruling power worked into its place. It was the cradle of American independence, and is in consequence hallowed in the sight of every native born subject of the republic.

The exterior of the Hall, so important a locality on many accounts, did not strike me as remarkably tasteful, after what I had known of public buildings in Europe. The front consisted of a pediment and columns. Thirteen stars indicating the number of states at that time, and a spread eagle with other emblematic devices ornamented the front. There was an entablature over each window, decorated with thirteen arrows entwined with olive branches.

Upon entering the edifice a square room first presented itself. This room paved with stone led into the vestibule, which was lofty and paved with marble. In it was an iron gallery lit from above. From the vestibule a door led to the representative's chamber. The passage was under arches. A public stair-case was on the left hand, and a private one on the right, leading to the senate chamber and other apartments. The chamber for the representatives was spacious, about sixty feet long, fifty-eight wide, and thirty-six in height, with an arched ceiling. There were niches in the sides. The windows were large, and the lower part of the room was wainscoted; the

whole being plainly ornamented. The speaker's chair was opposite to the principal door, and elevated three or four steps. The chairs of the representatives were arranged in a semi-circle. A stand for writing, with other materials for business, were at hand. Places for the clerks were set over the great door fronting the speaker. There were galleries, too, for spectators, and one into which ladies were admitted. There was also a space vacant on the ground floor, answering to that below the bar in the House of Commons in England. The hangings were of light blue, fringed, and tasselled, and the floor was carpeted. I am thus minute because this is the most remarkable, as being the earliest of the chambers of the American congress.

There did not appear to me that silence and order which are observed in European assemblies for political purposes. Most of the members who spoke, showed more warmth and energy than perspicuity or elegance of language. Some of the representatives with the utmost coolness, while speaking was going forward, were walking to and fro, with their hats on or off as fancy dictated. One was reading a newspaper, a second lounging upon his writing-stand, others were picking their nails, biting the ends of their canes, admiring apparently the beauty of their shoe buckles, or ogling the ladies in the galleries. I heard some of the best speakers, among whom

were Maddison, Sedgwick, and Jackson. They did not strike me as great proficient in oratory, certainly not equal in any thing, but energy, to those I had heard in the English House of Commons.

The chamber in which the Senate met was decorated with foliage. Stars with appropriate rays were every where conspicuous as ornaments. Drapery with medallions, and the letters U. S. in cypher, recurred among the ornaments. Many of these and the chimney-pieces were made of American marble. The President's chair was elevated, and over it was a canopy of crimson damask. The chairs were arranged semi-circularly, as in the chamber of representatives.

In some of the rooms attached to this part of the building, there were portraits of distinguished personages, among them those of the king and queen of France. From the cupola at the top of the building, I had a fine view of New York, and the Hudson, with much picturesque scenery, and the sound dividing Long and Staten Islands. The inhabitants of New York, however, complained much of the want of good water, as they were obliged to purchase all they consumed at table.

It will be seen that New York held the Court of America, if it may be so called without offence to our ruling democracy. Philadelphia was at that time the rival of New York. It was more to the

South, and therefore more convenient for the seat of Government, and some efforts had been made to remove it there by the Southern Slave States, that were as ambitious to rule the country exclusively as to rule their slaves despotically.

I was surprised to hear that whispers of malevolence and ingratitude were to be heard against Washington, when only a few years had expired after the peace. He was accused of favouritism by certain envious persons so far as to display considerable acrimony towards that great man. He could well afford to despise it. The appointments he made were all of the most disinterested character.

I noticed that funerals in New York were attended with singularities such as I never saw in the other States; the bodies of females more particularly were extravagantly attired in muslin of the finest kind, a tucker placed on the bosom, and a sash round the waist. The head was dressed with the utmost elegance, white silk gloves were placed upon the hands, and thus attired, the body was deposited in a mahogany coffin, richly lined and ornamented, and flounced round the upper edge inside. This flounce formed on meeting, a covering for the body, which was then placed in the entrance of the house, and passengers were at liberty to examine it. Eight pall bearers were chosen, to whom with the physi-

cians and clergymen, not only gloves were presented, but fine holland scarves, consisting of three yards and more of linen ; the scarf was folded up, and tied upon the shoulder and side, with a huge knot of black ribbon. The body received the same white linen ornament. These scarves and gloves worn at the funeral, were also worn by the pall-bearers and physicians on the following Sunday, at the place of worship where the deceased attended during life. Persons at the funeral were plentifully served with refreshments, and large quantities of Madeira were often consumed. Many made displays of this kind beyond their pecuniary means. This custom did not prevail in places more to the northward. Such funeral extravagance put me in mind of the same idle propensity too often displayed in old England, though in a different form.

I next went to Newark, in the Jerseys, a pleasant village to which place some of the friends whom I had visited in New York took me ; the country was cultivated like a garden, away too from the city bustle. There were delightful views on all sides, in which the Jerseys seemed to abound. I visited Elizabeth Town, a small place, and Woodbridge, a place not larger, though early settled. I was not sorry to quit New York, as there was at that time a great mortality there from fever, which some asserted to be of the West Indian type. I

went to New Brunswick upon the Rariton river, which is about twenty-eight miles from New York.

I had no inclination to return to New York, for the reason I have stated, though to that city and its vicinity my visit had been originally confined, and where I was so kindly and hospitably entertained. I wished to see the capital, I had done so, but as I knew it had a rival in Philadelphia, I determined to go over there before returning home to Boston. Philadelphia might soon be the seat of Government if more voices became urgent in favour of a change. It would therefore be an omission unpardonable if I did not proceed thither. New Brunswick was in the way or not at all out of it for such an object. At that time Philadelphia ranked itself before New York. It was large, populous, and opulent; in fact everybody said it was the true metropolis of America. It had nearly forty-three thousand inhabitants, while New York had then but thirty-four thousand. The streets were remarkably regular, mostly at right angles, extending between the rivers Delaware and Schuylkill, the latter on the East. They rose gradually from those two rivers to the centre of the place. The streets thus running parallel from river to river, had other streets crossing at right angles, an arrangement of great uniformity but too full of sameness. The streets were paved with brick, some were three miles long,

and kept remarkably clean ; the edifices were of the same material, and exceedingly lofty. The fronts of the houses were in an exact line, so that I found the perspective very striking. The state and court-houses, two academies, and the public library, formed a fine mass of building. There was a niche in front of the library, which they informed me was to receive the statue of the venerated Franklin.

But I begin at the wrong end of my story—I carried introductions from New York, that, had I not insisted upon the contrary, would have extended to free quarters in four or five instances, but I preferred the independence of a boarding house, which did not prevent my accepting as many daylight invitations as I pleased.

I did not at once deliver my letters of introduction. There is a moment sometimes when loneliness is agreeable even in a strange place. I first visited the public garden behind the State house, which I found kept remarkably neat. The reddish coloured gravel walks were carefully rolled. The trees, and most of them were of American origin, affording a delightful shade from the fervid sun. They were by no means as various in kind as in the English gardens or parks, where the comparatively mild temperature admits of the growth of trees and shrubs, which the acrid cold or ardent heat of America would destroy. Some of the shrubs were

planted within enclosures of white palisades. The scenery, however, was exceedingly pleasing, and the care shown highly complimentary to the quaker city. The views from the upper stories of some of the houses, were exceedingly beautiful; but all was upon an enlarged scale. The land as far as the eye could command, at least the arable portion, was well and carefully cultivated; wood, level, and elevation in rich succession, intermingled with villas, and farms innumerable, were included in the landscape.

I counted twenty-six places of worship in the city, the majority of which were those of the renowned William Penn, in doctrine. In relation to these edifices all was as remarkably plain as the manner and vestments of the sect itself. The whims and caprices of fashion were certainly not seen there, as in other places, but my friends said that the city was losing much of its old simplicity. In fact, the sight of a full-dressed lady was rare. A close white satin bonnet was worn by nearly all the females I saw. Even those of other religious sects was marked in dress by a simplicity peculiar to the city. The muslin mob was also observed, which fitted close to the head, the bonnet almost always of the quaker cut, and the prevalent brown satin gown, worn in high-dress fashion.

I walked down to the market-place soon after my

arrival, and was astounded at the variety of articles presented for sale. What was called the Market-street was arch-roofed, and the inside plaistered. It was a complete bazaar, if the variety of the merchandize were considered. Besides meat of all kinds, poultry, fish, vegetables, and fruit, there were parts devoted to the sale of clothes, and trinkets. The roof was supported upon a hundred and forty-seven brick pillars, or rather buttresses, and the floor paved with brick. The provision market within, was generally over by ten o'clock in the morning, the heat then becoming intense. The wheat market was held outside the building, which, as well as the streets, was well lit at night, and patrolled.

This city, though convenient and handsome, was too uniform for my taste, and, like the attire of the quaker, wanted relief to the eye. There was also the disadvantage at certain times of the day, of receiving the full blaze, in summer at least, of a sun almost tropical. In the East of Europe, and in Asia, as I have read, the floors of the houses project and extend over the streets, as the stories rise, and thus shade is secured in some degree. Here, however, a sun of intense power must be contended with, in the full energy of its fire. In the interior, the houses answered fully to their exterior appearance, which was large and commodious. Marble flights of

stairs, polished, and fancifully winding in some instances, led to the upper floors. The furniture handsome and shining, exhibited the care bestowed upon it. Sometimes the quaker simplicity was exchanged for the richest ornamental style of decoration within doors, little consistent with the owner's plainness of person and dress, and by which, at this time, his creed could alone be recognized. It was difficult to account for the caprice and want of uniformity, too, exhibited in the equipages of the wealthiest inhabitants. A very elegant carriage was met, superbly ornamented in the very height of the fashionable taste prevalent in the gayest capital, drawn by horses with rich harness, and attended by servants in livery. It stopped, and a solitary lady descended from it, in the utmost plainness of the quaker days of George Fox—how inconsistent! The quaker dress now obsolete with fashion, was once that of the day. It has been made a sign of a particular belief, not on the ground of singularity, but on that of purity, and the eschewing of the pomps and vanities of the world upon the banks of the Delaware. Plain garments are more tasteful and elegant than fashion's vagaries; witness the attire of some of the ancient statues, sufficiently modest, and yet exhibiting something of the inimitable form of the being as he or she came out of the hands of the Great Maker; but the

quaker and fashion are for the most part pretty well upon an equality as to true taste. Religion, too, is a thing of the heart, and all connected with it should harmonize accordingly. As to the "thee" and "thou," the use is grammatical at least, but not conventional. Why adopt any phrase at all that can be characterised as beyond the driest language? Why not drop every ornament of speech? Such were my cogitations.

The inhabitants of this city were said in New York to be frugal even to penuriousness; and the New Yorkers, envious perhaps, added that they were unsocial and inhospitable. I experienced nothing of the kind. Philadelphia was a great thoroughfare, and crowds of strangers passed through there, who had no introductions, and could not expect to share the hospitality of the citizens. I believe the charge unfounded. As far as my experience went, they were greatly the reverse of inhospitable.

I visited the museum, filled with the usual articles of natural history—to me, principally pleasing from its containing the portraits of the distinguished men who figured in the revolution; among them was La Fayette, whom at that time I did not know, as well as Rochambeau. The specimens of birds and animals seemed to be admirably preserved. Likenesses cut in paper, by fingerless girls, and other odd things, helped to make up the show.

A wax figure of the proprietor, or former of the museum, was evidently an admirable copy of the life. It was mistaken for the living man by a late Indian chief of the Chictaws who had attained the highest honors of his tribe, having received the tenth name of applause from them for as many actions, beyond which honor he could not ascend. The wax figure remained to the last incomprehensible to him, beyond all he saw besides.

This chief was above eighty years old when he was deputed by the Chictaws and Cherokees to make some requisitions regarding a recent treaty before the delegates of the United States, then sitting for the purpose of forming constitutions. The first thing the chief did was to provide himself with a wig, of which he was very fond. Then he obtained a hat, and a walking stick, the latter for offence or defence, as it might happen. He showed all the peculiarities of his race. He was as grave, sententious, and respectably conducted as the best of them. He knew not a single English word, yet his gestures and observations were in general so wonderfully accurate, that he was seldom misunderstood.

General Washington called upon him, and found him absent. He called a second time, and found the chief had again gone out, but before he had got far from the door the Indian warrior returned, and

being informed who had called, set off with the utmost alacrity after his visitor. The people ran to the doors and windows to witness the interview. The Indian went up close to the General, and then receding a short distance, placed his hat under his arm. He expressively pointed to the heavens, and then to the earth, on which with his cane he drew a figurative circle. He then made a profound obeisance, and presented his hand, and the two great men seemed to confer for some time. The aged warrior then returned to the inn in high spirits, telling his retinue that the great Sachem had invited him to take wine with him upon the ensuing day.

The letters of introduction I had brought procured me more civilities than I knew how to repay. I will not enumerate common-place incidents nor the mere dinners and evening parties I attended. One friend introduced me to the family of Dr. Franklin, in the person of his daughter, a lady of very pleasant manner and features. Her husband, Mr. Bach, was a manly personage, with a very pleasing countenance. He seemed much respected. His wife was amiable and agreeable, with an expression of great frankness. She had been carefully educated, and appeared remarkably well-bred. She had several children, and resided in the house of her late father, nearly in the centre of the city. It

was entered through an arched passage which led into a court, apparently out of the noise and bustle of the busy streets, though only a very short distance from the market street. It was a lofty building, and in every respect commodious. Here some fine porcelain first attracted my attention, but the chief, and the most striking thing, was the late Doctor's library, the number of books in which was very great, as many indeed or more, than I ever saw in any private library to the present hour. There was a picture of the bishop of St. Asaph, and of his family on the wall. At the sight of the pictures, the books, the very writing desk, of the great man, not long before deceased, I could not help feeling sensations I cannot describe. I turned and looked back twice as I quitted the apartment in which a great spirit of the time had reflected and triumphed.

I asked some questions about Dr. Franklin. His daughter highly extolled his equanimity, and the fortitude he displayed under the tortures he suffered in his last illness not long before. He never once lost the mastership of himself, and a smile was often seen upon his lips. Only two days before his death he said to her, "I do not recollect, my dear, that in the course of thy whole life, I was ever for a single moment angry with thee!" The whole tenor of his conduct to the last was exactly the same. No pangs ruffled his temper; no servant

could administer to his necessities, but it was right. Every thing prepared for him was as it should be. He was the second great man of the American revolution, and retains his place still without a competitor.

This lady declared that all her sons should learn trades. Her eldest, like his great father, was bred a printer, having just completed his apprenticeship. Mrs. Bach suffered much in the revolutionary war. She had only lain in three days when the British army advanced upon Philadelphia. She had no money, for all the family possessed, it had lent to the Government. Destitute of the means of support when the enemy entered, apprehensive how she might be treated, she was barely able to quit the City or be removed a few miles where she thought herself secure. In three weeks' time she was able to fly thirty miles farther away, where she continued for two years, enduring many hardships.

I heard that the sentiments of the religion called Universalist, were gaining proselytes among the quakers in Philadelphia. This is my creed you know; I was gratified to learn, too, that the family of Dr. Franklin had joined in those sentiments. Mrs. Bach stated that her father was of opinion that no system was so effectually calculated to promote the interests of society as that doctrine which shows God reconciling a lapsed world to himself.

I visited several of the public charities which did honor to the Philadelphians. I was accompanied by Dr. Rush, so well known both in Europe and America. There was an hospital for women of decayed fortunes, and asylums for the distressed, which did the city credit in regard to its regulations. There were some public gardens, but they did not surpass those at Boston.

I met a gentleman, a free-holder here, I think an inhabitant of Rhode Island. He complained much of the heavy taxation he underwent. He said that before the revolutionary war, and consequent augmentation of taxes, he only paid a single dollar where he now pays forty. The same complaint I heard from many other free-holders. Though peace had been concluded for eight years the same discontent was frequently found in travelling. People must pay for good and bad government alike.

The last resting-place here for the dead was the pecuniary speculation of a company. There was a public burying ground for those who either would not or could not pay for a "fashionable" grave. It was called the Potter's Field.

I was informed by some with deep gravity and by others without regret, that this renowned city was rapidly losing the character impressed upon it by its distinguished founder Penn. Religious observations and ceremonies change by time ; the principles

that form the basis of the creed alone remain unaltered. The duty of man to his Creator has no connection with the cut of a coat, or the use of one pronoun for another. These external symbols of quakerism will die out, but there is so much practical good, so much of sound reason, and such a commendable rejection of the pomps and vanities that make christianity in churches dissonant from that of the apostolic age, that the sect in its inner garb deserves a more prolonged existence than its affectation of singularity and its formal bearing will ever obtain for it. I must do Penn's disciples that justice."

Here terminated this correspondence, a picture of the past, of which it is probable no second remains. It furnishes matter for deep reflection on considering the changes a space of time comprised in the compass of one life may produce in the aspect of nations that boast of their superior civilization, but afford little proof of the truth of their self-congratulations.

CHAPTER VI.

Canova in England—Haydon and the Elgin marbles—Campbell's remark about Italy and the imprisoned nun—Godwin and his works—The catholic question—Ideas of Puffendorf—William Windham, extravagant laudation of—Mistakes regarding—Addington and Pitt, reference to—Castlereagh—Paley—Schiller—The robbers, the effect of similar works—Werther—De Stael, remark on Goethe's work—Decline of the poetry of early life—Dryden's happy allusion—Notation, and its necessity—Henry VII. and Chapel—De Stael's Corinne—Hogg, Charlotte Smith, and novels—What becomes of the old—Sad tale of an Irish lady at St. Domingo.

WHEN Canova visited London, the most unassuming of great men, he was on that account little marked in company, I never saw a man more modest, with perfect ease and great affability. It was his nature to be simple, and though so distinguished, to exhibit no sense of his position. "That is Canova," said poor Haydon, one day, when I was looking out for him among the company. Haydon was much in his society, while he paid us his short visit. Touched as the great sculptor was by the silvery hand of the devourer of all things, less, indeed, in

his rugged look, than in that sedate, unmistakable air, which years cast upon the human frame of those who meditate, his was still a visage that spoke elevation of character—a prominent nose, a good forehead, mild contemplative eyes, and a placid expression over his whole countenance. Still he looked more of the philosopher than the artist. He was one of that better day, when the love of fame in Italy had not as here, ceased to be the ascendant principle not being superseded by the meaner stimulant of lucre. There was nothing about him that savoured of intriguing academies, nothing of the “shop.” He would not have been known of his profession from anything he said, for he rarely spoke of it. This trait, so remarkable in most modern artists, who are never five minutes in company, but they talk of their art, as if they knew nothing else, was wholly wanting in the great Italian. It seemed as if his mind had been always contemplatively employed, and that he lived only for these worthier things of our common humanity, he continually meditated. He put himself on a level with you at once. Out of his art he was a man of sociality, who played his part with the general mass of the company in whatever was going on, cheerful and amiable, unaffectedly delivering his conversational tribute with others, in turn, and with the ease of a man of high breeding. He evidently

overflowed with good nature; and though his tone of voice was not over excellent, he inspired his hearers with the conviction that it flowed from a soul full of lofty inspiration, gentle and holy, by the manner which accompanied it, and by a warmth, the fount of which was evidently in the ideal, among those imaginings which would fain "accommodate the shows of things to the desires of the mind." His principal deficiency was in massiveness, in power, for he had nothing energetic, nothing fierce, or of the Michael Angelo school about him. His sculptural excellence lay in that innate grace and beauty which were incompatible perhaps with a more fiery temperament, and these he sometimes carried to excess. To have visited him in Rome, in his atelier, would have been a high treat. His conversation was not exclusive; it was directed to indifferent subjects, and full of good sense in all. When art was the theme, he entered upon the topic with much clearness of language, and gentleness of manner. His conversation, like his works, was the speaking picture of his character as a man, the mirror of his soul. Nature took him by the hand in early life, and led him to the shrine of the goddess he worshipped. Here is the difference between a great, and a mechanical artist; the one is apprenticed by nature and genius, the other by parents and vanity. The results are as might be expected; the

one works the marble, or runs the model into life, leaving a great name and enduring labours behind him; the other jobs in marble, and brass, too, but they are blocks of marble, and lumps of brass still, neither honouring the arts nor their country. Canova went to Burlington House, to see the Elgin marbles; "what does he think of them, Haydon?" "Think —why, that all said of them is not adequate to their merits. He says few of the works of Greek art at present in Rome can approach them. Was I not right when I sounded their praises," continued Haydon, with a noble pride; "and when the academy could see no beauty in them, until Canova made them ashamed of themselves?" The great sculptor complained that our streets, and they were then not much otherwise, "were only brick walls with holes in them." He expressed much admiration of St. Paul's, and Waterloo Bridge. The last, he said, was worth a journey from Rome to see. Canova owed not his fame merely to his skill as an artist. He struck out a new light in the art. He arose, as the art declined, and resuscitated it from the period which saw it descending, after Bernini and his extravagances, to the time when his name and reputation became so deservedly popular. Four-score years and more after Bernini's decease, was Canova born to restore a purer sculpture to his beautiful country.

How much is it to be regretted that genius should have a vitality no more protracted than that of common mortals. Providence would have conferred a boon indeed upon mankind, had the lights of the world been permitted to illuminate it longer, while there would have been a better chance of the inheritance of gifted men descending, like Elijah's mantle, upon shoulders worthy of it. Why should the sons of genius die so soon? As regards themselves it is of less moment, since they live in their labours but for the sake of others. The sculptor of Cupid and Psyche, of the Venus Victrix, and of the Graces, has continued his life, in his works. He has had his exalted wish gratified. He worked for glory, as every great artist did before him, and as all great artists must ever work. He gave away the larger part of his receipts to benevolence and fame. The gift that is nearest to immortality in extension, has thus become his heritage. His ruling aspiration is gratified.

It is impossible, having seen, to forget this distinguished man, so made to be loved and honoured. Memory wears her saddest attire, when she recalls his venerated name. When he left London, on his return to Italy, on taking leave of him, he expressed himself so kindly towards England and Englishmen, it was impossible not to feel some emotion, and not the less because the character of the man

was a guarantee of his sincerity. He died at Venice, seven years after he had visited England, in 1822, and was there entombed.

Conversing with Campbell the poet at R——'s in Paddington, he expressed himself much struck with Canova and with the existing state of Italy, the mother of the arts. "After all," he observed "the arts in modern times may exist under the worst despotism—that of the church. The ancient flourished under republics." On remarking to him that the arts in Italy flourished under church patronage because they were devoted to religious subjects, he remarked that this had not struck him. "Only think," said he, "of the State of Italy under the papal church; temporal or spiritual slavery are bad enough separate, together they are a curse upon mankind, the blight of nations. Read this extract from a letter of Napoleon, who laboured so hard to separate that villanous union which England endeavoured to keep intact." Here he read the following extract of a letter from Napoleon, during his Italian campaigns. "I am bound to communicate to you," wrote General Bonaparte in his triumphant career while investing Mantua, "an incident which paints in strong colours the barbarism which prevails in these countries. At San Giorgio there is a convent of religious women. They had succeeded in saving

- themselves, for the edifice was exposed to the fire of our cannon. Our soldiers entered it in order to shelter themselves, as well as convert it into a port of defence. They heard loud cries, and found they proceeded from a low court, in which there was a miserable cell, and in that cell they found a young female, seated in a wretched chair, her hands manacled with a chain. The unfortunate girl requested that her life might be spared. They broke her fetters. She had from her physiognomy the appearance of being not above twenty-two years of age, and had been four whole years in confinement. Her crime was the wish to escape, to obey at that age, and in a country of warm passions, the impulse of affection. Our grenadiers took great care of her. She had evidently been handsome, and her expression joined to the temperament in that climate, added to the melancholy caused by her unhappiness.
- Everytime anyone entered the room where she was placed she became uneasy, and it was plainly discoverable that it arose from fear lest her tyrants should return. She begged earnestly to be permitted to inhale the pure atmosphere, but she was told that grape shot was literally raining upon the house. ‘Ah me, what matters it? death is my doom if I remain here!’” “So much,” said the poet, “for the French not having been welcomed anywhere as deliverers, I should like to make something of the

story." With other imaginings of the poet it was forgotten, but the extract was worth noting. The poet, as was often the case, ruminated, but did nothing with his subject.

Godwin's "Fleetwood" I had not read, but had read several of his other works as they came out, indicative of great power and imagination. I am and ever was, of his opinion that the *vox populi* is not the *vox Dei*. I am of those who believe that nine times out of ten going with the crowd is to "go with the multitude to do evil." If the multitude is ever right it is upon plain matters of feeling in which the promptings of simple nature come to the rescue. I would go any length in favour of rational liberty, and have consistently in my humble way again and again suffered for the stern conviction of that truth, and now pay for it in the age that has brought no compensation. In religion, in politics, in the arts—science is beyond the attempt of the multitude to comprehend—the many are right or wrong, by chance. Long years afterwards William Curran who was very intimate with Godwin wished me to meet him. The opportunity thus afforded was a mere accident. I knew his daughter too, who became Mrs. Shelley, and had a great respect for her, as a lady of very superior talents. The fearless and independent sentiments of Godwin had marked him out for the axe and embowelling, under the arguments used

by Scott, afterwards Lord Eldon, and the ministry in 1794. England had nearly reflected the scenes of blood that were acted on the other side of the channel, in the death of men for advocating the crime of parliamentary reform against the combination of European despotisms. Where are those despotisms? Can the differences of a few years make real demerit venial? Can it extinguish truth? Has not that parliamentary reform since placed the sovereignty of England on a rock, from which it sees the wreck of holy alliances, and the like tyrannies scattered to the winds?

“Bowed their stiff necks, laden with stormy blasts,
Or torn up sheer!—”

With what a revulsion did I read all those proceedings, and saw such borough transactions to sustain them, as would hardly now be credited, though my young eyes did not until afterwards, for want of experience, penetrate to the bottom of the corruption carried on by men who passed for “honourable!”

People were just then much puzzled about the Catholic question. It was always understood in those days by the multitude, with the King at their head, that Catholics were doomed to hell flames. It used to rack my brain how this could be, for until I came forth upon the world's stage, I had really believed

the King could do no wrong in the moral sense. I was well nigh a "divine right" believer. My father I have said, was a Foxite. I cited to him the book of martyrs, and he met me with the cruelties by Cranmer and James I. under the reformed church. I did not justify persecution, though I insisted the Catholics ought to be kept down, just as those bad examples the bishops did in the House of Lords upon subsequent occasions on the same question—could I imagine them wrong? One day he called me into his study, and gave me a long lecture against persecution, and asked me if, as I read the New Testament, there was any direction there to persecute men for what they credited. Unfortunately he had instructed me in the Roman History, and praised the Emperor Constantine for applauding the Christian faith, and yet the Emperor, a very indifferent character himself, suffered the Arians and Athanasians to quarrel in a mode very much at variance from that which the New Testament instructed the Christians to use in their bearing towards each other. He said little in reply, but I have reason to think that youth is sometimes too far advanced in a kind of rough natural knowledge which leads to inferences by no means desirable, before the arguments on the other side are mastered. We never again entered upon a

similar discussion. I had advanced farther than he had imagined, both in my reading and reasoning. He ever afterwards treated me accordingly. He knew not how much I read in secret, which if some of the reading was not very solid, and too imaginative, still it supplied me with language, and with some matter inevitably arising from the association of ideas.

"Well, well," my father would say, "be a good man, a good Christian; ceremonies and forms are the least part of religion."

He used to think that if the faith of Christ could be well established in spirit and truth, it would render rulers useless. He took the idea from Puffendorf: "*Rien n'est plus propre à former de bons citoyens, que de leur inspirer de bonne heure la religion chrétienne: j'entends celle qui est épurée de toutes les inventions humaines.*"

If this were possible what would become of the creeds? They must be kept up at all risks, for the benefit of the officials! There is no great fear of such a change ever taking place in the world. The sole objection to true Christianity is its complete opposition to the spirit of the world in every thing, in other words its impracticability. No one can pretend that the beautiful and truly philosophical principles of the New Testament are carried out by

modern Christians, any more than by those who existed in the time of Constantine, whose Christianity was only another name for worldly ascendancy and as regarded himself for the interest of its quarrelsome mitre covered courtiers.

Among the men who held a place in public life during the end of the last century, and a short time in the present, a man I heard over praised was William Windham, who besides being a good second-class speaker in the House of Commons was agreeable and gentlemanly in his manner, making many more friends by his somewhat eccentric bearing than by his political conduct, for he was destitute of all political principle. The "Edinburgh Review" took into its unaccountable head at this time to flatter Windham to a nauseating degree. That he was in private life amiable and moral nobody disputes. As to his public life, he left no mark behind him to merit the flatteries thus bestowed. There can be little doubt but the Reviewer received some favour from Windham, as within the year after his death he was plastered so outrageously, that one might almost suppose that no one knew his political history, and had never read his double speeches. In the Commons he would often speak on both sides of a question, and not vote at all, or as Sheridan said, "pair off by himself." He joined Burke against his old friends

in Parliament; Burke taking a pension from Pitt, and Windham a place, which he held for the whole time Pitt remained in office, opposing his old friends, and supporting Toryism through thick and thin.* After Pitt went out, Windham went back to Fox again! Macaulay, who at that time could not have given over setting an especial value upon tops and sugar plums, being only eight or nine years old at Windham's decease, Macaulay has lauded him to the skies. A man of landed property and fortune, educated becoming his position, might be a very Chesterfield in manner, but it does not justify laying on the plaister as thick as the reviewer did.† He was "one of the finest geniuses (what proof has he left of it?) and most honourable men the world ever saw." His conduct in private life might have been so, his public life was dishonourable, for he exhibited an utter destitution of political principle at a time when it was at its highest value. This is not all, the splendour and independence of Europe it seems was involved in this gentleman's character! He was of England's "heroic race." He was a "great constellation." He was numbered with Pitt, Nelson, and Fox, to which Wellington would

* See for an anecdote told the present writer by Dr. Parr, of Windham's almost venomous conduct in Gerald's affair. *Recollections* vol. ii, p. 139, second edition.

† *Edinburgh Review*, 1811.

have no doubt been added had he lived in fame at that moment. Windham and Wellington, and Bonaparte and Bolivar, no doubt! Reform was treated scurvily on account of Mr. Windham, in the "Review." Mr. Windham opposed all Parliamentary Reform, and all Reform whatever. He insisted on the value of the existing corruption. Yet this man of the heroic age is already forgotten. The advocate of bull baiting, bullock hunting, dog and cock fights, and all sorts of brutalities in Parliament, and in the face of the country. He is the hero of the writer, the chivalric chief, the parliamentary Nelson of the "Edinburgh Review." He returned to the whigs after Pitt's death, because Fox must needs have kept the helm had he lived, and therefore the speculation was good, passing over principle. Now if the reader will peruse Macaulay's character of Windham, and then read the "Edinburgh Review" for 1811, he will see from what source Macaulay touched off the character in his eloquent and beautiful style, in which as in other characters he did not mind truth a rush, if he could produce effect.

In 1829, it might have been a year or so earlier, for I speak from memory, Mr. Marsh, once of the Indian bar, had an idea of writing a life of Windham, and he asked me if I knew anything about him. I replied I had been busy in London and the

country during a part of his career. I told him all I remembered, which was very little, from my coming to town, down to Windham's death, or about five years, during which I was continually in some sort of connection with the public papers. All I could remember comprised only one or two of Windham's eccentricities, but I related what Dr. Parr had told me about him at Hatton. I said I did not think people much regarded him, that he was then utterly gone by before the public. The last time I saw Marsh I asked how he got on with Windham's life. He replied that Mrs. Windham had placed the matter in a state of uncertainty about some papers which he had expected to obtain. I never heard anything more about Windham or his life by Marsh. It may have appeared, and I have overlooked it, as I quitted town for several years just afterwards.

Now in the same year as the "Review" appeared, or in 1811, I was invited to write for a publication quite new and certainly superior to any other of the kind in that day. It reached, I believe, as far as two completed volumes. I could not write for it, as I was obliged to reside for a time in the country. Mr. Windham had died the year before. I extract verbatim—"Mr. Windham, that *preux chevalier* of corruption—Mr. Windham, the all virtuous and ill-principled, maintaining that profligacy was necessary

to the constitution, and in denouncing every thing that, to use his own words, looked like a step towards reform." In fact, Windham was a greater anti-reformer than Canning ever was. The latter said he admitted the existing evil of corruption as too common, but he opposed any change because by not knowing where to stop, the whole machine might be destroyed. Windham justified all that corruption as it stood, for men of money and property should have the power they possessed in parliamentary returns. As he did such public good in his lifetime, Nelsonian, or Pittonian, Foxonian, or with the ability of all three united, according to the reviewer, it is not easy to account how he has become so much like a milestone, forgotten out of sight. The defender of the grossest public corruption may be a kind and amiable man in private life, but he cannot be remembered by future generations as a public man, still less is it proper he should be exalted beyond measure for qualities which he did not possess, as an example beyond the average men of his station, in virtue and patriotism.

A different man in talent, M. Demaria, visited England some four or five years after the decease of Windham, of whom I was more able to form a conclusive judgment in my own person. Those who have seen much of the world with a little time devoted to the consideration of character, cannot but draw con-

clusions sometimes pretty close to the truth without possessing the depth of Theophrastus or Bruyère. In general, men are judged too much in the gross. To be idolized or slandered is the fate of many who deserve neither to be admired as examples nor censured as blameable, to have their faults skipped over, or virtues made of their weaknesses.

It was at that time a matter of great consequence that men of talent should arise to stem the current of false reasonings, backed by pains and penalties, which had too long been used to drown all that was valuable in freedom, and gainful in commerce. Addington was too long at the head of affairs, and things had proceeded so far as to show that whether the monarch were sane or insane, the crown had ruled according to the comparative ability of the men in place, in unison with the consistency, or rather inconsistency, of their principles, and their political and commercial knowledge. That there were men of all parties of very superior talents to those composing the administration, there is no doubt, for they were speedily turned out of their posts. The king continued to exhibit his own arbitrary feeling, which had been lately directed to hamper Pitt, through his personal enmity to those with whom that minister proposed to strengthen his administration. To the minister's anxieties, from the royal obstinacy, and the successes of the

French, on the continent, he fell the victim. It is probable Pitt had seen the fallacious character of his former measures, and would have retrieved them by a different course of action, but the king opposed and sacrificed him, as he did Lord North. Pitt should have acted like his great father, and thrown himself on his country. He was a second sacrifice to a demented monarch. This was a singular time in England's history.

To return ; though all was new in town, where I had arrived some years before, it was not equal to my expectations. I had determined to learn all I could before I sat down to serious labour ; and I had gone once or twice to hear the debates in the House of Commons. I found that I had formed too lofty an idea of the very mediocre country gentlemen that composed the larger part of what some chose to call the British "Senate." I seldom went there afterwards. There was a change soon to occur. Fox was drooping ; Sheridan, Canning, and Tieiney had now and then flashed forth on my youthful ear as brilliant orators. Brougham's best period was somewhat later, and had for an object of invective a minister, who blundered through his earlier years with a capacity that adapted him better for the part he was to play in the tragedy or comedy of his subsequent life, or a mixture of both, than any other man. None had

fewer scruples about anything. He possessed what Burke denominated the *ære perennius* in perfection ; and setting out in life, signed himself a reformer !— he was all for the freedom of the subject, a stain which he laboured for the best part of twenty years afterwards to wipe out, by penal statute against those who professed his former doctrines. We look through his whole career for one green oasis upon which the eye may repose with pleasure—we look in vain ; all is desert ! He was a personification of handsome industrious ignorance, for except office routine, and a readiness in official matters, from long habit, he seemed not to have risen beyond the veriest common-place ; yet a concatenation of circumstances at that time, and the management of the borough interest, and treasury as usual, sustained Castlereagh in power. When he fell, the old system of things fell with him. From that moment the changes, and the progress made in England's political system, and all her great improvements must be dated. But I must cease allusions to the politics of past or present days. It suffices that it was a part of my professional duty at that time to watch and learn all I could in relation to public affairs. Those affairs are now matters of history, to be distorted according to the political bias of modern historians, if there be any

except Hallam, that deserve the name, by uniting impartiality and truth, not merely purity and elegance of style with distorted character.

Paley had died the year before I arrived in town. He wanted a basis of honest principle. He would not have died a martyr in any cause, indeed he acknowledged that he could not afford to keep a conscience. We can excuse him who is born without one, and says nothing about it, and him whose conscience "is seared as with a hot iron," and is insensible from callosity, but we cannot so easily let him go clear, who is sensible of that which he esteems valuable in others, but which he cannot afford to keep against his own interest. This was worthy the author of the "Moral and Political Philosophy." Those elements, in spite of their ability in composition, should have been "Elements of Philosophy without Morals, and Politics without Principle." His "Evidences of the Existence and Attributes of the Deity from Nature," were not wanted, being superfluous. The ancient Greeks and Romans had left us such conclusive evidence of the existence of God, from the light of nature, that it could not be strengthened. It is a waste of time and labour to set about proving that which all men with just organs of vision can see. Those who deny the being of God should be treated as out of the line of reason with monomaniacs—spirit-seers, and table-turners.

There have been few sincere atheists, if any, in the world, but a great many ignorantly so. I think it was Lord Chesterfield who said the attempt to prove the existence of a supreme being, where the evidence is so clear from nature, was idle, and what every man of sense would deem wholly superfluous. Paley could not say a word new on the subject—at least not a word more to the purpose than Aristotle, Socrates, Cicero, Seneca, and other ancients had already said. If it be replied that there have been numerous important discoveries in natural history since their day, I reply that the stars of heaven were considered at a period beyond existing annals, and the Stagyræ was not the first who made the productions of the earth his study; and that we had sufficient evidence in profane writers already. A celebrated Italian says of Aristotle, “Senza Aristotele noi mancavamo di molti articoli di fede:” “Without Aristotle we should have wanted many articles of faith.” Men who deny the being of God, are in this dilemma, that they are either the most ignorant and stupid of mankind, and therefore to be the more pitied, or they are the least gifted with the power of drawing just inferences from sensual perception; which is in fact to say they are not quite stark-mad.

Schiller, the warm-hearted, high-minded Schiller, died the same year as Paley I remember. His play of *The Robbers* was abused in England, and it was

in English only that I read it, when young, for at that time I did not know anything of German. He wrote that play in his youth, and he was accused of rendering too attractive the hero of the scene, and of softening too much the vice of such a character by forming him on the model of an individual who had been an actor in troublous anarchical times, by which means there is something venial attached to his criminality. The Germans, it is true, are never nice about their subjects—they look for effect. I confess though imaginative, I did not feel identified with the hero as I had felt, in reading *Robinson Crusoe*. I had no desire to become the leader of a horde of banditti, and yet the play was charged with producing that effect on adult persons in Germany, just as the *Beggar's Opera* was said to have made vagrants here. Bampfylde Moore Carew, however, left no intimation that he fell in love with Bohemianism, from having witnessed that farce of Gay's. In Germany, heavy as the people are, the effect seems to have been injurious, and we have the authority of Madame de Stael, that Goethe's *Werther* caused more suicides in that country than the most loveable woman could have ever done, even with the beauty of a Helen.

Afterwards when the cares and business of adult life began, the reading of early existence did not

wholly vanish. The mill-horse round continued to the present hour, varied, often heavy, too often toilsome; calculated indeed to teach much of human life, marked by a love of independence, very regardless of what the world would call self-interest, earnest, and indefatigable in pursuit of those points deemed right, and very little moved by multitudinous opinion. Without the art of stooping to rise, but trusting to good intention, and to fortune, for the future, holding fast my opinions I still read to test them. I had considered them, and hoped my constancy would be appreciated. It never had been, and never will be now that more than half-a-dozen years over half-a-century have passed away, since I set down my youthful foot in Piccadilly, and began to play my part, to be fooled with hope, ever trusting on, and as glorious old John Dryden writes thinking

“——To-morrow will repay !—

To-morrow falser than the former day
Lies more; and while it says we shall be blest
With some new joys, cuts off what we possess.
Strange cozenage ! none would live past years again,
Yet all hope pleasure in what yet remain ;
And from the days of life think to receive
What the first sprightly running could not give !”

I had formed certain fixed principles of action as to my conduct in life. My excesses of any kind were

rare. I had excellent health, great activity, abundant spirits, and perhaps more of content than falls to the lot of many at that period. I was not unsocial, but rather the reverse, and very apt, if upon some rare occasion a piece of extravagance was begun, which I had not at first opposed, that is if I were once drawn into it, to push things to an extreme. I remember on being told I could not swim across the Thames where Vauxhall Bridge now stands, being challenged to do it, because I had doubted the performance of a man who boasted of being able to do everything, I felt provoked, stripped and dashed in, but he would not proceed many yards and turned back again. I could have done it with ease, but he had evidently never swum before twenty yards out of his depth.

I was astonished to find how few young men at that time who had belonged to the metropolis knew how to swim. Times are altered now, so they tell me, and there was great need of it. Boys on the sea shore and estuaries of rivers generally swim well. There is no reason whatever why a man should not be as much at his ease in the water as on land. The blacks and people of colour abroad, men, women, and children, swim off to vessels at anchor, as in the south seas, and if not suffered to go on board gambol round like fish, and back to the land again, as it were in pastime, yet in reasoning England not one

man in twenty but would be drowned if thrown into the water.

I went to see the commencement of the repairs of the chapel of Henry VII. begun, now getting into as bad a state after the lapse of half a century, as it was from the time of Henry to that day. Our public works, I mean those in which the public purse is concerned, are all disgracefully managed. They furnish a humiliating contrast to the magnificent bridges, and the noble railway undertakings of individuals, under private companies. The old chapel was not in a worse state than the present will be in less than another twenty years. They told me, I remember, that there was only one man would undertake the task, and that it cost as much (£30,000) as the whole chapel cost in the reign of Henry. We must make an allowance for the difference in the value of money. I still continued my diurnal task on the *Pilot* evening paper. I remember about that time eighteen persons were trampled to death at Sadler's Wells in consequence of an alarm of fire.

I read Madame de Stael's "*Corinna of Italy*" when just out, and with great delight, little suspecting I should ever be introduced to the author. The work made its appearance in a translation, showing incontestably the great power of the writer. She was even then at the head of the authors of her own sex, but was far from having attained the emi-

nence she afterwards arrived at in her work on the Influence of Literature in its connection with Social Institutions, and in her Germany. There can be no doubt that Madame de Stael knew better how to detail character, and to penetrate into the workings of the human heart than any one of her sex before or since. She read the world well, and when she inferred, as her works show, that she despaired of virtue among her kind, no doubt drawn accurately from what she observed of it, she was not far wrong. She painted from a large predominant class, and her pictures were correct. Society is truly what Voltaire said of English porter, froth and dregs, the middle excellent but only in comparison. There is good in all three classes, but it is in the middle class alone that the pearls are most in number—most worth picking from the chaff. There is no feeling so painful to humanity in glancing over the great family of mankind, as the consideration that while the tide of time rolls on its mighty waves, it bears above its waters so few in proportion that are warm, unselfish, and kindly in their emotions. There are yet some whose ardent desires for human happiness are painfully cooled when they imbibe a thorough knowledge of society, and then the reflections become humiliating, though a few nobly hope on in their belief to the last. But enough of the present reference to the pen

of one of the most remarkable women the world ever saw.

Hogg published his *Mountain Bard* about this time. Never having been in Scotland I knew nothing of him personally, till twenty years afterwards. Mrs. Charlotte Smith died about that time—I have before spoken of her sonnets and novels. The class of works, in which she excelled, according to the modern acceptation of them, is to be understood of books varying like the fashions in dress, to be a mere amusement or luxury for those who can peruse them, and then the old to go out and a new style come in. It would puzzle a Sybil to indicate where they disappear, unless they are worked up again into paper, and then if the dealers in the brains of authors could manage to transfer the printed words in a new form to fresh paper, the trade might supply the generality of readers with all that they required for their amusement—it would only resemble a shuffling of cards, and both would be pretty much upon a level in merit. But of this the “trade” can have no hope, since even Mr. Babbage has failed as yet to complete his machinery for a purpose somewhat similar.

Frequent communications from the United States to my family still took place; the sequel will explain one of them. The dreadful scenes enacted in St. Domingo were echoed from thence to Europe, and

our vain and ill-planned attempt to take advantage of it, at a cost of many thousands of lives from pestilence, is a piece of blundering upon historical record. It is not possible for a pen, even if dipped in blood, to depict the suffering in that fine colony, on the revolt of the slaves. A letter from America, several years after the foregoing event, for the purpose of introducing a lady of that Island, all whose friends were sufferers, reached my family about this time. The statement is not the less interesting from its lateness ; most have now forgot, indeed few here ever much noticed that dreadful tragedy, even at the time of its occurrence. It appeared that the lady communicant had some hope that good might be effected in England for the sufferer, whither it was contemplated to send her. Fortunately, the kindness she received in the United States did for her all that could be done here.

Mrs. ——— was born in Belfast, where her father was an eminent distiller. She lost her mother when young, but received as good an education as respectable Irish girls do in general, or rather better, for she was taught domestic economy and industrious habits. At fifteen years of age she returned permanently to the home of her father, and remained there until she was full seventeen, when her sister married a gentleman named L——who possessed a plantation in St. Christopher's, and she agreed to

accompany the wedded pair. She had two brothers, who, with two uncles, had for some time thought of settling in America, and took that opportunity of carrying their intention into effect. The father of the young people had married a second time, and that was a strong reason for their leaving home, as their step-mother was an imperious woman. The daughter obtained her father's consent, but not without remonstrances; yet, on her assuring him she would not leave him, but return again, he gave his consent at last, with many blessings, and she departed. The war with England had been long over, perfect peace reigned in the west, and she left her home full of joy, in the hope of soon returning to her paternal dwelling. The brothers and uncle, reached Maryland, and there they separated. Her married sister and husband sailed to St. Christopher's. One uncle, and her younger brother, went to Portugal, in consequence of an unexpected opening for commerce there. The second uncle went away to purchase an estate in the northern part of New England, while her elder brother took a house in Maryland, and made his sister housekeeper. Her brother had several acquaintances in Philadelphia, whom they sometimes visited, and thus for a time things went on pleasantly.

There was in Maryland at that time a young man who bore the title of M.D., of a very excellent

disposition and character, and of French extraction. An attachment took place. The pair were devoted to one another, and married with the fullest sanction of the brother. The doctor possessed land in St. Domingo, near Cape François, and persuaded his brother-in-law to remove there with him. The brother for some reason did not like the Cape, and went to the island of St. Vincent. All was happiness. Her father had written, and sent her his blessing; and she thought herself the happiest woman on earth. Her husband succeeded as well in his profession at Cape François as he could desire. Several children, all girls, were afterwards born; and her sister in St. Christopher's not having any children, one of Mrs. M——'s was sent to her. Her mother had never after beheld her child. It was scarcely gone, before the troubles in St. Domingo commenced. A friend, who was early driven from her home, took refuge at the home of Dr. M——. She unfortunately brought the small-pox with her, which neither Mrs. M. nor the two girls ever had. Both children took it and died. It was some time before she herself recovered. She soon had to bless God her poor girls were taken from the evil to come, by the disease, which had only defaced her own former handsome countenance.

She not long afterwards lay in of a son, to the great joy of her husband and herself. The child

was just three weeks old. One evening she handed it to the nurse, to convey to her apartment. She never saw it more; no doubt it was despatched in the general massacre which followed. That same night, or rather at midnight, the slaves of Cape François, rushed into the houses, and massacred the inmates. Her husband was killed while attempting to shield his wife, and the sword was uplifted over herself, when she saw the intended assassin was her own hair-dresser! "Can it be *you*," she exclaimed, not knowing what she said; "are *you* going to be my destroyer; did I ever do *you* an unkindness?"

The man was struck with remorse. He at once showed a desire to save her. He lifted her over the body of her murdered husband; she fainted in his arms. She remembered no more until she found herself on shipboard at sea, stretched on the captain's mattress, and surrounded by strangers, who, like herself, had escaped the daggers of the insurgents. How she got on board the vessel she never knew. It was supposed that the man who had struck down her husband, had thus conveyed her to a place of safety; and what was singular, though only in her night-dress, her watch, bracelets, and rings were found upon her. However that happened, she was landed at Alexandria, in the United States, quite insane. In this state she continued for five months, now in tears, then laughing in a state of frenzy.

Time restored her, after it was thought she would prove a confirmed maniac. The return of her senses was followed by despondency, and at one time she contemplated suicide. She was preserved by the care and benevolence of a lady of the town before mentioned, a Mrs. Thompson. The unfortunate Mrs. M—— recollected that her uncle, before stated to be left behind, had gone to purchase land at a place in the north of the United States, and as her family must have supposed she had perished in the massacre at Cape Frangois, without being certain, she set off to him, having disposed of her last trinkets for the purpose. She could find no trace of the relative she sought, and now felt herself forlorn and destitute indeed. Despair came upon her. She received some small gratuities from an American Hibernian Society; neither English nor French residents being at all moved at her unhappy position, though she had hoped by their means to return to Ireland, where she was heiress to some property left by her grandmother, independently of her father. But what means had she of reaching her native home? She endeavoured to support herself by her needle, but found an impediment in the state of her health. Fortunately she met with a lady who took pity upon her sufferings, and paid her that debt of kindness which consoled, and as far as possible, healed the broken-hearted.

She was ultimately, I believe, restored to her friends.

It is also difficult to credit the extent of suffering of the expedition we sent to St. Domingo. It was one of the usual blundering incompetences of that time, including a frightful waste of human life. My youth was spent where all that related to the West Indies was continually poured into my ears, by my school fellows, and others in the packet service. Half the boys in the town had had a voyage out and home—boys of a certain class. Some it cured of the sea, and others it captivated. We used to hear enough about death from the yellow fever, and how the lobster-backs (soldiers) came home, a whole regiment all serjeants and corporals, after a year's service. The position of a barrack, or the station of a sentinel in the West Indies, as affected health, was never thought about in those days. It was said we lost twenty thousand men in that foolish and greedy attempt upon St. Domingo. The French could not keep it subsequently—we should have known it was impossible we could keep it. The climate was not to be defeated. Six hundred men were sent from Jamaica to Port au Prince; they were crammed into two frigates, and though not ten days on the passage, they lost two hundred of their number. I think Governor McCarthy, of Sierra Leone afterwards, was in that expedition. I mean

the McCarthy who was killed while governor of that part of Africa. Major Kavanagh, an old friend of mine, told me the sight had been so fearful there he could not bear it. "But you got through it?" "Yes, I was drunk; that is I always kept myself in a certain state of excitement with wine or spirit, and I escaped the fever. I was not so bad, but I could do my duty." "Don't leave off, Kavanagh; if you do the fever will be sure of you, the weakness from the reaction on the way to sobriety will give you the fever and no escape," said the medical men. "I kept to it," said the major, "one fever kept away another. The suffering I saw would have driven me to melancholy or madness had I kept sober. I have an iron constitution."

Poor Kavanagh! twenty years afterwards he became melancholy, and died by his own hand at Bordeaux; I never knew a better-hearted man. We met in Paris by accident, after many years had elapsed, and dined together almost every day, talking of men we had known between 1807 and 1813, among others my esteemed and excellent friend, the first mind in the town, the late Mr. Collier, M.P. for Plymouth, whose son has succeeded his father as representative for that place.

CHAPTER VII/

Desultoriness—marvellous gift of memory—fresh reminiscences of earlier times and characters—visit to Berks—Lady Craven—law of libel—College of Physicians libelled—Duke of York and Mrs. Clark—who she really was—Burke's metaphors.

I APOLOGIZED, prospectively, for a desultoriness in dealing with memory which will not always recall its reminiscences in the exact array of dates. The records written on the brain are not set in the same regular order in which Coutts & Co. keep their books. Pounds, shillings, pence, and farthings, comprise summaries much more concise, any amount of which may be drawn out at pleasure. It is not so with the records of the cranium, and therefore an irregularity in the accounts is a necessary consequence. How near is their number to an infinity, and how marvellous is it that the finite can register so largely as it is found to do! Whether memory on the whole affords us most pain or pleasure, it is difficult to

decide. If we left all our friends behind us, when called out of the world, dissolution would be much more painful. The contrary is the case; all is rightly arranged. In age we have survived most of the friends of our youth, and in age we little value what in youth and manhood we highly esteemed. Such appears to the reflecting mind a wise preparation of the God of nature, to detach us from what would else make the prospect of our own departure from existence a scene of fearful apprehension as long as we survived.

When Fox died, it seemed to me as if the House of Commons suddenly became changed. From the very little I saw of Fox and his manner, I then thought, and think still, that he owed all that did an injury to himself to his being wrongly brought up. Nature did every thing for him, discipline nothing. "Man is blood-raw," said an accurate observer of mankind, "until cooked by education and discipline." It is known that his father indulged him to an extent scarcely credible. In society he did not show the spoiled child, it is true, though he often did in his private conduct. He was a man by nature of so kindly a temper and disposition, that it over-ruled the effect of his indulgences. Dr. Parr told me that nature had done her part, and made him so far the best man that ever lived. There was nothing of

the hauteur of Pitt about him—a hauteur that impressed strangers like myself with an unfavourable impression of the man; how such memories come back upon us and interrupt our narrations! There is no overlooking the fact that the impression made by a stranger's first appearance goes no little way towards the future good or ill-opinion we may entertain regarding him, and when that is unfavourable there is no little lee-way to be made up in recovering the lost ground. Fox had a considerable store of reading of all kinds; Pitt was a decent classical scholar, and no more. Fox knew life thoroughly; Pitt knew little of life or books. He entered upon office and was occupied with its cares too early. What can we know of men and things at two or three and twenty? Pitt proceeded upon Walpole's notion that all men had their price. Fox did not judge so harshly of human nature. The speeches of Pitt were masterpieces of eloquence. He had a painstaking orator and great man for a teacher in his father. Pitt was destitute of depth, graceful in delivery, but deficient in knowledge, except of a superficial kind, if the official limit were passed. Expediency was the basis upon which he erected his political fabric, and it fell to pieces from the principle of decay belonging to the nature of all arguments, which rejecting justice rest upon interest or policy. How things changed? Pitt and Fox were

succeeded by Sidmouth and Castlereagh! Fox's manner and utterance were against him on commencing his speeches. Pitt was all grace of manner and perfect in elocution. He did not grow upon the hearer as he proceeded, but with an oratory of the highest order, proceeded equitably to the end of his address, with Belial-like smoothness, and the very perfection of artificial oratory. Fox begun with manner and matter against him, but he rapidly improved as he got into the heat of his argument, now better and better, until he warmed himself into a high degree of eloquence, worthy of Burke's remark, who said he had known him early in life, and that he had risen by slow degrees to be the first debater the world ever saw. No one suspected with his thick figure, mild manner, and general loving-kindness, that he possessed so much power—power with snavity, temper with courage, and the art of making the man beloved, where his political tenets were hated. Could he but have lived to see the triumph of the principles he advocated as the world has seen them since! I often think now—it would have rewarded him far beyond any regret the dislike of his free principles could have caused, in a royal mind remarkable principally for its obstinacy and love of prerogative.

Pitt died, as before stated, just after I arrived in town; of his speaking I can have no personal recol-

Lady Craven's "Lines to a Skull" were in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, if I recollect rightly, and in other publications, perused in my youth. Her works were numerous and fashionable at one time. This lady had seven children by her first husband, one of the Berkley family. She was between fifty and sixty years of age when I met her; our conversation was confined to passing topics. The Margrave of Anspach married her after Lord Craven's decease, sold his German principality, and resided in England as a private gentleman. The Margravine had a house at Hammersmith, in which she kept a private theatre. I believe it was inhabited subsequently by the unfortunate Queen Caroline of Brunswick, and is now pulled down. The Margravine said she was born the same year that the Earl of March won his wager at Newmarket. She alluded to his driving a carriage twenty miles within the hour. Lord March became duke of Queensbury, and died in 1810, at a very advanced age. I remember him fifty years and more ago, sitting out in the balcony of his house in Piccadilly in fine weather. He was born in 1724, and was twenty-six when he ran the carriage. This would make the Margravine about fifty-six, when I saw her, and seventy-eight at her decease. Her memoirs and that of the Margravine of Bareuth, the favourite sister of Frederick the Great of Prussia, are edifying pictures

of the petty German courts and their manners certainly not much mended since, there is very strong reason for believing.

I remember about this time I felt much interested about the law of libel. It will now hardly be credited that I knew of a case in which a man was imprisoned three months and fined fifty pounds, for a libel upon what? The College of Physicians! Not upon an individual, but upon a College, which of course must have sustained some serious injury!—had its feelings hurt according to the judges! Here we have a body of men that profess a “conjectural art,” for physic cannot rank like surgery, and exhibit its doings and undoings, indicting a man for a libel upon a mere name! It is impossible to injure a senseless thing, despite the dicta of the Tresilians of the hour. Human fears will always sustain the physician. He neither is nor can be injured by anything said of a body of professors like himself, if they are not individualized. Individually we have had examples enough of persons subjected to the “chartered libertine,” who might have some ground for proceeding—but a whole college! It would imply a consciousness that Warwick Lane or Trafalgar Square was not *compos mentis*, if such an application to the law courts now prevailed? According to the “perfection of human reason” which ruled at that time, the tripe-sellers’

and catsmeat companies, might complain they too were libelled in their unsavoury or stercoracious professions. At that period it was proclaimed a libel to write anything of which any body chose to complain, and "the greater the truth the greater the libel." But this was a college, a building so called, with a plurality of subscribers for its support, the inmates of which killed or cured people as it happened, in a merely conjectural art. Our judges, moved under the afflatus of what they called "the perfection of human reason," declared it was a libel to cast a censure upon the homicidal edifice where—

"———All stratagems we try
To crowd with new inhabitants the sky;
'Tis we who wait the destinies' command,
To purge the troubled air, and bleed the land;"

To quote an inmate, Garth, who had lashed the college a century before. We find progress here, and how great and important to freedom the intervening changes in the law of libel now so happily effected. One of my earliest literary efforts was upon this topic.*

The case of the Duke of York and Mrs. Clark, which committed the Duke beyond redemption, was brought before Parliament when I was in Town. The

* Recollections. Vol. 1, p. 168. 2nd Edition.

ministers, who had made up their minds to shelter the main delinquent in the way they carried common measures, through their parliamentary power, (it need not now be repeated how that was obtained,) were saved from the ultimate resource by the Duke's resignation of his post. With the ministry, and the ministerial papers, the Duke was immaculate. As usual, the woman got the worst of it, because she was the weaker vessel, and was backed on the whig political side upon that ground. It is impossible, in these days to credit the unblushing falsehoods, and tergiversations of the party press, one writer vituperating the other. It is remarkable how such slavery breeds vice. Now the press is free, no paper on any side would venture on the gratuitous falsehoods of that day put into circulation by one party or the other. The fact was, moving in the shackles of different acts of parliament, and taxed to the border of ruin, the press must necessarily become the slave of some faction for its own support. Had it been free it would not have ventured to have become self-convicted as it was continually, by its negatives or affirmatives, as the wind blew. From the time of Percival's access to office, to the death of Lord Londonderry, it worked with a mill-stone round its neck, and was utterly regardless of anything beyond the motive of the moment. Take up any periodical work, the "Quar-

terly Review," for example, or the "Edinburgh," and mark the mode of treating the character of the same individual at one time, and at another, amounting to a complete proscription of all honest principle. I only mention these reviews because accident exhibited some remarkable instances of the gross and dishonest abuse of persons at one time, not on the ground of literary merit or demerit, but out of party feeling, which at a future time they flatly contradicted. It was the same with all sides. There was a general Southeyad in this respect, but on a ground somewhat different from the laureate's tergiversations—they were prompted in many cases by changes of a character which softened the party acerbity of the time, but did not amount, as with Southey, to an utter unchanging revulsion, a protracted vindictive vituperation of all previously acknowledged sentiments and opinions—in short, a bold apostasy. On the contrary, a better feeling, and a milder and more amiable display of sentiment with whig, tory, and radical, show now that the freedom of the press mollifies party asperities.

To return to the affair of Mrs. Clark—all the ministerial men and papers attacked the woman as extravagant and of low character. As to the first charge, it refuted itself. She had not money to be extravagant upon. The Duke paid nobody; play was his devotion, and gamblers are a proverb for

the want of pence. He was even obliged to use his sister's carriage, lest his own should be seized. He played deeply and recklessly. He was in debt for his house-keeping; and at his death caused ruin among tradesmen. As to Mrs. Clark, the insinuation by Wilberforce, that she was a low vulgar woman, was untrue. The Duke seems to have been the first who kept her. Her conduct when examined before the House proved the statement to be false, though it went at the time uncontradicted. Nor did the advocates of the Duke pay the good taste of his Royal Highness any compliment when they made that a charge against her. How accident revealed years afterwards, the facts of her history, I need not state. I never saw her but in the presence of others, and my object was solely curiosity. The facts relating to her are authentic, and as no one can now be injured by stating what I have known about her, the Duke shall be vindicated from bad taste, and the lady from being as vulgar and low-born a creature as are all those on whom the Bull family desire to pour their utmost obloquy.

I happened to be for a short time in London during the affair. I knew some of the parties concerned, who were members of the House of Commons at the moment the ministerial side declared the Duke innocent of leaving her responsible. Mrs. Clark was charged with disposing of commissions

to eke out her housekeeping, and the whole affair was made known through the Duke's conduct towards this discarded mistress, whom he left in a house to answer for their mutual debts. When the Duke quitted he was bound to bear her harmless, but he was involved in heavy responsibilities in consequence of his infatuation for play, and he had uniformly been extravagant as well as regardless of all pecuniary obligation. He was destitute of capacity, but good natured and affable. He settled an annuity upon Mrs. Clark, when he got tired of her, and left her, not paying either household debts or her annuity. It was in this way that the Duke brought the whole exposure upon himself. Wilberforce, in those days called "St. Wilberforce," however estimable he was as a religious character, had no political conscience, as his coquetry in regard to Pitt proved, since the latter could have abolished the slave trade at a word if he had pleased; yet Wilberforce supported every ministerial measure. Wilberforce said Mrs. Clark "had ruined by her prodigalities those she had fascinated by her charms, until she had passed the morning of her life, when she fell in with the Duke of York." This was not a compliment to the Duke, in all events. It was only not true, however Wilberforce hoped to shield the duke at the expense of his taste. At that time the ministerial papers said Mrs. Clark was a plaisterer's wife; so

they said Napoleon I. was the son of a cobbler, because the accident of birth made with them the distinction between virtue and vice. Left in a house, with debts for mutual housekeeping unpaid, where they had lived together, and her own annuity not paid, Mrs. Clark had to shift for herself, and fence with the creditors for household necessities. All applications to the Duke failed. She was left in distress. She resorted to threats of publishing their correspondence, when other appeals dropped. The Duke paid no active attention to the threat. He could not, for his debts of play had kept him penniless, and he was so accustomed to the position he was in, from that he did not feel the shame from it.

The Prince of Wales, who always loved his brother, and was keenly alive to the position he was in and the effect of the exposure of his character, sent for Lord Moira, and requested him to prevent the publication of the correspondence which was put into the hands of Sir Richard Phillips for the purpose, as a means of raising money. His lordship did not much like to soil his fingers in the affair, but the wish of the Prince of Wales was to him a command. Lord Moira was at Donington, and wrote to a friend from whom I had his letter, and the copy I subjoin made from it by myself.

“Donington, Dec. 3, 1809.

“MY DEAR SIR,—

“I am obliged by the arrangement you have made for the convenience of Mc'Mahon, as well as for the mode of absorbing the bonds in the hands of H——. They seem due to T——on the 28th, and will be duly provided for.

“The trial having been adjourned, I of course remained here. The solicitor intimates that it is to come on before Friday, which would bring me to town on Thursday. Sir R. P—— certainly forgot when he made his affidavit that he made the first advance.

“But he equally forgot that I positively objected to bargaining with Mrs. C——, restricting myself to the ground of pronouncing that ‘the Duke of York shall make good *arrears of annuity*, and pay the *debt left upon her*, on her quitting Gloucester Place, with the concomitant expense of her solicitor’s bill, if she gave up the letters to his Royal Highness.’

“I have the honour to be,

“My dear Sir,

“Your very obedient servant,

“MOIRA.”

Thus, as I have stated, the lady had been in no very pleasant situation. The Duke had left her to

her fate—it mattered not what that fate might be—yet he was called a good-natured man, and in bearing and manner was really so. A woman who is immoral may be unjustly treated. The Duke put an end to the affair by resigning his post of commander-in-chief; and it was a wise step. The House of Commons was then at the command of the minister; the division was “to order,” for in all cases the treasury benches decided. The gravity of history is a farce when it affects to consider the divisions at that time as proofs of any thing but the will of the crown, alias the Minister of the House.

The lady, while pronounced one of the *canaille* by the ministerial papers, was found at the bar of the House of Commons to be “full of grace in her bearing,” and accomplished. Not free from feeling at the mode in which certain persons treated her, and replying to them in their own coin; this and perfect self-possession gave the contradiction at once to her mean origin and education. Not one paper stated the truth about her. I accidentally had twenty or thirty of her letters before me at one time. I read them, and they fully proved she was a woman who had been well educated. Time has removed the passions and prejudices of that period, neither reflecting honour on any of the actors in the scene, nor any advantage, except that the affair pushed up the fortunes of John Wilson Croker, whose acting in

the comedy was not that of the worst performer. Again let it not be supposed I knew the lady; I never coveted the honour or disgrace, whichever it might be.

Mrs. Clark was the daughter of Colonel Frederick, and grand-daughter of Theodore, King of Corsica, whose melancholy fate as well as that of his son need not be repeated here. She had a son, and, I believe, two daughters. Twice or thrice I well recollect seeing her, and one of her daughters. What business Mr. Clark carried on when he married, I never heard, but that he had very scanty means of support was clear, for he accepted at one time a situation in the excise at Dartmouth. As the daughter of Colonel Frederick, Mrs. Clark had been noticed by the Prince of Wales, Lady Jersey, and several persons of distinction before the Duke of York knew her, and she had received money from them in consideration of her misfortunes; perhaps his knowledge of her arose that way. One lady who died left her a hundred guineas in her will, in addition to former gifts. Of her many letters shown to me, one ran as follows, written to the husband of a lady who had befriended her. It shows she was not the poor plaisterer's wife in education, and I publish it to exhibit the falsehood of the party statements about her at the time.

"SIR,

"So innumerable are the obligations my family owe to you, that I really was reluctant to send the inclosed to you, though you politely desired it, as it has an appearance of trespassing too much, where so much has been received, but I trust you will believe me when I assure you that I never had it in idea to ask you to procure a single subscriber, as your former exertions are strongly impressed on my memory. Should you have an opportunity when you see Mr. S——, of mentioning Mr. Clark to him, and the abilities he possesses, you would highly oblige me, as, though Mr. S—— may not have it in his power to procure any thing for him in his office, yet he might hear of some situation under Government that might do, and a place of a hundred and fifty pounds a year would make Mr. Clark most happy, could he but live with his family, for he is now, though perfectly in health and most active, yet declining in life. His character for integrity is such as is seldom to be met with. How troublesome I am to you, more particularly as your occupations are so great. May I entreat you to write to Lord E—— as soon as convenient to you, on the subject of the dedication.

"Believe me to be, with respect and esteem,

"Your most obliged humble servant,

"E. CLARK."

Saturday Morning, 136, New Bond Street.

A prospectus was issued by Hookham, New Bond Street, in 1798, "for the benefit of Colonel Frederick's daughter and children," "Lanthe," dedicated to the Prince of Wales, by Miss Clark, the grand-daughter of Colonel Frederick, son of Theodore, King of Corsica. It then alluded more directly to her grand-father. There was no evidence that I could ever learn of any immorality on Mrs. Clark's part, until the Duke of York met with her; perhaps he heard her spoken of at Carlton House. Mr. Wilberforce, therefore, depreciated her undeservedly.* Whenever we find a falsification of facts, such as took place in this profligate affair, it is a duty to make known the truth. I was at Plymouth at the time the affair began, but accidentally in Town time enough to witness a good portion of it. I did not know much of what I have now stated, until after the affair was over.

The interest of history makes it a duty to set things right that are accidentally or purposely distorted before the world, no matter for the when or where, or how high or low the parties concerned—truth is everything. How is the Chronologist or Historian to record public events, if they are falsely coloured, wilfully distorted, or partially concealed? What

* One daughter of Mr. Clark's married, and had a daughter who now (1862), is a sister of Mercy in Brussels or the Vicinity, into which sisterhood she entered, having a small annuity for her support.

some public characters are, let the life of Bubb Doddington speak—he had not shame enough to be discreet. Time in its lapse, or accident, or the wilfulness of party feeling, will often be successful in falsely colouring or concealing, what without respect of persons should be known to society in the naked truth.

The foregoing was not all the scandal of that moment. Abuses were made known respecting the sale of offices in the patronage of the East India Company, under ministerial influence, but Lord Castlereagh and the borough system of returns carried it triumphantly in the way required. At that time nobody who reasoned regarded the vote of the House as any other than the *sic volo sic jubeo* of the minister; if otherwise, why reform it?

I returned to Plymouth after my short stay in town, and there the Jubilee was celebrated with as much wine and gunpowder as the most devoted loyalty could ask to prove the genuine character of the hilarity. Far more important to mankind at large a thousand times—important to the present and coming ages—was my countryman Davy's discovery this year, of the decomposing power of the electric fluid as modified by galvanism. Old theories vanished, the material of the natural world was narrowed to a few indissoluble bodies which become the forms of all the substances we see by different

proportional combinations, and the sages of the past, with all their wisdom, from Aristotle to that hour, had it clearly demonstrated that their facts were most of them fictions, and some of their fictions facts.

There happened a dispute just then among some friends, relative to the merit of Burke, whose talents no one denied, but the misapplication of which was so obvious. Like many, my superiors in judgment and station, I once thought Burke's sophistry conclusive. His almost rage, in behalf of the French Court, and his deprecation of all but the ancient regime and its abuses, when my seniors cried out "marvellous! marvellous!" I could but echo. I was barely in the maturity of manhood before I found my error. I soon after dared to applaud a passage in reply to him, as eloquent as he ever wrote, which his party therefore banned, and to which he could only give the impotent reply of a threat of prosecution, when he knew, with the king's bench on his side, it would be sent out of court even in those times. Burke had what Lord Castlereagh, in his oratory, would have called a "hydrophobia" against all who dared to assail the old-abusing, oppressive, vicious, and profligate government of France. The crimes committed through the resistance offered to the peaceful solution of the question, had no part in Burke's

vituperation. Vicious or virtuous, he made no exception. He wasted his highest eloquence, and in his anti-popular afflatus abused it even to nonsense. So blindly fierce was his attack that he forgot he was blunting his own powerful weapons. I say nothing of the cause so supported, for who ever doubts the facts may read the history and court memoirs of France, for a century before Burke wrote. Let them truthfully reply. They should read too, Lord Chesterfield's singular prophecy. What has been the result throughout Europe, of Burke's vaticination; and what is the merited fate of the subject of his eulogium, the old French system, with its monarchy and monkery?

The crimes of all the Bourbons, all the sufferings of the people, the profligacy of the court, and the outcries of the nation ground into the dust,—these all went for nothing before the “chivalry” that battered upon them. They might take human victims until all the altars of France reeked with their gore—what was that to the loss of the “chivalry” that thrived in its utmost license, and shone in such perfection among the courtiers and “chaste” beauties of the courts of the three last monarchs of the race of Bourbon!

“Not one glance of compassion—not one commiserating reflection, that I can find throughout his book, has he bestowed on those who lingered out the

most wretched of lives—a life without hope, in the most miserable of prisons. It is painful to behold a man employing his talents to corrupt himself. Nature has been kinder to Mr. Burke than he is to her. He is not affected by the reality of distress touching his heart, but by the showy resemblance of it striking his imagination. He pities the plumage, but forgets the dying bird. Accustomed to kiss the aristocratical hand that has purloined him from himself, he degenerates into a composition of art, and the genuine soul of nature forsakes him. His hero, or his heroine, must be a tragedy victim, expiring in show, and not a real prisoner of misery, sliding into death in the silence of a dungeon.”

I was nearly twenty-two before I considered that reply to Burke. I had been in Doubting Castle before upon the point. How has all this changed now. How the old has passed away, and all the foregoing become like a dream in the night. One hardly knows indeed, whether it were a “dream of a vision in the night, or a reality,” so antagonistic is the present in all respects to the past. Both cannot be right. But as the German poet says, “the past is past,—make a good schoolmaster of it.” No matter: I was bitterly censured for my presumption in assailing the tenets of so clever a man. Can the youth or age of a writer affect the truth of his arguments?

Burke's book surprised my youth from the slavish

tone which pervaded it, when too, I heard one passage extravagantly praised, namely, that about Marie Antoinette. This Austrian lady of no exemplary brood among ruling families, without experience, a mere girl of fourteen, was handed over to the poor, good-natured king. In royal marriages the females may often be denominated "victims to court policy" in violation of the dictates of nature, the young people being thus coupled without affection. This poor child, handsome, untutored in the ways of the world, and given to pleasure (it should be pastime), was thrown in that state and age into one of the most profligate and dissolute courts in Europe, of which, in a year or two she became sole mistress. The royal brothers, particularly Monsieur, were of the most notorious of dissolute men. The effect of such society upon one young, self-willed, and of unformed character, could not be doubted. For several years I continually mingled in France with royalists, republicans, and Bonapartists. The time to which I allude was about a score of years after the death of the poor queen, and the most terrible events of the revolution, and there were some candid men of the royalist party, who did not hesitate to attribute the larger part of the misfortunes of the royal family to Monsieur, and the influence he exercised over the queen, which induced her to prevail on the king to break his public pro-

mises to the people over and over again. Confidence once destroyed engendered suspicion, and could not be restored among a people so circumstanced. I have conversed with persons of all parties. I knew some who had been before the horribly iniquitous and cruel tribunal of the revolution, and they agreed in the main points that Monsieur was the most dissolute man of a court that for a century had been the most profligate in Europe, and that his influence over the Queen was the ruin of the royal family. As to any improper familiarity between the Queen and d'Artois, notwithstanding the Queen's imprudent conduct on many occasions, there was no proof whatever. On the other hand she conducted herself with great thoughtlessness and gave a loose to her fancies, without a reflection upon the actual state of public feeling and the distress of the country.

The well known anecdotes of the Queen's previous disregard of the hazardous circumstances in which she was often placed, as in her having the song, "O Richard, O mon Roi!" sung at a banquet to the soldiery at Versailles, when the people were ready to arm against the court, are well substantiated. She was privy to that escape from Paris subsequently defeated at Varennes. While the preservation of the secret upon which, as she must have known, the security of all depended, was with difficulty kept;

while the friends of the king were on thorns, and every moment's delay hazarded all, the queen would not stir until a quantity of nick-nackery, gewgaws, and other articles had been purchased to take with her, anticipating probably that she might not soon return again to Paris to secure similar trifles. Trivial as the incident was, it showed how incapable of reflection on her position she was at such a moment. It spoke volumes as to other matters. Burke was half-demented when he wrote that rhapsody about the Queen, beginning, "Never lighted on this orb, which she hardly seemed to touch, a more delightful vision. I saw her just above the horizon, decorating and cheering the elevated sphere she just began to move in—glittering like the morning star, full of life, and splendour, and joy."

What a false figure, rhetorically. She is seen upon the earth, hardly seeming to touch it, a delightful vision—she is not therefore the reality. She is seen "*above* the horizon, cheering and decorating the sphere she moves *in*"—moving *in* a sphere above the horizon—what sphere?—the moon?—and alighting upon an orb she hardly appeared to touch, "while in the sphere?" all the time "glittering like the morning star, full of life and splendour and joy." In consequence of the treatment the queen received, "the age of chivalry is gone," extinct, and "the glory of Europe is extinguished for ever!!"

Then he goes on lamenting the age of sophisters, economists, and calculators, that has succeeded, and given England a revenue of £70,000,000 ! The reign of the Bourbon being extinguished, he at once became lacrymose. His Jeremiad for the fallen court was quite touching—never again would be seen the Bastiles, the *lettres de cachet*, the Jesuit confessors, the religious persecutions of Huguenot or Vaudois, no more dragonades or other examples of the virtues of the Bourbon race, never more the slavery of the peasants or their murder on the estates of the princes. Never the sword drawn upon England more, without provocation to aid her rebellious colonies. “Never—never more shall we behold that loyalty to rank and sex, that proud submission, that dignified obedience, that subordination of the heart, which kept alive, even in servitude itself, the spirit of an *exalted freedom* !” Was there ever more sorrow expressed over decayed tyranny, and its “*exalted freedom* ?” Who that had read the crimes of the last three Bourbons, but must have laughed outright at this bombast ? Even Louis XVI. had his Bastille prisoners, and had just before made war upon England, without the slightest reason, in the sole hope to do her a mischief. What was England’s people compared to the Bourbon sovereign ? Let ten thousand swords fly from their scabbards to avenge the lady “in the sphere,” and outside at the same time.

Here was all "the melancholy madness of poetry without the inspiration." Here was rhetorical sorrow—the tearful apologist of despotism and vice, pleading for a system that need not be described. All who have read the male and female memoirs and histories of France well know the debasing profligacies of its courts.

I quoted a few lines in reply, characterised as treasonable at that time. Who can believe that fact now? We must take our best lessons from the past. Let us look at the state of England now, casting behind all such idle rhapsodies as those of Burke and his denunciations. Did the sovereign, the nobles, or the people here, attain such a degree of wealth and power, as they at present enjoy, by acting on the reverse principles to those Burke extolled, or did they not? By carrying out wise and popular measures, and, in place of bolstering up despotism, leaving it to its merited doom. That was evidently the course to pursue, and we pursue it now—when was the throne so firm, so deservedly honoured, or the government so enlightened?"

CHAPTER VIII.

Parliamentary reform agitated—Horne Tooke—Francis Burdett—Meetings at Colonel Bosville's—Welbeck Street—Clifford, Jones, James, Burdett, Clive, Walsley, Thelwall, Paull—Letters of Burdett—Major Cartwright—Anecdote of Sir C. Wolseley—Moir and Sheridan—Disagreement with old friends—Lord Moira's letter—Lord Boringdon's motion—Threat to myself—Perceval's attempt to rule the press—Threatened charge of libel—Copy of the passage—George Hanger, Lord Coleraine, letters of, to a mutual friend.

THE result of the later elections was one powerful means of increasing the cause of parliamentary reform, when such proceedings as those just related were continually passing. There could be no doubt of the necessity of such a step. The minister could always purchase seats, and by the places in his gift in addition secure a majority. If his measures were bad, his place was still secure. The silent question had not been lost in the popular mind. The prosecution of the advocates of reform was like the shedding the blood of martyrs, in that it only strengthened the cause, though every step that could be taken was used to stifle opinion, and very harmless meetings

were called "seditious." They were no longer "jacobinical principles" that were persecuted, they were superseded by those for reform. Pitt had supported the latter and then become their enemy—how could the purchasable seats be spared?*

Thus the question had slumbered, been awakened, and rendered more necessary, than in Pitt's time, because his successors were men of little talent and perfectly unscrupulous.

In 1801 the celebrated Horne Tooke had been expelled the House of Commons because he had been educated for the church—that was the plea. The antagonist of the immortal Junius was no common man. He was shrewd, clever, and of unshaken nerve as was proved on the effort made by the Government to hang, draw, and quarter him. The crown lawyers were baffled. Meetings held for reform were made seditious. Again after Tooke's acquittal the question did not slumber. He gave dinners to staunch friends of the measure, mostly men of influence and wealth, or of sterling principle. Colonel Bosville, of Welbeck Street, and Sir Francis Burdett, followed

* Many of my own sentiment trusted me because I was under obligations to none of them, but they to me. It was not in my nature to betray confidence. Many men in office little knew what I knew of them and their doings, and what I still know, though nearly all my friends have passed away—none could charge me with betraying them. I have known secrets of the privy Council, not long after it had been held, that the newspapers would have been happy to obtain at any price.

the example. The party thus mentioned, or some of their friends, had been in communication with Lord Moira and were thus indirectly connected with Fox, Grey, and others, the supporters of the same question in the House of Commons. I joined the same political principle in my editorships.

In Welbeck Street earlier, even before the treaty of Amiens, Sir F. Burdett, Horne Tooke, Major James, C. Clifford, Sir C. Wolesley, Major Cartwright, Mr. Clive, Colonel Jones, T. Thelwall, and others, had met frequently. Paull, who subsequently fought a duel with Burdett, was a later member, who ultimately, having exhausted his fortune, destroyed himself. These were some of the guests who met there and kept up the spirit of the question for years. A note of Tooke's in my possession, relating to one of these early dinners, addressed to a friend of his own—to go back a little—(his dinners were given at Wimbledon, and Burdett's in Piccadilly), ran as follows :—

“ Wimbledon, Jan. 25, 1805.

“ MY DEAR SIR,

“ If the weather and my health will permit me, I mean to fast with our good friend Bosville, on the 20th of February. I trust I shall see you there, to perform the same religious ceremony, when I will give you a draft for the sum mentioned in

your note. If I had any safe mode of conveyance, you should have it sooner; but I am unable to stir, and the cold weather keeps all my friends from me whom I could employ upon such a business. You have had a great deal of trouble for me, and I never shall forget your kindness, and the obligations I have to you.

“ Believe me,

“ Very sincerely your friend and servant,

“ J. HORNE TOOKE.

Tooke died in 1812. The following two letters of Sir F. Burdett relate to Tooke's works, after his decease, and will be read with interest by those who are attached to the history of one whose name in our literature cannot die, if only on account of the “Diversions of Purley,” and his rejoinders to Junius, in the contest with whom many think he did not come off very ill. It would appear that Burdett had secured possession of all his books which contained notes or remarks. The following notes, now first made public, show this, though the fact might not have been bruited at the time. I never was acquainted with Tooke, as with most of the others, at that time, the forlorn hopes of Parliamentary reform. I was not formed for mingling in

crowds, for harangues, and those means of stirring a question generally adopted; but I was connected with a mode, perhaps, if less ostensible, much more enduring. I never was a lover of mobs, but fought hard for the same political rights for all householders who were responsible to taxation.

“Oxford, June 3, 1813.

“DEAR SIR,

“I did not know Tooke had left any manuscripts; I understood the trade were to buy the Dictionary; I gave orders to buy for me all books with manuscript notes, except the Dictionary. I wished the trade to have that, as we should have had a new edition. About the poor Frenchman, wou'd it be improper to write to the D. of S.? I enclose his case.

“Yours sincerely,

“F. BURDETT.”

“Oxford, August 16, 1813.

“Dear Major,

“My silence proceeds from my not knowing what to say. The Dictionary will be a mere matter of curiosity, and, as it will not come to me as Mr. Tooke intended (I mean in the manner), I care less about it: so do as you think best. Jerry

Joyce* is a very good fellow, but knows as much about books as about Heaven. I am literally unable to make an offer—I wish the new edition had come out as Sidmouth proposed. The Patriots are very unreasonable, if they find fault with S. P. Throckmorton. Remember me to Bosville.

“Yours sincerely,

“F. BURDETT.

“Major James.”

The cause thus advocated, notwithstanding the animosity of the different ministers to parliamentary reform, gradually gained ground. Small parties scattered over the kingdom, discussed the subject privately, but in the metropolis not one was more remarkable than that to which I have before alluded as meeting in turn at Horne Tooke's, at Wimbledon, in Welbeck Street, and elsewhere. It consisted of men of mark who acted upon conviction, who will not be as readily forgotten as their opponents.

Colonel Bosville, the son of Godfrey Bosville, of Thorpe Hall, and Gunthwaite, in Yorkshire, was a remarkable man on many accounts. He possessed a large fortune; was of a family that claimed to

* Joyce died in 1816, he was prosecuted for high treason, with Tooke, Thelwall, and Hardy. He had been domestic tutor in Lord Stanhope's family, and his lordship gave a splendid entertainment to him on his escape from those who sought his life. He was editor of several useful works, and was bred a dissenting clergyman.

reckon from the conquest; had estates in Yorkshire and Northumberland; and was by descent connected with the Bosville who sat upon the trial of Charles I. He was born in 1745. In early life he was a cadet at Woolwich; became an ensign in the Coldstream Guards, served abroad in Germany, in the seven years' war, and in the unnatural war with America, until his health failed. He was then permitted to return home. Here he found his long active service of no recommendation to advancement in the army, for while he was absent, the hangers-on of the court at home alone obtained promotion. After seventeen years of service, the larger part of the time abroad, he was still a subaltern in the guards. He therefore resigned, and made a tour of Europe. He visited Africa and the West Indies, and returning home, devoted himself to literary study. He was in France in 1789, when the revolution broke out, and imbibed there a hatred of all arbitrary power. He became a member of the club called the Quatre-vingt-neuf, in commemoration of the capture of the Bastille, and afterwards a member of the corresponding society in London, and also of that for Constitutional Reform. His acquaintance with Horne Tooke commenced on the acquittal of the latter in 1795, when a subscription of some friends of Tooke, to render him independent, took place; and some hundreds of pounds being still wanting to

make up the sum, over and above his own subscription, he gave a check for the whole money deficient. He supported Burdett and Byng, at considerable cost, against Mainwaring, in Middlesex, which cemented a friendship that closed only with Bosville's death, in 1813. He kept an open table for his friends.

Of Sir Francis Burdett, so well known to the public, little need be said. He was one of the most steady reformers of his day, never losing sight of the great question until it was carried. His desertion of free principles, in his advanced age, and going over to the anti-reform ranks, surprised the whole country. Perhaps his faculties in some respect failed him before his decease, for he is said to have had recourse for the purpose of health to the nostrums of some of the numerous quacks, that for ever amuse or injure those who seek benefit at their hands. Yet it is doubtful whether it was not notoriety he had sought, in place of being moved by principle. Of this I think there is some fear. When Colonel Bosville was ill, Sir Francis (in 1813, December 5th), wrote to a friend from Oxford, "I received both letters this morning. I happened to open the bad account first, and sent off instantly for a post-chaise. Before it arrived, however, I read your second letter, and can hardly describe the joy it occasioned. I felt like a man who had suddenly recovered an invaluable treasure, after

having lost it, without entertaining such a hope.”

How well and feelingly expressed! Again Sir Francis wrote—Jan. 1814. :—

“I long to have a good talk with you upon the subject of poor Bosville. I never thought anything about him could have been problematical; when I come to town we must have a dinner together on purpose.” Bosville had all at once changed his opinions!

On December 31st, 1813, Sir Francis wrote to Major James.

“I never read anything with more interest or more surprise than your last. What creatures we are! The reflection almost makes me wish myself safely dead, before I have time to do myself disgrace.

“If there was anything unchangeable in principle upon earth, I thought it was our late friend. Alas, alas, poor human nature; his change appears to me like a second fall of man! What? is it really impossible for constancy and integrity to adorn wretched man? His death I lament; but this mortifies me. The remark upon Lord M——’s bond is as unaccountable to me as the disposition of the legacies. That he was an excellent man, a long life full of benevolence, sufficiently testifies; and the weaknesses* of

* How very remarkable is this passage in reference to Burdett himself!

age are to be lamented, not blamed. But it makes one tremble to think *what one may oneself come to*. Well, peace and respect to his ashes! I have a high opinion of Godfrey; and a strong persuasion that I contributed a good deal towards his being made Bosville's heir; at least it will not surprise me.

"I am glad Mackintosh has an eye on Westminster. He is a man of ability, and it may make him useful.

"Adieu bien triste,

"Yours, &c., &c.,

"F. BURDETT."

Under date May 24th, 1814, or five months afterwards, Sir Francis, in reply to an observation about Mr. Bosville, said:—"Bosville was too good a man not to be regretted, and his loss soon felt. As to his opinions, if they changed, his motives were honest, and no man is answerable for a real change of opinion. It is the interested pretence that is disgusting!"

It is to be hoped that the same charity may be honestly extended to Sir Francis, and that his real change of opinion, the resignation of his old belief and abandonment of the principles of reform for which alone he could claim public notice, had a conscientious foundation. I wondered then—I am now too old to wonder at anything men say or do. Some are useful from vanity, others for profit, but few like

Sir Francis destroy the foundation upon which alone their public estimation was erected, thus cancelling the credit of a whole life—"damned to everlasting fame," for so openly contradicting in their dotage, all by which they had claimed notice while living. What were the motives of Sir Francis? One of the old Welbeck Street party, Sir Charles Wolseley several years after the reform bill passed, wrote to me in the country, on Burdett's election for Westminster in the Tory interest. "This affair of Burdett has, *entre nous*, been a great blow to us here, and the Westminster Jackasses are the cause. What folly it was to *force* Burdett at such a moment, on the eve of a supposed dissolution! when the Tories were on the spot, with their wives and daughters, all ready for mischief; at a moment when commerce was bad, and people becoming bankrupt; all greedy after customers, and very naturally so. It has shown up the fearful minority we are in. Only three thousand whigs, radicals, and reformers, among the electors of Westminster! We now see the effect of such men as Mr. Harvey having divided as it were the English from the Irish and O'Connell; and still they call themselves politicians, forsooth. Certainly very impolitic ones! Burdett is a renegade, but no dotard. He knew what he was about, with Sir G. Murray's committee in full force, for the Jackasses to stir the pot at

such a time, instead of forming themselves into a committee, to secure his defeat at a general election !”

Another of the party at the dinners of Tooke, Burdett, Bosville, and their friends, was Major James, a native of Warwickshire, an officer of zeal and ability. He was perhaps the most actively useful of the party, in keeping its members in action, and not permitting their communications to flag. He was also a man of letters, having written on the French Revolution, in a tone much more moderate and impartial than Burke, and with less of partisanship than Mackintosh, having had the advantage over both of mingling several times among the actors in that terrific, but inevitable tragedy. He pursued the course of extenuation. He was the more immediate communicant with Lord Moira, and the party of the Prince of Wales, and the whigs. He visited, corresponded, and kept from falling out of the circle, the more idle and dilatory members of a small body of individuals who combined to preserve alive popular freedom. He was French secretary to Earl Moira, while he was Master General of the ordnance, and served the same office under the Earl of Chatham. He was author of the *Military Dictionary*, and of several military and political tracts of great practical utility, exhibiting acuteness, and a strong feeling for the interests of his country.

Major Cartwright, the zealous friend of reform, was often one of the party. I have no relic of him but the following, to rectify a mistake about the Hampden Club.

“26th May, 1812.

“DEAR SIR,

“The Society of Friends of Parliamentary reform has no connection with the Hampden Club.

“Nevertheless I presume many will be members of both; as both are likely to promote the cause, namely, the society, by having nothing exclusive, and being the natural nucleus of a national union; and the club as calculated to attract into it the *lofty ones*, who have as yet only a superficial notion of some reform being expedient, and who, by getting into that club, with such men as Sir Francis Burdett, Mr. Fawkes, your humble servant, and many other sincere friends of the cause, may gradually discover the necessity of radical reform.

“Yours truly,

“J. CARTWRIGHT.

“P.S.—That you may not have too violent a prejudice against the club, I have to add that no fewer than thirty-five of them are also members of the society, on the principle of uniting themselves with every society to which they are eligible, in which

they can aid the cause. But still the club and the society, as distinct bodies, have no connection; although it is much to be hoped they may always harmonize in pursuit of their common object—radical reform.”

The old Major's party had been called radicals, and the Tory party, while the whigs looked sage at their offshoot, sneered at the appellation, until the present Lord Broughton, when in the House of Commons, neutralized the name, by openly declaring his adoption of it, saying, “I am a radical—a radical reformer!”

Paull, who had once sat in parliament for Westminster, was one of the original party, but his duel with Burdett terminated his connection with it; and no great while afterwards, his suicide terminated his career. I well recollect his person—a little man in blue and buff—slightly marked with the small-pox.

Sir Charles Wolseley, of Wolseley Hall, in Staffordshire, was a zealous member; and so was his relative, Clifford; also Colonel Jones, of the Guards; and Thelwall, the orator. I cannot recall every name. Sir Charles' was one of the oldest families in the kingdom. I remember a good story told, many years afterwards, of him, or rather, by him. He was imprisoned about 1819 or 1820, for what was called a seditious speech, made at Stockport.

His being found guilty was a matter of course, in the then state of the Jury law; when the sheriff or deputy chose the jury, a system to which Peel put an end afterwards. He was sentenced to eighteen months' imprisonment in Abingdon Jail, under Lord Castlereagh's administration. All jails being the king's, the judges pretended they might imprison where they pleased. Thus, for a libel or seditious speech in Cornwall, they might imprison in Northumberland, "for all jails were the king's!" Truth being a libel, an individual had in those times to expect vengeance from the bench, not justice. The effect was to increase the indignation of prisoners confined for no moral offence, against those who thus abused their position. Wanton oppression is suicidal. Of the feeling thus generated, and the disrespect for law which the abuse of it engenders, the following is a humorous proof. Sir Charles said:—

"Three days after I had been imprisoned, at six o'clock in the morning, I was awakened by a great rapping at my door. I said:—

" 'Who is there?'

"The gaoler answered, 'It is I, sir.'

" 'Come in, Mr. Walker. What is it? what is the matter?'

" 'Why, sir, there is a gentleman from the Lord Chancellor (Eldon) wishes to speak with you.'

“‘What?’ said I, ‘they want to have my head off next. Tell him to call when I get up, at nine o’clock.’

“‘Oh, sir, the gentleman wishes, if possible, to return to town by the early coach at seven o’clock.’

“‘Oh, in that case,’ I replied, ‘he must excuse my receiving him in my dressing-gown—show him up.’

“The gentleman appeared, parchment in hand, with the Privy Seal of England dangling to it, which he somewhat pompously put into my hands.

“‘Well, sir, what is this?’

“‘Oh, sir, read it.’

“‘No, it cannot concern me much, now I am here. Pray you read it.’

“‘No; well, sir, it is a *supersedeas*.’

“‘But, sir, I am not a bit the wiser, for I cannot conceive how it applies to me.’

“‘Well, sir, it is to take your name out of the commission of the peace!’

“Upon this I put my arms a-kimbo, and asked him if it were really possible that Lord Eldon, at the public expense, had sent him all the way down on purpose to put that silly document into my hands.

“‘Yes, sir.’

“ ‘Why, then, give my compliments to Lord Eldon, and tell him what you saw me do with his great seal,’ and I flung it before his face into a certain nameless vessel. Well, all three, gaoler, messenger, and myself, burst into a loud laugh. I added, ‘I hope no offence to you, sir; you are only the bearer; but pray remember my compliments to his Lordship.’ ”

Sir Charles never was restored. He said he did not care about it, except that some fool might say it was a slur upon him. Lord Talbot, the Lord-Lieutenant of the County, said he would do it with pleasure, but a higher authority, the Lord Chancellor, had by his own act taken the power from him, and ought to restore it. I had this from himself at Wolseley. He used often to ride over to see me, and, expressing a wish to be introduced to the Right Hon. C. P. Villiers, he came over to my house, and met him at breakfast.

Whatever may be said by the Tories, about the men who thus kept Reform alive, and boldly persevered in the front of obloquy and penalties, we owe to them, by the Reform Bill, our present advanced state—a reformed government, and Lord Palmerston’s wise system of non-intervention with the continental rulers, to support them against their people, and uphold despotic rule.

After 1823 or 1824 a change was gradually introduced in regard to prosecutions for pretended seditious speeches and libels, whether Whig or Tory were in office. Lord Castlereagh, the inveterate foe of freedom and of the press, was no more, and Canning became minister. It is said, however, that the freedom of the press was more immediately indebted for its amelioration to Copley, the Tory attorney-general, who had the sense not possessed by his predecessors, Whig or Tory, to see the folly, dishonesty, and inutility of such prosecutions as officials with less expanded minds had pursued, for the gratification of ministerial antipathies, or "the benefit of the bag." It is a pleasure to record and do justice to this good step on the part of one so intellectually favoured. Nor was it as regarded the press alone. Whig or Tory in office, from the date of Lord Londonderry's decease, the nation has continued to amend.

The mind of man, conscious of no moral wrong, but of right and reason, cannot be subjugated by law tools—the Tresillians, or Ellenboroughs, or Eldons of the political hour. Their days are past. Who constituted the lawyer, by *ipse dixit*, the judge of political or religious truth? Lawyers are fallible men, out of a narrow-minded profession, and yet in those times they set themselves up to limit

immortal mind, and dictate the expression of "the thoughts that wander through eternity." How changed for the better are these things now, compared to what I remember them when in the prime of manhood; and yet there is a large and influential party in this country, lachrymose over the loss of those times as well as of the dark ages, who, ashamed of their name of old, have christened themselves "conservatives."

It was about this time the noted letter from the Prince Regent appeared, addressed to the Duke of York, which caused Lord Boringdon to call the attention of the House of Lords to it, recommending a change of the ministry. There was reason to believe that the prince had "secret" advisers. The particular friends of the Regent, it will be remembered, men in the opposition too as Lord Moira and Sheridan, disapproved what their old friends had advocated, namely, Catholic emancipation being brought forward at that time, because the regent disapproved of it altogether. It was openly stated that minions and favourites had their influence upon the occasion. One or two of the Regent's friends looked upon others of their party, opposed to them, as binding the prince's free agency, and both Lord Moira and Sheridan were of that opinion as confirming this *on dit*, the following letter of one of

the number who had been among those denominated the "Prince's friends," seems conclusive. It has not been before published.

"Holkham, March 26th, 1812.

"DEAR SIR,

"I agree with you that nothing can be more impolitic than the conduct of the Opposition. They are shutting the door against the prince's return to the exercise of his judgment; an event which the growing pressure of circumstances was likely to produce very shortly indeed.

"You say that Lord Palmerston's conduct respecting H—— is very unaccountable. But is not that of the Duke of York more so after the decisive steps which he had taken, and which are now left without conclusion? I will write again to you on the subject.

Poor Sir J. E——'s misfortune gives me real concern. I dined in company with him at the Britannia Lodge, on Wednesday of last week, and he seemed perfectly cheerful.

"I have the honour to be,

"My dear Sir, &c.,

"MOIRA."

The influence of the Duke of York upon his brother in regard to the Catholic question cannot be doubted, though by politicians it was not much thought of at the moment. The intellectual ability of

the Prince Regent was much superior to that of his brother, which was low enough in the scale, and many people in consequence did not reckon so much upon it as they should have done. It was spoken of in the political circle to which my friend had access, as a certain fact.

It was evident, to return to the proceeding in 1812, that the Prince of Wales like princes in general had no idea of deciding a point by pure reason. He was opposed to Catholic emancipation because his brother was so, and his father had been so too, and those might be courtly reasons, but were not reasons powerful enough for one in his royal Highness's position?

Several persons proposed to get up a petition in favour of the measure at Plymouth, and I wrote Lord Boringdon to that effect, but his lordship replied he thought it better not to hazard a defeat, as there would naturally be a strong party against it. Percival was minister. Some of the stamp distributors in different parts of the country reported to the Government who were, and who were not, its friends upon this question. A magistrate of the county let me into the secret. I had supported a measure in the paper that the minister disapproved, and the first step taken was to deprive me of the Government advertisements, always a column and sometimes two. After I had expended on the concern

more than it was worth, thrice over, and just as it began to show a balance on the right side after four years' outlay and toil, the property was thus assailed by one of the greatest enemies of the press, and of freedom everywhere, that England ever saw—a man of confined intellect, and capable of any political dishonesty, as his conduct to Queen Caroline showed. He was a bigot too in religion.

I complained in vain. I had been exceedingly moderate in what I had said, and was told I ought not to support the measure at all, as it was one the ministry disapproved. I replied that I had never opposed the ministry, I had been strictly neutral. Upon one single question alone had I ventured to state that the course recommended I believed was erroneous. The advertisements were never restored. It was late in the evening, at Salteam, in Devonshire, when Mr. Canning was there upon a visit, and I happened to be a guest at the same time. The ladies had retired; I think there were not more than five or six gentlemen present; among them was Sir Robert Calder. I can recollect that I stood leaning against a very fine table, which produced the remark from Lord Boringdon addressed to myself, that it had been a present from the celebrated Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, to his great aunt, Lady Catherine

Parker. We had been speaking of the Duchess. Lord Boringdon took Mr. Canning aside, and told him how I had been served. The result was, as I have stated in my "Recollections," that Mr. Percival was the minister into whose department all matters of finance fell, and that to apply to him on any point in which the Catholic question or its supporters were favoured, would subject himself (Mr. C.) to a flat refusal, which he should not like to receive at Mr. Percival's hands. He should be happy to serve me in any other department of the government where he had interest. Such was the bigotry of the minister, who obtained his post by the unfeeling abandonment of his royal and defenceless client.

This conversation which Lord Boringdon stated to me afterwards made me at once an open opponent of the ministry in my little way. Lord Boringdon gave notice of a motion in the House of Lords respecting a letter from the Prince Regent to Lords Grey and Grenville, which he assumed to be authentic. The Wellesleys, I wrote, had done nothing to deserve a dismissal from the cabinet. The Marquis Wellesley, whatever might be the opinion of his conduct in India, would have infinite wrong done him as a statesman to place him in comparison with Lords Sidmouth and Castlereagh. We might as

well compare Wellington as a soldier with those heroes of the ministry, Dalrymple or Burrard, sent to supersede him in Portugal.

When I was treated as I have stated, and the liberty of the press threatened, I determined to retaliate as far as I might, and I wrote among other articles the following, which no one would think in the present time so insufferable. I should have been tame-spirited indeed if I had crouched beneath the lash. Except perhaps that "it was unusual in a large garrison town to see people so defiant," so I was informed. The magistrate whom I have before mentioned, and who knew all that went on in relation to the county at head-quarters, told me the attorney-general had been consulted about filing an *ex-officio* information against me for the accompanying passage, or rather the latter part of it, and that I had had a narrow escape. Would what I have thus copied be called a libel now?

"How surprising, then, after the experience of ages, to discover this system still pursued, and the seeds of disunion scattered at home with no unsparing hand. Petitions from one-fourth of the inhabitants of the United Kingdom, for religious toleration, the inherent rights of man, when such toleration may not be injurious to society, are paid no farther attention to, than by merely being suffered to lie on the table. On Tuesday, on the motion

of the Earl of Donoughmore, the Catholic Question came before the House of Lords, seconded by the Duke of Sussex, in a most eloquent and forcible speech. Marquis Wellesley spoke strongly in support of the motion, with every argument of policy and justice; but had 'accents that might have awakened the dead, been spoken,' they would have been unavailing against ministerial influence. Holding as we do the sentiments of Lords Grey and Grenville, on this important point—the sentiments for holding which, Marquis Wellesley has seceded from the cabinet—we cannot but applaud a line of conduct, which we are convinced from principle, from reason, and from justice, is the only one to be pursued, by which the welfare of these kingdoms can be promoted, and on which even our existence depends. Without the satisfaction of the Irish, 'Ireland will be lost to us for ever,' and we believe there are none idiotic enough to assert that this is a matter of small moment to Englishmen.

"It is laughable to see the assertion of the Prince still being friendly to catholic emancipation, so often averred in defiance to the dictates of reason and of common sense;—if he be so, why does he not support their claims by the influence he has acquired in the state; why does he not by some means or other show the 'country, that his eyes are open to its interest in this respect;' we sincerely believe that

the Prince cares little about the matter, and thinks less. It surely is a species of double dealing, to say no worse of it, when a person professes one thing, and at the same time acts diametrically opposite to what he professes. It is in the power of the Prince, consistently with his alleged professions, to effect catholic emancipation—why has he not done it?”

It was then I determined to return to London, which I had left much against my wish, as I supposed only for a short period. Soon afterwards, and before I could effect my purpose, Mr. Percival was assassinated, but I had taken steps to leave my post the moment I could dispose of the property for the fifth of what had been expended upon it.

When almost in *articulo mortis* by the most atrocious of violent deaths, Mr. Percival had persevered in doing that covertly, which he did not avow to the world. I have before shown, elsewhere,* how, in comparison with Pitt, he had overrun all reason. The latter in twenty-two years prosecuted the press fourteen times, the former forty times in three years! amid all the confusion of the French Revolution, and much domestic disturbance. Pitt filed few *ex-officio* informations. Percival, to hold the press *in terrorem*, had continually filed them, the larger part of which were not brought to trial. He did this not only to over-awe the existing press,

* See “Recollections,” Vol. I. p. 16. Second edition.

but to discourage fresh publications. He went further. He sent to the printers, or rather newspaper printers' agents in London, who were paid by a percentage upon all the advertisements they despatched to the country papers from London, to ask if an increase on the stamp and advertisement duty would not be a feasible plan to increase the revenue. The agents jumped at an affirmative, because an increased duty augmented the amount of their remittances in advertisements to the country, and consequently of their percentages. This was all the minister wanted, and no doubt knew from his practice on circuit. The proprietors of papers were never consulted, and an additional tax of sixpence was laid on, or three shillings and sixpence upon each advertisement, and fourpence in place of threepence for each stamp, the latter being one penny additional. Now fifty advertisements at seven shillings paid eight pounds fifteen shillings duty. Thus the crown took in duty on five hundred papers (a sale in those times not attained very often for years) no less than seventeen pounds eight shillings. The duty for the stamps was to be paid in by the stationer in London beforehand, and then to be despatched two, three, or four hundred miles by coach or waggon, having the carriage to add to those duties as well as the value of the paper—say two pounds one and eightpence for the latter prepaid. The papers, really

to discourage the circulation, thus to be raised to sevenpence, very naturally fell off. Out of the threepence left by the stamp taxation, the sum of one penny went for the paper, besides the carriage, and another penny to the agent or your own clerk collector's salary. Thus a bare penny was left on a circulation of five hundred, or two pounds one shilling and eightpence profit, and supposing the advertisements, credit being given, and collection included, to reach a profit of four shillings each, a sum is left for printing, house-rent, editor, and all expences, of seven or eight pounds only per week. I took down from London three men at a guinea and a half, and one as printer at two guineas, or six pounds sixteen and sixpence per week. Now it became a work of years to raise a paper at sevenpence, and to obtain advertisements sufficient to pay. This was well known to the minister, who with Lord Castlereagh, were the greatest enemies freedom of every kind ever had in this country. Those ministers were right or wrong. If they were right, Lord Palmerston's administration is wrong; the flourishing state of the revenue, the highly prized character of the sovereign, the course of free trade and reform, the peaceful suffering of the poor cotton weavers, so nobly borne, and the general liberality of feeling and greater amenity of manner, are all adverse to the national benefit. Who will dare to

assert our present state to be wrong, and that to which I am referring to have been right? Let it be remembered too that the excuse of war and danger could not be pleaded for years. Until Mr. Canning came into power the same system continued, and since then, whig or tory in office, we have not seceded to the old state of ministerial "vigour," which then meant arbitrary power *de facto*, nor have we been subjected to the same inveterate imbecility in political judgment as marked the times to which I allude, and in acting in opposition to which this nation has been continually increasing in power and wealth, without wrong to the crown, violence to the individual subject, or to constitutional law.

I have thus enabled the reader to form some idea of what difficulties the press had to encounter, in bygone time, compared to the present. Half a century past, and now in an era of comparative ease and comfort, in the freest position consistent with personal and national security, we are apt, in the pressing engagements of the passing day, and the expectations of to-morrow, to forget the events of the past, and not imbibe the lessons they afford for our future guidance and advantage. Neither Addington, Percival nor Castlereagh, could hold the place of a present prime-minister, if refraining from a movement with the times; no, not for a month. The present observations are drawn from a long

active life in years never to return ; if they be truth, though seldom welcome for their own sake because they are so, they should be remembered.

Among a few who were connected with the Prince of Wales, or rather, with his party, and also with that of Tooke, the so-called radicals, there was a species of intermediates, there was Earl Moira and Sheridan, and an odd rather than a wise man, George Hanger, Lord Coleraine. He had a sufficiency of the aristocratical feeling about him, not to go the full length of the tether. He was not of Bosville's and Burdett's parties, or very rarely. He was well-known in his day for an original humour, which spared neither friend nor foe. Sometimes he would ridicule the Prince's friends, or the Prince himself, and sometimes the radicals ; continuing the good friend of all but the Castlereagh and Liverpool party. I here give two of his letters,* which are sufficient to paint the man. One, if not both, was addressed to Major James, before mentioned, a jocose hit at Colonel Bosville's dinner parties. The second is one of his dry hits at his friend because he happened to be educated at St. Omer's. Methinks I see him now, riding his pony along Pall Mall ; one of those characters that marked

* One letter has appeared before, from the present writer, connected with a different subject, in one of the best ordered of our magazines, the *Dublin University*.

the generation, at a time men were not ashamed of appearing in their natural character. Some of the singularities of Hanger have been here and there detailed, at different times, in various publications. He had no affectation about him; "How are you, old fellow!" was his general address. His phraseology was by no means choice; and he had something to say in his dry way about everybody. Thus, when Pitt found a member in opposition inclining to come over, he used to ask him to dine, and submit him to the influence of his after-dinner eloquence. Whenever it was said that a doubtful M.P. had dined with Pitt, or got an invitation only, Hanger would exclaim, "The rat-trap is set again at the Pitfall; is the bait *place* or *paper*?"

"MY DEAR CHARLES,

"I forgot this was New Year's Day. I hear there is a good assembly of characters from which your absence cannot by any means be dispensed with, to assemble at Colonel Bosville's, to meet Messrs. Cobbett, Gale Jones, Boney, and Frost. The first bishop that is to be made under the new regime, my old friend parson East, after giving you all a sacrament at dinner, and an appropriate *oath*, will finish the evening service with a sermon; the text taken from the Song of Solomon: chap. 8.; v.

8. You surely have not forgotten Captain Morris's song, made on Billy Pitt ?

“ ‘ He went to Daddy Jenky,
By Trimmer Hall attended;
Good lack ! in such sweet company,
How his morals must be mended !
Bow, wow, wow ! ’

“ The foregoing verse is very applicable to you, and those *respectable gentlemen* above mentioned. Four more worthy characters are not to be found in any country. You know in what esteem I hold them. I hope this will never be your fate. However, should it be, I will both write and cry your dying speech and piety in your last moments. It is your duty *now*, I think, to make an appointment with me, and to keep it.

“ As ever most friendly, yours,

“ 1st Jan., 1813.

G. H.”

“ I think the last line of Morris's song was applicable to Lord Moira* when he dined at Lord Liverpool's cabinet dinner, thus altered :—

“ He went to Master Jenky,
By Castlereagh attended;
Good lack, in such *good* company,
How his morals must be mended !
Bow, wow, wow ! ”

* Just appointed Governor General of India.

“MY DEAR SIR,—

“I cannot refrain from writing respecting a paragraph in the paper which has given me pleasure beyond expression. ‘Louis XVIII. has sent six hundred livres to several churches in Paris, to pay for masses to be said for the soul of Labeledoyère,* who was lately executed.’ O, the bigot! In Heaven’s name, when will all bigoted superstitious ceremonies cease, and the true worship of one God be established? You, *I know for certain*, if of any religion, are a Roman Catholic. You know it was only a few years ago that I found that out. Yet I am certain you have too much good sense to believe in transubstantiation, and in the ass on which Christ rode into Jerusalem, walking over the Mediterranean sea, and up the middle of the river into Verona where the bones are shown to this very day and sworn to by the priests. The flight through the heavens of the Virgin Mary’s house to Loretto—*præ pudor!* When will these wretched and wicked follies cease? I hear Louis XVIII. has sent the Prince Regent the order of the Holy Ghost. This is a sovereign remedy (said to be) against all

* The handsomest man in France; shot by the Bourbons, for joining Napoleon, on his return from St. Elba. Laurels were planted round his grave by the ladies of Paris. Louis sends him to the grave and then affects to save his soul!

calamities and misfortunes. However, it did not save Louis XVI. from the guillotine.

* * * * *

“I forgot to tell you something that will make you laugh. When my boy, John, was appointed to a place in the Custom House, they sent for the register of his birth and christening. It came out that he had never been christened at all. However, I got over it by procuring two persons to make oath of the day of his birth, and age. You will fully agree with me, that this ceremony having been omitted, would be no impediment to his entering the kingdom of heaven, though it appears to be some impediment to his entering the kingdom of the Custom House. Pray are all your lovely babes christened?

“How wretchedly affairs look in France. I have not the smallest doubt when the allied troops quit the country, that it must terminate in a civil war. Pray write me all the news, for here I am, absolutely rusticated, and know nothing. How shockingly that wretch, *our* beloved Ferdinand, is going on, in your *chosen religion*; he is the whole cause of the misery of that unhappy country. If you do not soon get something through Lord Moira's patronage, I recommend you to go to Spain. The education you got at the Jesuit's College, at St. Omer's, will strongly recommend you to an employment in the Inquisition;

as the Jesuits are now re-established, they will again have great weight. God bless you, my dear Charles, and believe me a real and true friend.

“G. HANGER.

“Tompson, near Thetford, Nov. 2.

“Major James.”

(A year or two later than the former letter.)

Among the friends of Lord Nelson, intimate with some friends of mine at this time, and the only one in the service for whom the government had done nothing, was the Rev. Mr. Scott, his chaplain in the Victory, at Trafalgar. The sight of the horrors in the cock-pit during that battle shattered poor Scott's nerves, and for a long time he could not get over it. Poor Scott, eight years after the battle, was in the Charter House, and endeavouring in vain to obtain some notice. He wrote the following letter, re-stating his case, to a friend who had been Lord Moira's secretary. His Lordship was just appointed to India. It shows how little service is regarded.

“Charter House, March 31, 1813.

“DEAR SIR,

“It will be doing an act of charity, if you see nothing improper in the enclosed letter, to present it for me, or send it so as to get it read. I have never liked to trouble you, or I do not believe

I should have failed in the manner I have lately done at the Charter House. A country parson, wholly secluded from the world, is but a weak adversary at an election—more so if he neglects the counsel of those he might have called upon, and who know the *carte du pays*.

“Having recovered my health, it is my intention to be presented to the Prince Regent at a *levée*. The loss of Lord Moira must be here keenly felt by me. I was once without preparation or the least knowledge of His Royal Highness, suddenly, I may say somewhat clumsily, in the midst of a party, introduced to the Prince. He immediately rose, *grasped my hand, shed tears*—in short, *his feelings were so acute*, that I retreated into the crowd to spare him. I never can forget the pressure of his hand, nor the sensibility he evinced. This was shortly after Lord Nelson’s burial, and ever since I felt awkward at intruding myself upon him, though in fact for the last five years my illness rendered it impossible.

“I know my Lord Liverpool is *somewhat* inclined to serve me. He was my schoolfellow here—but there is the want of that feeling and animation which the Prince and Lord M—— can alone give to my claim. Anyhow I am gratefully,

“Your obliged,

“A. SCOTT.

“Charter House, March 31, 1813.

“ P. S.—All the documents of my claim are in Lord M——’s hand, but I do not think it right to trouble him to search for papers, and his word would be sufficient, as to the substance of them, if he leaves it. Observe, every individual *accidental* follower of Lord Nelson has had some favour conferred upon him by the Government; I alone, for whom he spoke and solicited, and to whom he bequeathed a legacy under the title of ‘his friend,’ have hitherto been neglected. What can I say more?”

Here was the old story of the late Sir George Magrath, an old friend of mine, and Nelson’s medical officer, Scott’s friend too: “We admit your claims, but Parliamentary interest upon us is overwhelming.” Scott has been dead some years. There have died too since the battle whom I knew, Sir T. Hardy, Captain; first Lieutenant Quilliam, posted for that day; Sir William Beatty, Surgeon; and Captain Lancaster, of Connaught Square. Since which I have seen the death of a Mr. Tombleson, aged eighty-five, who was in the Victory on that day. Mr. Pollard, the midshipman who shot the French sailor that killed Nelson, has just got Greenwich (1863), at seventy-four years of age, never having risen beyond a lieutenancy—he had no interest. What are a veteran’s services without that? Shame on England! Very few can now remain a glorious remnant of a perished time, and a battle fought fifty-seven years ago.

CHAPTER IX.

Trip to Achen — Brussels — Tirlmont — Reflections on a Battle-field—St. Tron—Achen—The City Lions—Hot Baths—Promenades—Charlemagne, and the Cathedral—Uncomfortable thoughts—Arrival of Friends—The Ball-rooms, and Houses of Play—Musical Bands—Manufactures—Treaties made at Achen — Spa — Travelling English — Singular Character.

WHILE a reform of parliament was thus kept alive in private circles, and at the convivial table, without doors stringent laws were pressing to prevent it, and a heavy taxation induced distress, what was an active mind to do in a state too nearly of unprofitable inactivity?

A short visit to the continent, during the hundred days, came into my fancy. I set off for Aix, *via* Bruxelles. If courtesy had invited, a visit to Holland in my way, would not have been inopportune; but then the Dutch dykes and dams were not to my taste. Sand, ditch, heath, marsh, eyes like oysters, and a rotundity among the female form resembling

a porpoise *enceinte*, truck-schuyts, lumbering vehicles, tobacco in clouds, and breeches like inflated balloons,—no, I'll have nothing to do with amphibious appliances. Stockfish and Schiedam, over and above, after an uneasy stomach across the ocean.

I reached Brussels through Malines, about twenty-four miles. I had never been there before. The public promenade is handsome; and the Park or Square fine. The churches I did not visit; but, as all strangers are, I was struck with the Town house, and its tower of four hundred feet high. Some of the paintings in the churches, they told me, were good. Too many of them consisted of the pious falsehoods of the church, duly represented for the edification of the faithful, in the much lauded middle ages. It is painful to see the first order of genius wasted on such subjects, and become the instruments of papal delusions of the past time. Sensible Roman Catholics at present discard them. There are many subjects, however, which are far from exceptional; and such there were here.

Brussels to Louvain, the aspect of the country was rendered agreeable by the fruit cultivation. Everywhere the prospect was gladdened by the product of industry and the teeming fields, cheerful farm houses, and neat residences. There were trees enough to adorn, but not crowd the landscape. There

were hills and dales, meadows and woodland, sufficiently intermingled to please the traveller's eye, nature beginning to take the autumnal hue over a landscape varying at times in its extent of horizon, but always attractive. I passed through Tirlemont, after leaving Louvain, and only visited there the church of St. Peter, built in the fourteenth century, where there were some pictures of no great merit save one, Matsy's Holy Family, regarding the execution of which no praise can be too high. Near Tirlemont are three barrows of considerable size, not far from which the officers killed in two different combats between the French and Austrians in 1792, are reported to be inhumed.

I paced up and down that field. I stationed the hostile armies in my imagination, as they drew up before the fray began. I listened. It was fancy alone. All was still as the dead that went down on that day, the dust of whom I was treading into the soil—all was peace but in imagination, that wonderful power of making the past the present, and the actors of perished days pass in fleshly attire before the vision. Here, though all besides was silent, and dumb, and dead, the birds were singing sweetly. How unlike the day when havoc and death had made men their victims in an unavailing contest; here where valour and strength, fury and daring, had achieved their task. To what end? was the

bosom question, "Was it malice or patriotism, or the lust of glory which originated the contest?" There are none here to tell—all are chop-fallen. What good came of it? There are none to answer. Time has buried that secret, with the victims of the carnage. Life was poured out like water, and what remains of it all? Oblivion has buried deep in its fathomless waters the names of those who fell. They are forgotten, though heroes ever so valorous. The fragments of arms and armour which the plough now and then discloses, are all that record visibly the fact of the battle. Histories are only words. Was it worth the struggle to lie in an early grave unknown, save from a fragment of an inscribed weapon or a rusty time-eaten blade turned up with the plough? Was it worth while to lose thirty or forty years of existence, to lie here in cold obstruction and be forgotten, even in a deed of daring, the ashes of the coward and brave intermingled, glory and shame dwelling in their parent earth forgotten, the bones decomposed, the glory that prompted their doom extinguished in the same blood-soaked earth! It is a sad comment upon the madness of war, that it ventures all in exchange for a blast from the harlot's trumpet of fame, the loudest note of which time will soon render inaudible. Even the thrones for which men combat have in the meantime passed away, gone after themselves, and ashes and a name

are all that remain to the most aspiring. Strange perversion of human reason! The peasant who inhabits near the "scene of false glory" knows not on what notorious ground he often treads. The soil moistened with the blood of heroes appears to him, clown as he is not to know better! precisely the same as that he has been cultivating elsewhere from his boyhood. What knows he or cares he about it? Not even that he is himself a living example, through his ignorance, of the impotence of such renown. Wherefore in the book of human destiny is so much written that is foolish and irrational, so much that exhibits the weakness of man while recording the strength of his evil passions, thus inscribed to his disadvantage? all this is an inscrutable mystery. Even the credit, not one particle of which was due to the living men, we lavish upon them when they are no more, is a painful evidence of the fallacy of the multitudinous understanding.

From the battle-field to St. Tron, the country seemed remarkably populous. The town itself is small, pretty, and has more than one church, but there did not seem to be so much employment for the poor as might be expected. The beggars were very numerous and importunate between that place and Liege. The great extent of iron works and manufactures at Liege, had not prepared me to expect this, but rather the reverse in such a vicinity.

During the present century a university has been established here. The iron works are said to owe their activity to an Englishman, but I had neither leisure nor curiosity in the matter, having seen enough of iron works at home. The King of the Netherlands takes a great interest at present in that city, it is said, and since I saw it the size is doubled. The banks of the Meuse here are lined with fine quays, and there is a noble bridge over that river. The town has the dingy appearance which marks all places in which coal is much consumed, either for fuel or manufactures. The valley in which it is built is fertile, and well watered by the river, in which are several islands. The castle was one of the frontier fortresses at the treaty of peace in 1815, that after my visit was placed under the inspection of the Duke of Wellington. There are three principal churches left, and others of less importance. Between twenty and thirty convents wholly disappeared here at the revolution, as best both for reason and humanity.

In the space from Liege to Aix la Chapelle, about twenty-seven miles, the road was not good, though for a part of the distance it showed a fine country on both sides. The Belgian frontier is fixed somewhere on this road, since my journey over it, so many years ago; it must be crossed in going to or returning from Aix to Liege. A little after noon I

entered the renowned city of Charlemagne, where he was born and interred. I was driven to the Court of Holland hotel. Uncertain whether I should remain only a day or two I did not immediately seek out a good Hof or lodging-house, which I found was to be had at all prices between three and eight crowns per month, exclusive of attendance, breakfasting at home, and eating my source-route at the table d'hôte or with a restaurateur. Uncertain how long I might stay intending to proceed to Juliers and Cologne, I was content to remain as at present, until I had surveyed the city, and received some letters which I desired might be marked *Poste restante* at that place. In recent times Aix has been more noticed as the head quarters of diplomacy than for anything else. The town stands between the Rhine and the Meuse, in the midst of a pleasant valley, bordered by a range of heights which rise with a gentle ascent. These heights have an agreeable appearance, and are not so lofty and steep as to obstruct the view. They are well cultivated. The highest is called that of Louisberg or Mount St. Saviour, a hill of sand intermingled with calcareous stones. It lies on the north of the town, which it protects from the cold winds. From thence a good view of the town and neighbouring country may be obtained. All around it are seen villas and farms. The hills on the south are less elevated and less

fertile, in some places covered with wood. These hills are a part of an offshoot from the Ardennes. The lands about a league east and west of the city fall into levels that join the duchy of Juliers, and are fertile and rich in corn. On one part of the hill of Louisberg there is a chapel filled with catholic idols, to each of which some particular story is attached, and near it is a cabaret in which to drink to those images of wood dressed in spangled garments.

There are places of worship, catholic, lutheran, and reformed. The inhabitants are many of them agriculturalists and gardeners, while manufacturers and merchants possess establishments much encouraged during the occupation of the city by the French. The inhabitants appear a lively people, speaking the most extraordinary jargon that was ever heard, low German, Flemish, Dutch, French, and other tongues intermingled. The market place is the only handsome part of the town, which has no claims to beauty anywhere. There is a fountain in the centre, upon which stands a gilt bronze statue of Charlemagne. The Hotel de Ville is heavy in architectural design; one of the towers is said to be of Roman masonry. The halls are paved with marble. There is a picture of Vandyke's here representing Charlemagne conferring privileges on Aix and other cities, but it is not one of his best works. Some of the ambassadors who have figured in

diplomatic congresses, and are now well nigh forgotten, are displayed in portraiture here. A fine Rubens representing a Descent from the Cross is to be seen in the Franciscan church.

I remained at Aix for the present in consequence of letters I got at Calais. There was a person whom I often visited in London, who, having had the good sense to give up business to a relative after having accumulated a tolerable fortune, used to pay a visit of some months to Ireland or Scotland every year. It was not his practice to hurry day and night over the roads to some points he had fixed to see, and then hurrying back again, deem himself fully qualified to give an opinion upon them and all belonging to them. He fixed upon his abiding place for a three months' residence at the time of the year he judged that the weather would be most suitable to move about in the open air. Then starting to that point, he said it would be hard indeed if he did not make himself master of the country for a twenty mile radius, "which," said he, "will give a diameter of forty miles, and the exploration of the interior of a circle of a hundred and twenty. Of that I am certain, and if I find too little interest in the allotment I have made speculatively, I shift my head quarters to some point in the circumference of my contemplated limit, and radiate from thence."

Expecting to see my friend arrive soon, I visited the lions of the city, the principal of which were the Baths. The warm waters of these have their sources partly in the town, and partly in the suburbs in the bourg of Burscheid. There are also cold chalybeate springs, similar to those of Spa, called, from that circumstance, the Spa-brunnen. There are no less than six warm springs, three of which go by the name of the "superior springs," and contain sulphur and other mineral substances. Here the water is more abundant and hotter than elsewhere. They are situated pretty near one another, in Büchel Street, in some buildings surrounding a small court. The other three, called the "Inferior Springs," rise out of the ground in a spot about five hundred yards from the former. This spot is called the Brunnen Strasse, or Fountain Street, and sometimes Romphausbad. The source most preferred is that denominated the "Imperial," situated in the middle of the town, at the foot of the little elevation which forms the market-place, from whence it flows out of the cleft of a rock in the interior of what is called the Imperial bath, or walled cistern. This water is the hottest, and impregnated with sulphur. There are fourteen separate baths attached to the Imperial spring. The water, or vapour, deposits pure sulphur, if kept at rest for a little time. This deposit bears the name of

Badschwefel, or Bath sulphur. The bath-houses which receive the waters of the first three sources, or Superior springs, are the Imperial, the New, the Queen of Hungary, once called the Little Bath, and that of St. Quirin. The three Inferior springs and bath-houses are those of Herrnbad, Rosenbad, and that of the poor or the Romphausbad. All these have the necessary accompaniments for the *douche*, and for lodgings; but steam-baths, on account of the want of sufficient natural heat, can only be had in the Superior Baths. The time for drinking the waters is between six and nine a.m. These baths are from four to five feet deep; the sides of massy stone; the apartments vaulted, with an opening to let off the vapour; and there are small rooms with chimneys, and beds at the sides of most of the baths. Of the cold springs near the town, the best is not far from Drimhorn, rising out of the ground in the Forest of Burscheid. It is called Haidbend, partly situated in a pretty English garden, where there are lodgings for those who wish to use the waters, and as much smoking as even a German can desire, in his most ruminating moods. There are a variety of diversions to amuse visitors, besides balls and concerts. Unfortunately the habit of play prevails, though not to the same extent as at Baden, and some other places in Germany. There are also a number of delightful walks. The

farm of Kirberg and Baber, out of the city, affords a very agreeable promenade. In general, the ascent of the Louisberg is preferred by strangers as a promenade, from the extensive field of view it affords; and there I secretly determined to take my friends first, after their arrival. I had already made myself sufficiently master of the city and suburbs, to become a Cicerone after only a week's residence there. The number of houses, only about twelve hundred, will readily account for this knowledge of the streets. The city has not more than two-thirds of the inhabitants of our own beautiful Bath.

I was so diligent in sight-seeing, that little escaped me in this nondescript place. I visited more than once the Cathedral or Münster, built by Charlemagne, about the year 800, and consecrated to "God's mother," by Pope Leo III., and 365 of his arch-mitred and mitred subordinates who were to attend, but two were missing. It is richly decorated with silver, bronze, and marble, by the celebrated founder, who, notwithstanding his appellation of "Great," seemed as deep in superstitious belief of the vice-gerency of heaven being vested in the sovereign pontiffs of Rome, as any of his successors. Ravenna furnished large blocks of marble for the edifice, which was rich in the best Mosaic work of the time. It is seriously recorded that the two missing bishops had their places miraculously

supplied on the foregoing solemn occasion, by a pair of bishops of Tongres, who died and were buried at Maestricht, but re-appeared on that occasion, remained during the whole ceremony, and disappeared the instant the benediction was over! The original form of this church was a rotunda, sustained by Corinthian columns. It was damaged by the barbarous Normans, in 882, but repaired a century later, by Otho III., who, however, did not hesitate to rob the tomb of Charlemagne of the golden cross he had worn; the crown, sceptre, sword, and part of his garments. Rather uncivil treatment of his "good cousin," were it not an axiom of course heaven appointed, that kings can do no wrong. Otho was soon after poisoned. This church, three or four centuries afterwards was injured by fire, and restored in 1358; a noble choir being added. The tomb of Charlemagne, thus despoiled by his "good cousin" Otho, stands in the middle of the church, and carries only the simple inscription, in excellent taste *Carolo Magno*. Above the tomb is a large crown of silver and gilt copper, a gift of Frederic of Austria. There are many relics here, which strangers may see for a fee; among them, the neck and shoulder and arm-bone of the great Charlemagne himself; and trinkets, declared to have been the property of the great ruler. Besides which, the church has its more immediate antiqui-

ties, such as pieces of Aaron's rod; the Virgin's girdle; some of the real manna; a rib of the holy spirit; and other fraudulent trumpery, kept in a richly-embossed case. These were exhibited once in seven years, for fifteen days, to crowds of pilgrims, as far back as 1492, when no less than 142,000 are said to have visited them in one day, and left 80,000 florins—a gift quite acceptable to priestcraft, had it been ten times the amount. How the rubicund rogues must have chuckled in secret, at the success of their delusions. I observed that they were making a pleasure ground in Louisberg, and planting it. This, they assured me, was to be an English garden, planted with brambles, among which they set other things. I presume, to imitate the supposed wild character of our island plantations in their idea. There is a ball-room on this eminence; and the Belvidere, a building from which the view is truly fine.

In this way for some days longer, following my nose into every curiosity shop of monkery or fashion or antiquarianism, I contrived to explore the city. Expectation is sometimes genuine impatience. In my rambles out of the town I met many fair forms, with which I longed to exchange a salutation, if it were no more than a "How d'ye do?" "*Comment vous portez vous?*" "*Hoe vaart gy al?*" "*Como estas?*" or some other jargon, for it was not

easy to say of what country the ladies were, as some of every land in Europe might be met in the course of a morning's walk. I was still a melancholy saunterer, and as my own thoughts were not my worst enemies, I turned my steps towards the country, and the green paths, among rocks and vegetation, out of the city limits. I made the birds my companions. I sat and listened to them in the trees above me, until I began to fancy I should become melancholy, and, starting up, went back to a restaurateur, and making a simple dinner, called for a bottle of good, honest, old Hock, thinking upon the proverb, "Give wine to him that is of a heavy heart." My friend H——, where are you? Excellent Rhenish!

One afternoon I had whiled away the hour, and got into the second bottle. The sun was setting. I was seated in an arbour of fruitless vines, but pleasant enough under the cool leaves, a table before me with some fruit, and my friend the bottle. "How truly home-fashioned," thought I, "thus alone, and yet I cannot help myself. I am sorry that upon compulsion I am so very English just now." I sat until I saw the moon appear, every now and then gauzed with light silvery clouds. All was mild and genial, but I was not a participator in the soothing effect of things around me. I could not tell why not, but the truth was I felt deep melancholy

—past days and scenes came into my mind—I wished I was not alone—to discover some walk I have not yet trodden, some unsuspected vale among the further hills, and then suffer my wild fancies to go astray with me: that must be my resource. After all I do not like solitude, when I don't ask for it. It is an unwelcome guest when forced upon a man; there lies the difference between the welcome and unwelcome of the thing. We do not like to have our own thoughts for company, when they become too heavy to float, and begin to bear down in the sensorium. We cannot always think, even if we belong to that portion of our brotherhood that possess the faculty of being able to do so. The great community of nature will not do at all times, nor can we be continually in love with our own company, love ourselves as we may. I sipped my wine discontentedly, thought of Crusoe and his island, wondered how he was able to live, finished my bottle, called for the carte, and returned to my lodgings, half-resolved to start the next day for Juliers and Cologne—yet, if my friends should come? “I will settle the point in the morning.”

I rose betimes the next day, as if I could have expected the solution of the difficulty regarding my friends so early. I again walked out in the fields. All was fresh and full of life, the dew sparkling on herb and flower. The citizens were abroad and the

workmen proceeding to their shops, for there are several manufactures at Aix (or Achen, as the Germans call the city), such as those of fine casimir, belonging to the house of de Braf, and several of pins and needles. The shopkeepers and petty tradesmen were exceedingly adroit in dealing with strangers who are off their guard, having the reputation of being able to draw the money from their pockets without their perceiving it. The respect they have for the visitors to their city is always in proportion to the scale of expense they see them maintain. They are a frivolous, gay people, fond of ostentation, with some talent in the art of mystifying others ; in fact, what we should denominate in England "sharp watering-place traders."

I had kept my view on the Liege road, by which I expected my friend H—— would enter the city. Hour after hour passed away, and I began to think I would pack up and leave Achen for Cologne in the course of the day, if I slept at Juliers, and had made up my mind to bargain about a conveyance at once—for there were then no railroads, and diligences I disliked—when I saw my friend and his two daughters pass, and drive to the Hotel St. Martin, in the Rue de Cologne. They were not aware of my observing them pass me. None could express greater pleasure and surprise at seeing me, for I followed the vehicle to where they were set down.

The pleasure was reciprocal. Accommodations were at hand in the best street in the town, called the Compesboth Strasse, and in an hour or two we all seemed at home together.

I had found little difficulty in comprehending the value of the current money, and my friends, who had been puzzled on this head in other places, were at no loss here. The marc, six of which made a florin, nine a schelling, eighteen a franc, and fifty-four a risdale, was easily learned; but even for this there was no necessity, as it was equally common to pay and receive in francs.

In the evening, while daylight lasted, H—— and myself walked to the Ball Rooms, which are fine, and then went in to see the play in the adjoining saloons. At that early period of the day they were full of the dupers and duped. We found that the play had been open since the noontide hour. The tables were covered with gold coin. I fancied that I saw some countenances exceedingly downcast, and secretly thanked my stars that I had no inclination to indulge in the gratification of a passion so destructive both to mind and fortune.

Many singular anecdotes were told in relation to the tables. I saw a young man who broke up one of the banks, the same colour coming up thirteen times successively. It is true the wonder is as great how the player could have had self-denial enough

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not to have taken up his winnings after they had ran the first half-a-dozen times in his favour. It is astonishing how the mere conviction of a possibility will allure some spirits to their ruin, especially those who play for the sake of the money rather than the excitement the uncertainty creates. I have known men who cared more to gratify the latter feeling than the former.

It was pleasant to return, and take tea, English fashion, with the ladies; in whatever part of the world we may be, our home customs are always welcomed. The fragrance of tea was the more agreeable because I had been, previously, almost existing on coffee. We conversed on music, gardens, pic-nics, and many gentle things which interest young females. One of the ladies sang those airs she had been accustomed to sing in London. Thus far from home, it made her think, she said, of the Rivers of Babylon, when the captives tuned their harps by the willows of the Euphrates. Unfortunately, were it not for the memory of old Charlemagne, there is nothing to be called romantic in Achen or about it. We have little sympathy with battle-axe kings, and lying diplomatists. One tale of simple nature is worth them all put together. We were interrupted by street music, of the sweetest kind, like airs of an Eolian harp for softness. It would have been delightful to listen to it half

the night. On a sudden, the notes changed to a lively dance, and two or three coarse girls, neither comely in person nor graceful in movement, commenced jumping, kicking, and flourishing, in a mode I never before saw. I have heard of animals being taught to dance by placing them upon hot plates of iron or copper, and I imagine these Dutch Madgdens must have been taught in the same manner. I proposed paying them to go away, but the ladies insisted it was novel, and that Dutch dancing might naturally be expected to differ a little from the graces of the French masters and the instruction of Vestris. A shower of rain fell heavily, and terminated a performance which sufficiently proved that Dutch grace might really be beyond the reach of art.

On the other hand, going to drink the waters at the Imperial, the next day, our ears were greeted with some delightful music played by the musicians accustomed to attend there. It was eight o'clock in the morning. The shower of the previous evening had rendered the morning air more than usually fresh. It was impossible not to be absorbed in the harmony produced by those wind instruments. They played several plaintive airs which, after all, I find, suit my musical temperament the best. Solemn and simple music touches me; that of mere science glides by me, and escapes, like opera music, which,

without character or nature in the acting, rather annoys, than pleases me. Music was corrupted when made a science upon suffrance. However cleverly executed, it has no meaning; it may suit clever people, who can hear daybreak in the sound of a hautboy.

We planned an excursion, in which I was to be the guide. Both girls were excellent pedestrians. Their father, who, now and then, paid the penalty of city dinners by a fit of the gout, happened to be in good condition in all his toes. There is a pleasant hope in expected sight-seeing, on entering a strange territory. I generally awake early, after my arrival in a strange place, with the impatience of one who is building castles in the air, upon the slender support of a spider's "attenuated web." There is a pleasure in the expectation of pleasure, while it lasts; and sometimes that is all we get for our pains.

There was at that time an establishment belonging to a gentleman named Aussem, who had formed a collection of objects of natural history near some hot baths, in a valley at no great distance out of the town. There was once a convent stood on the same spot, belonging to ladies of noble birth, the abbess of which was appointed by the Emperor of Germany. Near by were now much more useful establishments, in manufactures of cloth and woollen stuffs, for which the warm water of the

springs is particularly fitted. These waters contain no sulphur, unlike those in the city, though so near them. They rise partly from beneath an elevation of no great height, and partly from under one almost opposite considerably lower. The water is in such abundance that almost every house has its own bath from that source. The temperature seemed to be pretty uniform in all places near the spring. The only substance perceptible in the water was an unusually large proportion of carbonic gas. The superficial soil was merely a thin coating of fine garden earth, upon slate rock. In several places I fancied that there were traces of volcanic agency. A continued stream of hot water flows along the valley from these springs, and, almost parallel, another of cold, separated only by a foot-way. Both unite about a quarter of a league below Burscheid, where a warm pond is formed, which works a mill for polishing needles. The union of all the waters here, warm and cold, forms the Worm river or stream, which passing by Aix la Chapelle, not far from the Adalbert gate, falls into the Roer or Rhur, an affluent of the Meuse. The warm water pond, which is not more than about a hundred yards wide, never freezes; its waters are saline. The stream supports a great number of carp, pike, and other kinds of fish, which multiply prodigiously, and are larger and finer than those taken elsewhere, but

have a peculiar, and not agreeable flavour, which is got rid of by placing them in fresh cold water, for ten or fifteen days before cooking. We were once amused on visiting the pond just before sunset, by dense vapours playing over their surface; the rays of light then formed all over the face of the water a number of little rainbows, of the richest colours.

We agreed in giving the preference to a residence at Burscheid to being in the city. The walks about it are agreeable, and there was at that time a society of arquebusiers there, who used to practice at a wooden bird; some were dexterous shots. There were houses of play, too, where there were always to be found devotees—French, German, Russian, and English—in fact, a medley, eager to ruin others, or be ruined themselves.

The inhabitants of Achen still boast of their city being the birth-place of the great emperor of the West; and of the coronation of many of the sovereigns of Germany. The most important diplomatic arrangements conducted there were those of 1668, between France and Spain; of 1748, between England, France, and the Low Countries; and, after my return, that of 1818, respecting the withdrawal of the allied troops from France.

Among the rides from Aix is that to Spa, ten leagues off. A waterfall only a dozen feet wide, but descending fifty, we only heard of. The pleasures

of Spa were not for our participation. Electors, counts, and other Noodles and Foodles were of a class with which we had no desire to be intimate, if we could; and adventurers and barons *par excellence* with whom we could, but would not.

At Spa we found several countrymen herding together, some marked by that peculiar mixture of arrogance and ignorance for which they are so painfully distinguishable from others of their native isle. One of them was, in manner and appearance, and no doubt in his own idea, as accomplished as the monkey that had seen the world. He was explaining to his companions, grouped head to head as they were, and separated from the other company, the meaning of the word "brunnen," which, he informed them, answered to the English word "bath;" of this he was confident. None of them knew anything of German or French, except two or three words picked out of a pocket vocabulary, by the use of which the clue to a knowledge of the wants of his guest, on the part of the continental inn-keeper, was fortunately afforded; yet the youths were, no doubt, all good grammar school lads, in their day, perhaps from Harrow or Eton, who could make Latin, if not English verses, a dozen upon a breath.

"Brunnen; aw, ah; yes, just the same as our 'Bath'—Spa Brunnen—Spa Baths; yes, aw!"

looking down first at well-polished boots, and then pulling up the shirt-collar, in order to fill the interval during which his friends applauded, "Yes, you're a devilish good German, Sykes; where d'ye pick it up, eh; not at Harrow? it's all shorts and longs there!" "Don't know—can't recollect; came by nature. Let's go and have a shy at the black and scarlet!"

So saying, they adjourned to a neighbouring *rouge et noir* table. My repugnance to the society of young ill-bred gawkies of this kind had grown upon me. Their stare at their countrywomen who were with us, was impudent. I took care never to enter an inn, or remain at one, where such English travellers were staying, if I could help it. Not that there are no gentlemanly young men, who would confer pleasure upon any society of their countrymen, on a tour, but that there are so few comparatively. The majority, if not insolent, become bores, which is almost as bad. Self-sufficiency and overweening conceit intermingle in their conduct to such a degree, it is wise to escape the annoyance. Sometimes, with the addition of the shame one feels at such specimens of English ill-breeding, being noted in the presence of strangers, they attempt to over play the game of importance, without understanding or urbanity, or any other quality than a groundless pride which disgusts. Whatever

virtues they think are their own, they have still no honest lack of pretension, with which they think to serve their reputations.

There is another thing which detaches some from the society of so many of their countrymen whom they meet in travelling, and that is the constraint under which those must act if their names happen to be public at home. No news-hunting penny-a-liner, the slave of the sub-editor of a paper, can watch you closer in order to satisfy his curiosity about your actions. Even one unknown like myself, if I proceeded to sketch a ruin, or some object of which I was desirous of retaining an appearance beyond the fleeting shadow of it in memory, was annoyed by a travelling Englishman upon my steps, curiously interrupting and questioning me regarding it. I remember once being about to sketch Montlery Tower, on one of my excursions in France, and obliged to give up the design from three of my countrymen, total strangers, coming up, and thrusting their noses down on my paper, which I indignantly rolled up, and took myself off from the spot, with a contempt of them on my countenance I could not conceal. In place of associating with the people of the countries they visit, a persecution of their own country travellers ensues, hence they come back greater fools than they set out. There was a sort of right they appeared to claim, to behave

to compatriots abroad as they pleased, and yet, if I met them at home afterwards, there would be no recognition without an introduction. "I don't know you," inscribed on their brows, though hand-in-glove with you, a month before, in the Longh' Arno at Florence, or in the Strada Nuova at Genoa. To use their own cant phrase, therefore, "I cut them," unless they had been introduced, or were known to me some other way previously. Thus, I may perchance miss the society of a worthy individual or two ; but it is better to miss the good, than sustain the evil of the self-convenient introduction of these time-killing travellers or troublers for the chance of a good one. On the other hand, no one is more happy to make the acquaintance of people of every other nation, either abroad or at home ; but such self-accomplished travellers will not do this. Many may not be of my opinion. That I cannot help ; they have no right to judge for another. "Where do you go to witness the Carnival?" inquired one of these young cognoscente, of a distinguished traveller and fellow-countryman, some time ago. "At Tunis," was the reply, fully as satisfactory as if he had replied "at Rome." The inquirer did not know that the Tunisians were children of Mahomet.

There was, we were informed, a goodly number of medical practitioners in Spa, where they helped to thin the population by the diversity of their

prescriptions, and originality in the Esculapian art. Dr. Pillen differed with Dr. Shlank, in the treatment of his patients. Both were leading men. One prescribed laxatives, the other astringents; both agreeing on the necessity of the use of the Pouhon waters, to render their medicines efficacious. Dr. Shlank was a skeleton of a man, pale, sallow, and worn down, as if by abstinence, and the labours of his profession. Dr. Pillen was a rosy-faced, stout, well-favoured man — the picture of health and good-humour. It being discussed one day, which of these two distinguished men was the most able in his profession, it was left to a professor of Gottingen, who happened to be at Spa, to decide, and he gave it for Dr. Pillen, at once. “I judge,” said he, “in favour of Dr. Pillen; whoever looks at him will see he is health personified; and, if so, he must best understand how to bring others to the same state of body. Dr. Shlank is unable to recommend himself in the curative art, by the exhibition of his person; he cannot heal himself. He walks about looking worse than the most sickly visitant of our most health-dispensing brunnens.” Such was the substance of what we learned in our visit to that renowned spot, regarding two sagacious doctors. Dr. Pillen, keeping up a portly complexion, evidently did not fall short in good policy, whatever he might be in respect to wisdom; while Dr. Shlank, if he

were the wisest of the two, made nothing of his wisdom, because he wanted Dr. Pillen's policy in the aspect of the outer man; and, while looking grave as became one of the faculty, had too much skill in taciturnity. Merit must be spoken, for the world will not be at the trouble of finding it out; and no man can speak his own better than he can, who expected to proclaim his own ability, with due modesty, is looking the right thing at the same time. Thus we talked of what we had just heard on our way back to Achen.

There one day approached us among those we supposed to be beggars (indirectly), a singular looking man, with the Jewish contour, as the ladies thought, wearing a broad hat shading the upper part of his face. His cheeks were deeply furrowed, and his grey beard of long growth. I soon came round to their opinion. It was in a retired part of the road, or rather, path, overhung with trees, leading towards Burscheid. When he came where we were loitering, he put together a flute, the different parts of which he drew from his pocket, and began a sweetly plaintive air. When he had done, one of our party, who spoke German, asked if he were not an Israelite, and he replied in the affirmative. He said he was born in Poland, had travelled much in the East, and over a good deal of Europe. He had visited Palestine, the

country of his hope, where lay the graves of his fathers. He lived by his flute and by trading in needles, of which there was a manufactory in Achen, where he said he was well known. Thus he was not exactly a mendicant, as the ladies first thought. They inquired if there were no airs he could play peculiar to his race. He replied that he would endeavour to play one much in favour among the Polish Israelites. It had been better to chant it, but he could not do that now. Age had dulled the finer notes or sounds by which he was able to convey his melodies with his voice to the ears of strangers, so well as he could wish. He said this, with a look expressive of his words :

“I am an old man ; my heart gets cold ; the music of the soul is with younger men.”

He then played such a beautiful piece as would not have dishonoured his countrymen when they sat captives by the river, to which he said the words in the Hebrew, when it was sung, had reference.

“It is a charming piece of music.”

“I play no other airs now ; for lively airs my voice has long been out of tune. I play a little with my fingers, the notes no longer come from the heart—that is not in tune for gay things.”

“Plaintive things please us best.”

“I cannot chant them now since I lost poor,

Ruth, a gentle girl, my only one. I am alone in the world now. It joyed me once to see her in her full life, looking bright as the heavens, and we—I mean, we poor Israelites—father and daughter, for her mother died in bringing her into life—we used to gaze together, when in Italy, on the sea that washed that far coast, and then she would look with delight, like an angel from the blue, blue ether above. She would often dance along the sands, in the tide of joy. She is now dust, and I am left alone. Sunbeams no more cheer me and herself together. No sounds of music reach her now ; no calm sea presents its loveliness to her eyes. She lies in a far distant land—my poor Ruth. I have sat and played my flute by her grave, the notes you just heard.”

The old man turned away ; but such was the substance of what he said, as well as our party could translate it. Tears were in his eyes ; a painful chord had been touched. The ladies bade him play something less affecting to himself, wishing to lead him to another topic. He replied—he was quite sentimental in his way—

“ I cannot cast away the things that take hold of the soul. I cannot play merry, idle sounds, and make my flute a hypocrite. Excuse me. I can only go the way the heart goes. Mine can never more be lively.”

He then played an air so soft and sweetly plaintive, that the ladies melted into tears. When the musician saw the effect he produced he ceased playing, and though I proffered him money he refused it, unless the ladies would take a packet of his needles in return and in remembrance of him. Upon their consenting he walked dejectedly away, bidding us farewell in his Israelitish German. We found afterwards that he was what some people call a "character" in the neighbourhood, a little eccentric, but held in esteem by those who knew his ways.

END OF VOL. I.

YESTERDAY AND TO-DAY.

BY

CYRUS REDDING,

BEING A SEQUEL TO

"FIFTY YEARS' RECOLLECTIONS, LITERARY AND POLITICAL."

IN THREE VOLUMES.

"If thou vouchsafest to read this treatise it shall seem no otherwise to thee than the way to an ordinary traveller; sometimes fair, sometimes foul, here champaign, there enclosed, barren in one place, better soil in another!"—BURTON.

VOL. II.

London:

T. CAUTLEY NEWBY, PUBLISHER,

80, WELBECK STREET, CAVENDISH SQUARE.

1863.

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CHAPTER I.

Visit to Cheltenham—A Lady's opinion of ugliness in her sex—The German Tongue—Augustus William Schlegel—Corruption of the English Tongue—German Literature—Die Schuld and Swordsong—The Schlegels and the Mittel Alter—Observations on the brothers—Lines of Augustus William Schlegel translated—Defect of aspirations after the "dark ages"—Shakespeare—The Romantic, and its derivations—The Classics and Shakespere—Derivation of Language—Tradition preserved by Moses—Gradual development of the material and social elements—German Creeds—The German Drama, and Literature—Bürger's Ellenora—Remarks on the German Drama—Mülner—Klopstock's Two Muses—Saxe Weimar—Conjectures—German-French Schools—Goethe—German petty princes.

I MUST be permitted to be desultory as well as episodical; despite those critics who lay down the law *ex-cathedra* for all writers and authors, I must now make a leap across the Channel, to our own shores again.

On my return home, I went for a short time to Cheltenham, and while there, visited a friend, who had a daughter with a pleasing face, but a body sadly deformed. She was a good pedestrian, notwithstanding, and I became her escort, and was

much pleased with my companion. She observed to me, on one occasion, with great good sense, what I had supposed no woman would have been brought to say—that she was sensible of her misfortune, and had therefore less need to be guarded against the other sex, than some of her handsome acquaintance. “I escape much flattery,” she continued; “yet even I have had my lovers, and many agreeable things were said to me, as if I did not know they were idle compliments as well as untruths. It was cruel to implicate my judgment in such a manner, and I replied that what they told me was in bad taste, and wanted sincerity. Then I got for reply, that beauty of mind was everything with them, and that they admired me upon that account—beauty was evanescent, mind immortal. I knew such remarks were subterfuges. If I were a man, I should prefer a handsome woman, with any average sense and manners, to the ugly virtuous lady, twice over; it is no use to disguise it. If I were a man, I should respect an ugly woman, with a fine mind; I might put up with her as a companion, but I do not think I could love her, for her appearance would taunt me with some mistrustful query. I should ask myself, ‘am I not insincere? Can I love where I wish to love, and yet feel a drawing-back when I look at her?’ No, no; if I were a man, I could never marry a properly ugly woman.”

“But the ordinary person is not her fault?”

“I know that, Mr. R——; nor is the opinion I thus give, my fault—it is my misfortune; but it is an opinion I cannot alter, even in my own favour.”

“Then give me leave to tell you, that you yourself, by your conduct and opinions, on a very nice point to your sex, render you more worthy of a husband—and more recommendable for your candid discommendation.”

A slight acquaintance grew into a useful one. She was an excellent German scholar, and I had from her some conversations which recalled my old lessons in the language. They were but few, as I was not long in that resort of people of fortune and disarranged biliary ducts. These served, however, to remind me of my earlier attention to the translations introduced into England many years before.

At that time, Sir A. B. Faulkner was an eminent physician there, and a very hospitable man. His wife was one of the most fashionable of the ladies. They were exceedingly hospitable. With the lady whom I have mentioned as giving me a German lesson or two, they are now no more. Faulkner took a great interest in the education of the poor; and, upon looking into the matter, he found that the school teachings in the parishes were exceedingly defective. I remember his indignation at the result on some of his examinations of the children. In

the town he found a little emulation among the poorer classes, but none in the rural districts. One of the specimens of the replies he got, I confess, surprised me. He wrote to the bishop of the diocese upon the subject, but got no reply to his comments on the spiritual instruction around him. One of the bona-fide dialogues was as follows :

“ My girl, who was Jesus Christ ? ”

“ The Devil.”

“ Come—this is not a subject for trifling—think again—who was Jesus Christ ? ”

“ The Gospel.”

“ Well—that is nearer to it, but not quite right—guess again.”

“ Satan.”

“ You surely do not mean what you say ; do you not know that Satan is the Devil ? ”

“ The Synagogue.”

These were continued much in the same strain. On examining the children in his own parish, “ Exodus ” was called “ the Lord.” “ Hallowed,” was “ forgiving sins,” or “ running about.” “ Succour,” was “ to suck from a mother.” “ Pastor,” “ a place to live in ; to go anywhere, to stay.” “ Perform,” was “ to go before.” “ Reverend,” was “ redeemed.” “ Guiltless,” was “ guilty.” One spoke of “ descending into heaven.” These, he said, were not picked cases ; they were not

exceptions, but rules. The catechumen seemed as ignorant of the terms as the children, none of whom had ever heard of a dictionary. The clerk of the parish was the tutor, and patronized neither vocabulary nor dictionary, being content to teach without such parish innovations. Who can wonder, with such teaching, that the doctrine of charms, fortune-tellers, conjurers, spirit-rappers, phrenologists, and the latest specimen of German quackery in Dr. Carus, (there is always a Dr. in the Abracadabra), should infect farmers with charms to prevent the rot in sheep, and thus victimise the dunder-heads too common in the rural districts? In the mode of teaching children, there is now a great improvement; thanks to the government, if the grown-up children retain the benefit.

During Sheridan's management of Drury Lane Theatre, the German drama had become the rage. I had not been out in the great world, still I must needs know all I could in English, of German literature. I never had but one friend in my younger days who had an idea of my attachment to literature, and of my continued reading. His principal pleasure was to extract from the works he perused, such passages as attracted his fancy; and, in one of his books of extracts, just after it appeared, he had copied Spencer's translation of Bürger's *Leonora*. It had made its appearance

superbly printed, seven years before. A Mr. Stanley had attempted a similar task, afterwards, and failed. H. J. Pye tried, and made a true poet-laureate affair of it. There was another translation published anonymously, in Dublin, and entitled "Ellenore." This last closely follows the German, and is not so English or elegant as that of Mr. Spencer. Still, the Dublin translation is nearest the original, and good in that respect—perhaps the best.

Tramp ! tramp ! across the land they speed ;
 Splash, splash, across the lea ;
 "Hurrah ! the dead can ride apace—
 Do'st fear to ride with me ?

The moon is bright—and blue the night,—
 Do'st quake the blast to stem ?
 Do'st shudder, maid, to seek the dead ?"
 "No, no—but what of them ?"

The repetition in the first four lines, in the way of query, as the spirit-horse and his rider dart along, to ride that night to their nuptial bed, struck my youthful fancy. It has a fine effect in a ghostly poem, always begging the question of a semi-belief at least in the words of the four last lines.

"Graut Liebchen auch ? Der Mond scheint hell !
 Hurrah ! die Todten reiten schnell !
 Graut Liebchen auch vor Todten ?"—
 "Ach nein ! Doch lass die Todten !"

I had not left my home at that time, nor learned anything of the German tongue, being content with

translations. It is wonderful that the ghost-seers of the present time do not publish a ghost literature, and some of these pieces of poetry. Why not select a laureate? They can hardly fail to affect the minds of children and superstitious people, who are at present busy in endeavouring to drag back the public attention to old delusions, through paths novel to the age, but not the less perversions on that account. Youth as I was, I had twenty-five copies of Spencer's translations of Leonora printed, and presented to my friends. Of Bürger's "Wild Hunter," I never saw a translation. Werther I read, in English, when too young for its sentimentality, or the comprehension of its vicious tendency; a consideration for which Goethe had never the slightest regard; and it is the same with most of his countrymen. In confirmation of which it is only necessary to peruse some of their choicest works; enlisting the charm of fancy, and refined literature, in the service of dubious morality. No one aware of Goethe's cold nature, can wonder at his course in this respect; but, with other German writers, whose works display power and genuine affection too, it is wonderful the moral should not be more considered. The German school both of poetry and the drama, had its day here, and passed away; nor do I think in this respect we have much

to lament. At present, the acknowledged scholars of German penetration occupies attention with their researches into eastern and biblical literature. Michaelis and Gesenius have long been known in their works here, though I do not believe all their writings have been translated. That portion of the works of Michaelis given by Herbert Marshall in his contest with Archdeacon Travis, in vindication of one of his notes to his introduction, is in the remembrance of most scholars, and took place when he was a boy. It was in allusion to the German biblical critics that I met with it. This allusion stated that the entire works of Michaelis and Gesenius had never been translated, because the English churchmen set their faces against anything which threatened to change the views entertained by them at present. If true, not a very complimentary thing to the courage of those who uttered it; truth being true all time, and the untrue, living but for an hour.

If an effect can be produced by beautiful passages it is enough. The Germans show a disregard for moral considerations, correspondent with the end to be notorious; the end is obtained, it little matters by what means. Generally the German compositions of a high note for the theatre, turn upon the degree of applause which can be obtained by means of position. The surprise of an audience in

seems superior in the authorship is pro-
 at we call "sensation pieces." This
 reted, is making the greatest number
 minating audience open their eyes and
 e widest extent of admiration. With
 , this is an end not to be obtained by
 s which genius or learning alone confer.
 ways sensual, and the way to its heart
 gh the understanding. But Germany
 faithful to this aspect of things, as
 od scenery-painting, much nameless
 osition, and a little vulgar English,
 sustain the connection of the parts, and
 n done for the tasteless English stage
 t day. All the world knows the nature
 lots, that their works contain fine pas-
 n continually upon the same exceptional
 ident. A series of scenes will perhaps
 the principal character is in love with
 wife, and has murdered him, to ob-
 ow. The moral bearing the same,
 great power in all their tragedies; but
 e of that wonderful mastership, in
 feeling in our souls, as by some magic
 holly overcoming them, which belongs
 d Shakespeare.

ent defect of the German school is that

it wants truth, and leaves—I speak of the majority of its dramatic works—few gentle impressions of beauty or affection by an appeal to the pathetic, thus heightening the interest by touching the inner chords of the heart. The school is no ruler over the passions in their blindest or most touching sense, in accordance with nature. I willingly avoid any remarks upon the praiseworthy and laborious scholarship of the Germans, profound as they are in examination, patient in study, and full of well intended efforts in their search after truth, and of impartiality and freedom from those by-gone conclusions which mark too many of our writers. They are earnest, ruled by abstract truth, free from bias, without any over-weening regard for what is really good in social and political institutions, because they are not free to enjoy any. German literature in its present sense is a recent “formation,” as geologists would phrase it. It was only developed towards the close of the last century, at least in a polished and cultivated sense. Its rapid growth will account for many of the differences during its early progress. The first writers had to form themselves. They borrowed much from England, as might be expected, for it assorted better with their language than the French or the more southern tongues. Of these the poet Klopstock was one of the first who emancipated his country’s verse

from foreign trammels, indeed the very first with whom German poetry commenced, for the previous writers were formed upon the French model, as Hagedorn, Wieland, and others. Few are strangers to that long epic, the Messiah of Klopstock, which has passages of great beauty and sublimity, but is prolonged to tediousness. He formed himself upon the model of Milton. Campbell, the poet, told me he called upon him near Hamburgh, I think about 1802, the year before his death. He found a venerable man, who certainly did not resemble Milton in appearance, though as far as he could be he was really the Milton of Germany. Campbell described him as venerable from his years, a gracious old man. What more could be expected at seventy-nine years of age! He was a perfect master of our poets. The "Two Muses of Klopstock" took my fancy about 1813-14, and being German mad at that time I put them into English and gave them to Perry of the "Morning Chronicle," in whose paper they appeared. I never saw another copy of them in English. At their close they are remarkable for their delicacy, the race being undecided. I will repeat them here:—

THE TWO MUSES.

I see—O tell if now revealed to me
The deep veil'd bosom of futurity,
Or if a vision of hour—declare!—
I see majestic as Aurora fair,
Germania's muse to run a race attired
With ardent thirst of emulation fired,

And at her side, like some imperial queen,
 Britannia's muse of more than mortal mien—
 They start, and swift as lightning cleaves the sky,
 Toward the goal of coronation fly!
 Two goals as far as the strained eye can view,
 Where the wide plain melts into liquid blue,
 Border the course; this clothed in grateful shade
 () giant oaks a mark conspicuous made
 That branching palms in green unfading drest,
 Which oft as night steals on the empurpled west,
 Cast a dark umbrage on the russet ground,
 Formed for the long drawn course the farther bound.

Within the arena from the peopled plain
 Inured to conquest, proud and justly vain,
 Steps Albion's genius, haughty as before,
 When with the Grecian maid she trod that shore,
 Or her who from the Capitol had come
 To bear the laurel wreath triumphant home.
 Now her young trembling rival she beheld,
 Her trembling not by fear but hope impelled,
 Rich glowing roses streamed upon her face,
 Worthy that arduous conquest in the race
 Which here she hoped, still to her glory true,
 As all abroad her hair disheveled flew.
 Already panting, with tumultuous breast,
 Her labouring breath she scarcely half repress—
 Already bending forward to the goal,
 No thought but confidence possess her soul.
 The ready herald held his trump on high,
 The signal for defeat or victory,
 And joy delirious fill'd her swimming eyes,
 As her warm fancy grasp'd the glorious prize.

Proud of her rival, of herself more proud,
 The lofty Britonness regardful bowed;
 Then measured with a noble glance the fair—
 Tuisco's daughter, with the flowing hair,
 And thus addressed her—"By the bards I love
 "We grew together in the sacred grove—

"The grove of oaks, our birth and clime the same,
 "And once,—O! once we differed but in name.*
 "I heard that thou wert known on earth no more,
 "But now—if safe from dull oblivion's shore,
 "If now immortal—pardon what I say—
 "At yonder goal, on this auspicious day,
 "At yonder goal alone the truth I'll learn;—
 "Lo! where it stands—my ardent spirits burn,—
 "Mark where its crown the distant palm displays,—
 "Say, dost thou see how glory's vivid rays
 "Dart round it lambent? Ah! that look I know,—
 "That fiery look which scorns the boldest foe,
 "That bridled courage and that silence deep,
 "Like the rough storm a moment hushed to sleep—
 "O pause awhile, ere yet the herald sound
 "The note that bids us try the appointed ground:
 "Am I not she, who erst, with reinless pace,
 "With her from Greece essayed the mighty race,
 "Nor suffered e'en the stately maid of Rome
 "To bear the laurel uncontested home?"

She spoke:—the anxious moment nearer drew,
 The herald poised his brazen trump anew—
 "I love thee," answered quick, with eye of flame,
 Teutona,—*"Britoness! I love thy name;*
"But not so dear that much-loved name to me
"As the fond hope of immortality,
"And yon green palms: reach them, if Heav'n so will,—
"Reach them before me, yet, unconquered still,
"Whene'er thou seizest the unfading prize,
"So shall thy rival too before thine eyes!
"O ye Immortals! For yon distant goal
"Arm every nerve, support my ardent soul,
"Bid me the first that envied spot attain,
"Bid me the swiftest scour the extended plain,

* This refers to the origin of Poetry among the Northern Nations, which began in the woods, and was nursed (in the same places where the religious rites were performed) amid the solemnity of the oak forests, that in primeval ages overspread Europe. The oak and palm are considered here—the one the emblem of patriotic, the other of religious poetry.

"Then may thy breath, Britannia's champion fair
 "Immingle with my loosely streaming hair!"
 Again the herald rais'd his trump—he blew,—
 With eagle speed the lovely sisters flew.
 See, t'wards the goal each dauntless rival bend,—
 O'er the wide course the billowy dust ascend,
 And near the oaks in thicker clouds arise—
 And gathering shades obscure the cheerful skies,
 'Till wrapt in gloom impervious as the night,
 Their graceful forms evanished from my sight!

My next attempt was, nearly two years before
 Byron wrote his *Bride of Abydos*, the song of Mignon
 in Goethe's "*Wilhelm Meister*."

Byron borrowed the opening lines. I had great
 advantages for studying the language in the society
 of a Mr. Wunderlich, who married a first cousin of
 mine, now resident at Studgardt. It is more than
 forty years since I have looked into a German book;
 the language is no favourite.

THE SONG OF MIGNON.

Know'st thou the land where the citron trees bloom,
 Where the orange sheds gold mid its dark leaves' gloom,
 Where the zephyr soft from the blue heavens blow?
 And the myrtle and laurel so tranquilly glow;

Know'st thou that land?

Thither, thither,

With thee, my beloved, O might I but go!

Know'st thou the mansion, with columns reared high,
 And its glittering saloons that ascend to the sky,
 And statues of marble that gaze on me so,
 As if saying, "poor child, we thy history know?"

Know'st thou that mansion?

Thither, thither,

With thee, my loved guardian, O might I but go!

Know'st thou the mountain, its path through the cloud winds,
Where the mule wrapp'd in mist, a lonely path finds ;
Where the dragon her brood rears in caverns below ;
And down rough rocks in thunder the cataracts flow ?

Know'st thou that mountain ?

Thither—thither—

Points our way ; O, my father, let us go !*

Whether this translation was made in 1812 or 1813 I cannot tell. It was published in the "Chronicle," if I recollect rightly. I know not whether Byron read German ; and as the above was the only translation I know of then, I think it possible he availed himself of it, in the lines he borrowed.

* The German of Goethe runs as follows—Mignon is expressing her love of Italy, and desire to return to it :—

Kennst du das Land ? wo die citronen blühn,
Im dunkeln Laub die gold-orangen glühn,
Ein sanfter wind vom blauen Himmel weht,
Die myrte still und hoch der lorbeer steht !

Kennst du es wohl ?

Dahin, dahin,

Möcht'ich mit dir, O mein geliebter ziehn !

Kennst du das Haus ? auf Säulen ruht sein dach,
Es glänzt der Saal, es schimmert das gemach,
Und marmorbilder stehn, und sehn mich an :
Was hat man dir, du armes kind gethan ?

Kennst du es wohl ?

Dahin, Dahin,

Mocht'ich mit dir, O mein Beschützer, ziehn !

Kennst du den berg, und seinen Wolkensteg ;
Das mauthtier sucht im nebel seinen weg,
In Hölen wohnt der drachen alte brut,
Es stürzt der fels, und über ihn die Ruth.

Kennst du es wohl ?

Dahin, dahin,

Geht unser weg ! O vater, laßt uns ziehn !

When I began to work hard at the German tongue, in one of those hasty fits with which youth undertakes a new thing, I went so far as to translate the language with tolerable facility, and, as has been often remarked, I found the poetry much easier to read and comprehend than the prose. Of the product of my labours, in addition to these fruits, were some of the enthusiastic pieces of Körner and Mülner, with the *Die Schulde*, of Mülner. One or two other pieces I gave to Perry, for the "Morning Chronicle." In those days too, the better class of papers published literary articles, some of which drew attention from the celebrity of the writers, an additional attraction to their columns; for the authors were well understood. I have had Mülner's *Die Schulde* by me ever since. I printed an extract or two from it, in the columns of a provincial paper. It affords a remarkable example of that disregard of all morality, provided effect is produced, which also marks the writings of Goethe, and the German school. The French follow the same pernicious plan in novels, but not to an equal extent. I know no more insidious mode of corruption, particularly of the female heart, than the overflow of these works and others of a like character, together with their imitations here, under the name of "sensation novels." Dramatic works too, in which morality is abandoned for effect, and nature itself, in its

truthfulness, is set at defiance to startle, tend to undermine social morality. There cannot be the smallest doubt of the result. It is only for reflecting persons to go into society a little, in France and Germany, to hear of that effect, though in both countries it is much less injurious than it will soon be here, because familiarity has made an easiness of the practice there, and it has now no novelty of attraction, similar to that on an incipient introduction into a country where the population may be said to be off its guard. Novelty carries success, and, in the opinion of the ignorant masses, it is that which decides. The insidious character of a publication before unguarded sense is not discerned by it. There is no better mode of introducing amusement, and at the same time cultivating virtuous sentiments, than through a good novel; and nothing is more pernicious than a bad one, owing to its latent mode of undermining virtuous sentiments, and familiarising that which pollutes purity of soul. In Germany, the seriousness of a love attachment, and the great faithfulness which exists in such cases, even when immoral, qualifies in a certain degree the offence, rendering it less mischievous in its effects; but in France the effect is directly the reverse. In England, it is only to watch the disgraceful mercenary proceedings in our law courts, where matrimonial infidelity and the virgin's honour are priced

in money; and to see the utter disregard of every sentiment or principle, on the part of men towards their victims; it is only to watch these, to prove that we rank far below Frenchmen, who, if perfidious, do not set a price upon injured honour, but, in adulterous cases, punish it criminally. It has been remarked that both nature and society cause women to be the sufferers, and this cannot be denied. Still, that it should be a popular habit to regard the breach of all honour, and the violation of all principle as merely venial, where woman alone is concerned, clearly shows the skin-deep character of morality in English society, however painful the confession. There is great squeamishness in England, in some things defensible, and a great latitude in others. This is the effect of multitudinous inconsistency. We do not, it is true, resemble the people of Vienna in their inconsistency, where Montesquieu's "spirit of the Laws" is not allowed in public libraries. In Schiller's *Jeanne d'Arc* Agnes Sorel must be married. And, in *Don Carlos*, his love for Elizabeth cannot be tolerated! Yet the most licentious works are universally circulated—works too bad to name but serious productions that touch upon thrones even in romance, are forbidden. There political considerations take the place of habit in France, and of toleration here. In Vienna, too, virtue, correct feeling—everything that constitutes good morals is

disregarded by the government, provided there be nothing current which is considered likely to affect the absolute political power which rules, and to which all must give way, whether it concern this world or the next. The German aims and succeeds in depicting the violent effects of terror or of passion, with little regard how they are produced if they are effective. He often calls obscurity to his aid in the production of what he seeks, and with no little success.

His imagination revels amidst the shadowy, its images undefined, like the phantom in the Book of Job, the form of which could not be discerned. It works best in a misty atmosphere. Its wild theories and extensive dealings with unsubstantialities, render it unsatisfactory to those who are not satisfied to take everything for granted. When, amid the dimness of metaphysics, people envelope themselves in thick darkness as they proceed, yet gropingly persevere, however self-satisfied they may be, the world will not sympathise with them. This activity of the mental constitution with a natural inactivity of the body, most probably owed its origin to instructed minds being, under a system of petty despotism, prevented from reflecting upon topics in relation to which action is barred. Words which do not prompt to deeds obnoxious to themselves or their minions, cannot alarm arbitrary rulers. As a

substitute for free action, therefore, mental speculation is permitted, the only thing which great or little despotisms cannot prevent. There is nothing more interesting to the German than meditation—meditation upon all kinds of speculative theories—and then to report progress. The result may be inconclusive, but the meditation is as attractive as when the abstract subject first came upon his fancy.

Admirable for perseverance, patient, learned, particularly in languages, the German stamp is still observable. In dramatic writing, for example, the characters are often strained and out of nature, whether designed for good or evil, to be admired or hated. The authors do not appear content with the mere delineation of men and things as they are, under the infinite variety of character the world displays. They aim to create novelties that are to outvie existing nature. The characters thus created must contribute to unfold some philosophical notion, or exhibit traits unseen before. If sentiment be the point, the doctrine of necessity, or fatalism, may be upheld. Thought is displayed rather than action, nature being secondary to the mental mystery on which all hinges, a mystery never clearly revealed. No matter if it run counter to sound philosophy, savour of materialism, tend to clothe existing things in strange habiliments, border upon injustice, or set experimental knowledge at defiance, the favourite

idea must be wove so fine in texture, that the thread used cannot aid as a clue to bring out of the labyrinth those who venture into it.

We read German speculative works as we take up a puzzle; all ideas of what we are about becoming confused, we are lost in a chaos of imaginings when we suppose ourselves near a realization. The Germans think deeply, but they do no more. Their thoughts are upon their dreams, shapeless clouds above them, often vapoury enough of hue, frequently rich in colour, but evanescent, passing tracklessly away, and leaving behind no worthy impress. Theorising, busy, speculative, their bearing is marked with inertness and ponderosity. Of their material they make good use, and excel in clearing away impediments in metaphysical difficulties. They launch their dogmas, undismayed by their novelty, upon the great ocean of opinion, for they have uniformly a persuasion that proof metaphysical must be victorious against the world's experience—a happy confidence which ever tempts the German to perseverance.

The Teutonic character is serious and heavy, and marks its literature. In their sedate, staid habit the German and Turk bear a considerable resemblance to each other. But the last may be roused to extraordinary activity, to throw the djereed or

make a display of ceremony, while at other times he sits on the shores of the blue Bosphorus, in the blissful negation of his sensual dreams. The German, with his everlasting pipe, in place of dreaming of paradise and the Houri, stimulated with opium, sits amid the smoke of tobacco, and resolves grave doubts, and analyses moonshine. Now defending his ideal subtleties among his friends, or silently, in ceaseless activity of mind, diving deeper into the "sea without shore" of his own imaginings, striving to embody them into a visible image, and only encouraged to fresh trials by non-success. Latitudinarian in thought, bold in speculation, indomitable in perseverance, but ever inconclusive. Hence, German ideas in literature, while much spoken about, have made comparatively little impression in other countries. Hence, too, out of Germany come mesmerism and all the other "isms" that pass for nine-day wonders.

That order of social existence can be but secondary, where every individual following his own will refuses to avail himself of the experience of others. Thus he who cultivates his own ideas, unguided by preceding opinion or external fact, can only follow a flickering light serving to make the darkness visible. This obscurity seems to stimulate the pursuit of the German. That state which brings

hopelessness to others, animates his spirit to persevere after the discovery, to himself, of what is never discoverable to others.

The late efforts to obtain free institutions in Germany were undertaken in perfect harmony with the character of the people. Constitutions were sketched and promulgated by idealists, and changes were proposed before they could possibly have been worked out, or the means created to alter effectually the old state of things. In the midst of the short-lived struggle between the new and the old, abstract truths were hunted out for adoption in place of practical tendencies towards them. In lieu of securing the power first, they begged the question of its possession, and acted as if reverse institutions to those existing had only to be invoked like Eastern genii to appear in fulness of strength. In the meanwhile their opponents, who kept to existing realities, triumphed. Things lapsed into their former state. The German returned to his pipe and reveries again, and the pristine power ruled as before. If "the bare imagination of a feast" never satiated appetite, as little did ideal constitutions ever confer popular liberty. Human existence, though of short duration, is not a thing of air, and requires that its appliances should partake of its own substantiality. As in literature and art, so in political affairs, the Germans must shorten their reveries, learn to act,

and place their shoulders actively to the wheel. Their philosophical notions and the nature of their governments have long been vehemently opposed to each other. Thought being free, they made much of it; action being curbed, prostrate obedience to the ruling power became a part of the social system and a matter of easiness, while the mode of thinking and reasoning belied that obedience. Thus was engendered a species of hypocrisy, political, not religious, it is true, but sufficiently inconsistent to uproot society in any other country. "Our rulers may take the 'real,' give us the realm of the ideal," was the essence of Germanism before the last feeble outbreak, and things seem already lapsed again into their old state. They no longer talk of emancipation from their petty tyrannies. The will is shackled, freedom of action is banned, but metaphysics are free, and philosophy may investigate, and out-of-the-way novelties may be broached and defended, and poetry may dream and tell its dreams, and Germans may continue to read, to meditate, and to express as much as they can, which is only half of what they have in their heads. On their ruling powers or its agents literature and literary men produce no effect, being secluded more than they are elsewhere. They may have some influence in uniting public feeling where the union rarely goes beyond the common sentiment. Those who fulfil

the duties of the public administrations are governed by the rules of diplomacy, and do not trouble themselves about principles. Expediency is their moral law; they steer by policy, and leave justice to her blindness. Germanic in slowness of action and in pertinacity, they do not travel out of the beaten track, it being their rulers' notion, as it is in many other countries, that what has been, and is, should alone have permanency. Their stolidity cannot tolerate men of letters who advance an opponent principle, and men of letters are in most instances too complacent to do so where they live near those petty courts, which are so happily constituted for stifling freedom. They will in private society discourse freely, for the authorities know that in Germany "to talk" is, as to mischief in general, a neuter verb.

But this is travelling somewhat out of the record. The literary men of Germany are less universal than most others. It was not until a recent period that even in insulated examples their literati could be said to intermingle. Their writings were the communicants of their knowledge to each other, and the similarity in the mode of their speculations or views was the bond of sympathy. In some of the states they were wholly secluded, and spoke only through their works; in very rare cases, as in Saxony and Weimar, the courts and social state were for a

time more favourable to literature. Those courts, from being more refined, and from the reigning sovereigns possessing some sense of the value of the arts to the people, as well as knowing the external attention it drew upon themselves and their territories, found the patronage good policy.

A line of demarcation must be drawn between the works of the Germans that are attached to imagination and those which are the product of learning or connected with science. The latter rank deservedly high, the character of the people being adapted to plodding, persevering, patient labour. The universities possess some of the first men of the day as professors. They follow specific objects, and are peculiarly happy in conveying knowledge. There is reason to doubt whether the education bestowed in their universities is as useful as it is well taught—whether it is practical enough. There is sufficient enthusiasm for any acquirement, but its application is the point of moment. Theory is uppermost, but youth cannot pass through life weaving cobwebs. It must be versed in the application of its knowledge. To educate the young as if all were to be philosophers, or metaphysicians, or critics, is a gross error with which the German system is too deeply marked. In all things the German teachers have the virtue of granting claims to notice and to distinction on the ground of merit alone. This is in

opposition to the reigning principle in other European states, where the merit rewarded is an assumption graduated from social position, favour, intrigue, or interest. This honest principle in the Germans shows a tendency wherever it exists towards what is right.

There are many accusations made in this country that German literature has not justice done to it. There is always a party ready to complain in similar cases in default of something more easy to do. It is impossible English literature can gain by any further insight into the German of a speculative character. For elaborate works of science and those which relate to language, wherever laborious attention is directed to investigate fact, there is no superior school, none more informing and useful to the inquirer. The matter is different in relation to German metaphysicians and idealists. These are a peculiar race, who puzzle at best rather than inform. Their habits of thinking are dissimilar from those of other nations, their means being their end, if not avowedly, at least practically. It is otherwise in works of a character merely "learned," as civilised nations understand the term. None have gone deeper, or done better service to the study of the ancient languages than the Germans, nor have any given the results of investigation more disinterestedly, or with a more earnest regard to the truth.

The perseverance of the German character tells here. Demonstration has with them no regard to consequences, because truth is still superior. In England, unpalatable truths are suppressed by writers because they may offend the ignorant or bigoted, whose fatuity is more dreaded than the truth is loved. It was long before the facts of geology were admitted to prevail here over prejudices that vanished before careful inquiry by those who were only moved by a regard for what was veracious. Obliquitous minds still remain proof against the evidence of the senses. The demonstrations of arithmetic will not convince some understandings. There are few or no such imperfect minds among the educated of Germany, but rather a tendency to err in the opposite direction. In learned researches some of the qualities that in philosophy and metaphysics lead into obscurity and bewilderment, become advantageous dealing with facts. The German philologists have not been estimated as highly as they merit: strong must be the love of the science where the recompense in praise is so small, the world at large having no comprehension of it, so that, like virtue, it must be loved for its own sake, that science which must be followed in solitude and silence, day by day, year by year, with a glimmering light, just exhibiting the shallow track of the footsteps of dead nations through successive ages, by

scanty roots, scattered derivations, simulars of idiom and affinities of dialect, to trace out a primitive language through arid and wearisome paths, here the German is pre-eminent. He marshals his facts, reverses the mode of the idealists by using them as guides, reasoning from, in place of towards them, and, collecting the harvest of his toils, gives it out for the universal benefit, like a generous cosmopolitan.

The imaginative writers of Germany fix nothing, each running wild his own way, and each striving to set up a fresh novelty. No law of taste, no rule, no sense of critical propriety governs a literature that began with criticism, in a mode different from all other countries, where there is generally a beginning, a middle, and an end. Obscurity often terminates the labour lucidly begun, from following out the idea, until, as hunters would say, "the scent is lost." To be out of the common natural course is deemed an advantage—what can be expected in such a case save inconclusiveness? But Germans are content to pursue mysteries, and to leave them so, as well satisfied as if they were solved, from their argument being conducted "too curiously." Yet cannot the inquiry be resisted as to what that pursuit avails which, not bringing refinement or utility, leaves the amusement or instruction of all but those who are disciples of the doctrine wholly

unsatisfied. The German lives in a balloon, and expatiates on what his fancy whispers may be in the air higher up above him. It may be anything fancy chooses, and so much the more in his way. He cannot dwell on what is earthy and tangible, and plain beneath him. He loves wild wanderings, "*des égarements*," and while wishing to become a pioneer of the human mind, he endeavours to become so by following new roads, moving under systems without a regulating law, and by making excursions into infinity itself, from whence he returns no wiser than he went. He doubts all things, peruses all things, and still leaves all in obscurity. His hope is a waking sleep, abounding in semi-formed visions, which produce a greater effect upon his mind than nature itself in action. He only differs from Sancho Panza, when in his sleep he cried out "*I dream*," in that honest Sancho slept, while the German is wide awake in the midst of his demons, his phantoms, his omens, his oracles of destiny, his doctrine of fatalism—in short, his preference of all but the natural course of things, the result of cause and effect. Nature dresses too simply to be his mistress. He subsists upon ideas without reference to their application, and hence they are either highly coloured or colossal, whether of earth or super-mundane.

The two periods of German literature, if the crude

productions before the middle of the last century may be so denominated, are not alike. The German ideal school is the later, and wholly of modern origin. The old poem of the thirteenth or fourteenth century, called the "Nibelungen," adheres to nature, to character, in the natural mode of description, to kindness and simplicity, in the same way as the earlier poems of most countries that have sung of "peace, war, and faithful love." It remained for later times to displace action with phantasm, and, with the utmost latitude of thought, to reconcile servile political obedience; to unchain the eagle, but to prevent its soaring by enveloping the noble bird in the twilight that delights the owl, though his plumes are expanded, and his piercing eyes ever looking for an unshackled flight.

The literature of France, which preceded the German in that country among well-educated persons, was always sufficiently clear. If Frederick the Great, of Prussia disdained to use his native tongue in his writings, upon its rejection the Germans might have borrowed a hint or two from it with advantage; above all, its abhorrence of the no meaning which "puzzles more than sense." On changing the adoption of a foreign tongue for their own, though they had produced no writer worthy of their nation at that time except Wieland, they would have done well not to run from one extreme

to the other. In excluding foreign literature, they seemed not to have been content with its banishment, they would fain obliterate its traces, and in so doing endeavoured to stamp their originality by rejecting for their own that which was common to every other. Yet the early German writers, towards the middle and close of the last century, were not so much distinguished by their talents as their capacity of profound thought, and their aptitude for transferring their ideas; in fact, for a sort of universality in treating different subjects, and for their ingenious combinations.

They who are not affected with that species of German mania which has been observable at times in this country, feel a dissatisfaction in reading some of their best authors. They rise from them as from a meal which has not satisfied the appetite. They are too obscure, or unsubstantial, or lax in moral feeling. We ask ourselves to what does all this lead, when we read "Faust," for example, so lauded by Germans and the devotees to German literature in this country, who seem to imbibe the same taste for inconclusiveness which the Germans themselves display. We obtain only something metaphysical, the attempted elucidation of some dark ingenious theory at the end, unprofitable and often dissonant with our own religious sensations. A curiosity, not, and never to be, satisfied, seems to prompt all, the

gratification of which is to be sought for in the internal man, in the constitution of mind, of which nothing is known, and much is in consequence begged. A mystery to man is set up, the elucidation of which, seen by others to be impossible, only whets the German appetite to attempt. His zeal redoubles, only to be doubly perplexed, and the perplexity prolongs his efforts indefinitely. Just so to refine without end, to follow idle abstractions, to construct theories in art in order to set going something inexplicable about the balance of love and beauty, of the ideal and real, are a long and earnest pursuit. In following out the "æsthetic," their own term, they will plunge into a troubled sea of metaphysics, wading, swimming, diving into profundity, till they can never more find dry land with their feet. They abandon circumstance and accident as of no account; all must be spiritual, all, like the universe, must be formed out of nothing, all must be explained from within. The mind is the source and outlet of all. Spirit must vindicate itself over what is material. Not the good Bishop Berkeley himself was more sensible of the possibility of the impossible. All is innate and from the mind. The existing is secondary. The union of both the how and wherefore is another favourite problem, that, like the squirrel's cage, still goes round, and the motive power remains no further

advanced. The attempt to rule an unmastered abstraction is truly German, of the modern school. Frederick Schlegel had an inkling this way. Schiller, with his delightful genius, left poetry to fish in the same turbid pool sometimes, but the hook was never burdened with the expected inhabitant of the waters. Nothing is realised, but the hope lingers still, and lures to the disappointment that only "spurs the sides of the intent" anew.

But the Germans began their later literature with criticism, while in England it is observed that bad and incompetent authors become reviewers. It is possible that a somewhat similar cause operated in both cases—incipient knowledge in the one, and conscious deficiency of ability in the other. The practice, however, has been continued in Germany, where more critics publish than original writers, just as in Paris there are said to be more doctors than patients. Perhaps there is more assumptive vanity in being a German critic, possessing, too, a power in the public view of sitting in judgment upon others, rather than of being judged. The critic may lay down the principles he could not carry out, and get an illegitimate credit for being able to do it. After all, the German plan is but an inversion of the custom observed elsewhere. Literature followed in the wake of criticism, and its rules were laid down too late to restrain discursive fancies. Every one

set up his own literary standard according to his individual impressions. Genius ran wild, and that which was unsubstantial or erratic took an embodied form in the eyes of enthusiasts, and led to a style of literature unreined and wild in all but German eyes. The impression of the moment ruled. Authors went into extravagances accordingly, the object being to astonish, not to convince, to amuse, not to instruct, except in doctrines that are themselves unfixed, keeping the human mind in doubt, and making man dissatisfied with his station, while substituting nothing, however problematical, in its place. Reason becomes subservient to imagination, under the exclusive reign of which Germans may be as fully satisfied as with demonstration, though the rest of the great family of mankind will not. The latter must have some end or aim. The Germans are content with the retracting figures of the phantasmagoria if they can follow them to the remotest point where form ceases, and even then keep up the pursuit. It is nothing that they are led into difficulty and darkness amid the strange and marvellous. They must astonish under any category of style, manner, or creed that will answer the purpose. They will entangle clear truths in metaphysical quags rather than adopt them in their simplicity. This will account for the many extraordinary scenes introduced into their works which

sensation repels, and shows why nature is not their sole guide. All that comes into the sensorium accustomed to combine as well as invent extravagances, even beyond the range of the probable and possible, may be found in German writers. All is legitimate that is new, profound, or obscure. This may be discovered in works translated into the vernacular tongue by those who are attached in a certain degree to the same system here, but who cannot render their own admiration for the incomprehensible as current as they desire, though they do not spare praise for the purpose. The rule of morality is no check upon a German, nor contrariety to nature a bar to the introduction of a dramatic scene so constituted. In Mülner we find a father challenging a son to fight a duel to avenge the murder of another of his children, under the unfounded pretence of its being illustrative of Spanish character, but really because it was new on the stage, and out of the beaten road. Nor was the incident badly received by the public, which in England or France would have been hissed off. Improbable situations, or such as are scarcely within the verge of possibility, are favourite resorts of German writers. Abstract notions and recondite and abstruse doctrines are placed in the mouths of dramatic characters, or in those which figure in romances, the fruits of the author's reveries, and not the words which a

Shakespeare would have made them use. It is true that in such cases the characters are often rather the depositaries and vehicles of the author's ideas than actors in the great social family of man, as he is. The fidelity and morality of the sentiments are in the same way frequently secondary matters, though primary elsewhere when good taste governs. The doctrine laid down by Lessing they did not adhere to. They sought a freer system, but there is a great difference between freedom and licentiousness.

German literature is of the romantic school. By the term "romantic," distinguished from the "classic," they do not, as in England is commonly done, comprehend that marked as ancient and modern literature, or that which receives or rejects the rules of the old critics, as in the example of the drama of Shakespeare, who paid no regard to the rules of Aristotle. They apply the term classical to ancient literature, and that of romantic to chivalry, with its traditions, of which last they make their own literature the heir. Some have contended for the terms "Pagan" and "Christian" in place of "classic" and "romantic." The discussions on this subject have far outdone those that arose from Perrault's parallel between the "Ancients and Moderns." The mode of treating similar subjects in ancient and modern times—in poetry,

for example—would not in many cases out of Germany be particularly marked. In the Greek mythology, for example, there are verses that might have been the productions of either era in England, France, or the south of Europe, because they belong to subjects common to all nations and ages; in other words—to our common nature, which is ever the same.

The poetry of Germany is a fertile field, and in many points original. It is varied, rich, full of agreeable images, but it is often fanciful and discursive; nor is it at times free from metaphysics and philosophy, from mental vagary and dissatisfied reason.

In their novels and romances the same tendencies may be remarked as have been before mentioned; peculiarities, mannerisms, or what, considered nationally and applied to their literature in other departments, may be called Germanisms. The variety under these heads is very great. Love tales, sorcery, chivalry, the natural and supernatural, the feelings of dissatisfaction with life, the sentimental, and much not measured by moral considerations, are to be found in this category. The "Wilhelm Meister," of Goethe, is one of a class of works not directed to the noblest purposes. The beauty of the description, the verisimilitude of the painting,

the delineation of feelings under the most improbable circumstances, the characters worked out of an immoral origin, natural feelings forcibly described in place of conventional habits, or the latter violated in an absurd manner ; a heroine born, bred, reared in a fashion rather emulative of peculiarity than any other object, and acting in an accordant manner, under the guidance of a vigorous fancy uncontrolled by any moral check, and out of all a character worked discordantly with the course of existent being, now simple and childlike, now profound and imaginative ; in short, a mysterious medley of character, wiser than one of her age would ever be, and ignorant of her own history.

Nor can the high praise bestowed on the workmanship of Faust balance the levity with which the deity is treated all through. That awful impress is wanting in treating of the great First Cause which the right-thinking educated mind sustains, when through a telescope it regards the ten thousand worlds that burn and glow in the infinity of space.

Ardent love and an unhappy life, its pains and hopes, and more evanescent impressions, are detailed with wonderful ability ; but all is secondary to the mind which created them, not for the sake of the magical picture thus drawn, but to exhibit certain traits, and particular sentiments not always con-

sonant with nature, which were more easily effected in this mode than in any other. The observations of some writers on the workings of the human heart have been profound, and their power of vivid description has been lavishly used to show that all human impulses are in the end indifferent. In the German school, genius wastes its treasures to render mankind a dis-service, to make it hopeless of progress, and to inculcate indifference about the value of life, which, abounding in moral maladies, are to be cured by ourselves, if not, we become their victims. There are virtues and passions, one of which counteracts another, according to some; others deny this, and the public is to judge between them. If the scepticism thus developed were well founded, and proof were brought to bear in its favour, it would be better, and more humane, to soften than exacerbate the consciousness of the calamity. We are alluding here to no religion beyond that from the light of nature. Materialism is a cold, cheerless doctrine, to which, notwithstanding, it would be our duty to give way, were it a substantial truth. But all that reason and experience exhibit in examining the question is decidedly opposed to it. The light of nature, and the consciousness of being and action, cannot be overturned by mere ideology. If religion were, indeed, a

chimera, and that the poetry of our existence were a nonentity; if reason might be passed by, and the concentrated evidence of our senses, and the plainest associations they generate in unison with incontrovertible truth, according to the clearest human judgment and the *consensus gentium*,—if these may go for nothing upon the question, then it would be better to resign nature's instincts at once, to abandon the consolatory character of those principles which enable us to meet the calamities of life with fortitude, not to avoid the abuse of prosperity should it be our good lot to share it, to look with chill indifference upon the chapter of human existence, and to make life miserable with hopelessness. We are now enabled to cultivate a few flowers in the path of existence, not to trample them underfoot, nor cancel the enjoyments proffered, and these are by no means few, if we understand how to avail ourselves of them aright, in place of endeavouring to establish for a fact a demoralising uncertainty. Such an aim is a misuse of talent, and an error unworthy of genius. To notice the Hegelian theories, or the Meagrims of Strauss, these last, in fact a refined system of materialism, would be out of the design of these volumes.*

* A portion of these remarks on German literature was printed by the author before in a periodical work.

I mentioned in my "Recollections" an acquaintance with Augustus William Schlegel, just then recalled by the appearance of a prospectus or two of some of his intended works upon Eastern literature. His character as a critic and linguist is well known. I never met any man who seemed to feel a greater interest in the main pursuit of his life than he did. He expired at Bonn, the scene of his literary labours, in 1836, at the age of sixty-nine. He was in Paris when I was there in 1818. We met again in London in 1822. He completed his *Ramayana* in 1831, his last great work on Eastern literature. His powers as a linguist were extraordinary; he seemed born for the study of languages, and the nicest discrimination in the native use of them.

In his writings he had less of that mystery which forms so large a part of the character of German literature in general, and which Madame de Stael describes or rather distinguishes by saying, "*Le caractère distinctif de la littérature Allemande est de rapport tout à l'existence intérieure; et comme c'est là le mystère des mystères, une curiosité sans bornes s'y attache.*" This, of course, is general with German writers, but she thought A. W. Schlegel was less abstracted than Schiller, for example.

In some of the works of the Germans, and their discussions on the finite and infinite, I do not pretend to be versed. Except a paper or two upon the subject in a periodical work, founded perhaps upon too little reading, showing I have not thought much upon the subject, I have had no concern with it. I have a horror of Kant and his school of

"Endless labour all day long,
Endless labour to be wrong."

Here it strikes me are portrayed both the workman and his works, and when one has a prepossession of this kind in relation to any subject, we do not make much way with the study. Besides, the Teutonic theories sometimes do not interest sufficiently those whose studies have been principally directed to the Southern literature, from their being so dissimilar.

The attachment manifested by the Schlegels for the middle ages (*mittel alter*), is a proof how much clever men may lay aside reason in their attachments. The term "middle ages" has been understood by literary men in general to include the ten centuries of intellectual gloom after the fall of the Roman empire, commencing soon after the reign of Honorius, or from the fourth to the fourteenth centuries, during which the Roman empire became extinguished in the west, and Pope Sixtus usurped the full authority, temporal and spiritual. The Schlegels,

neither of them, define the exact time which they understand by the above term, but it seems they refer to a later period; that of the papal supremacy, as soon as the arts were applied to sustain the Romish superstitions; or from nearly the year 1200, to the triumph of more enlarged religious and political freedom; in fact, to that period when the fine arts, having revived, were devoted to decoration, by ecclesiastical sculpture, in painting and architecture, more particularly, down to the humiliation of the papal despotism, and the establishment of greater political and religious freedom, exhibited more perceptibly here in the declining influence of the papal power, in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries.

Frederick Schlegel manifested this feeling openly, as may be seen in his works, and it was a natural consequence that he continued from choice, up to the time of his decease, to be the subservient tool of despotism. He resided at Vienna, and basked in the favour of the Austrian emperor Francis, whose stolidity and ingrained tyranny made him the imperial gaoler of his empire, actually himself superintending the dungeons in which he incarcerated his victims. Hence Frederick Schlegel became a bye-word, even among those of the *literati* who were by no means avowed political partizans of any colour. That a system which has been in rapid decay from the time of the French revolution, which

as the main cause of its excesses, and on which mines of wealth were expended, and torrents of blood poured out in vain to support, should have had such an advocate is painful to recall to mind, or as a critic Frederick maintained a reputation second only to that of his brother, and his knowledge of the languages of the East was profound. He was one of those who speculated much on the origin of men, through tracing the languages of that part of the world.

William Schlegel was more prudent, if indeed he went so far as his brother in his political creed. He seldom referred to the petty satraps of Germany in conversation, except to the Duke of Saxe-Weimar, who seems to have merited the respect he received from men of mind. He also spoke highly of the late King of Prussia, an insipid man, who was too fond of the bottle, but easy and never ill-intentioned. William Schlegel bequeathed to the king a silver inkstand, of considerable value for the workmanship, a present or legacy to himself from Madame de Stael.

Though William Schlegel mingled with his own some of the predilections of those who were nursed under an arbitrary government he never directly displayed them. The closeness of his studies, or perhaps a conviction of the inutility of appearing an open political partizan, or a wise discretion in

regard to the respect in which he desired to be held by literary men of independent minds, and most of the literary men of his time whose friendship was worth cultivating were of that class: whatever might have been the cause, he secured to himself by the course he took a much more extended reputation than his brother.

Schlegel's affection for the middle ages now and then made him exhibit his regard for the institutions which belonged to superstitious times, not from love of the superstition, but from the strength of art it brought out. This disregard of the cause compared with the effect, continually exhibited itself in references to works of art devoted to illustrations or references to a creed that has ever reposed in effects upon the senses, in place of the understanding. It was but natural, therefore, that William Schlegel, who made the *belles lettres* his study, while he did not feel that degree of affection for the religious or political institutions of which his brother was the open supporter, should have regarded their appliances with no small partiality. Bound up with Prussia, flattered in France, and not dead to the applauses he received in England, he was content to modify his feeling for that millennium of Satanic rule, under which popes had made April-fools of powerful monarchs who feared to make the right use of their own reason.

The cant phrase, "the wisdom of our ancestors," the watch-words of the reign of George III. in England, no doubt operated upon the minds of no small number of Englishmen, as the traditions of the middle ages did upon those of the Schlegels, but, as I have said, in different degrees, independently of that saddened regret which the recollection of the past always generates in the mind of genius, and that notwithstanding it is no part of its own experience. I never knew Frederick Schlegel personally. Thomas Campbell told me he had met him in Vienna, and did not like him; but the poet was faithful in his likings. He was not always as cordial with William Schlegel as he should have been; no one knew why, and though there was something about the celebrated German not ill calculated to cement friendships. Madame de Stael, whom I knew some years before I ever saw Campbell, had a strong regard for Schlegel, because he was so "amiable." She was not an admirer of the middle ages. If she could have lived and talked as she liked in Paris, under Napoleon, she would have handed over the middle ages to a bitterer cynic and iconoclast in their regard than John Knox twice told.

William Schlegel's feeling for the arts and literature of what he called the middle ages, now and then oozed out in a mode that many might think well superseded by an open avowal. It was

assuredly a want of sound reasoning that could desire to bring back papal superstition and political power again, only because the arts were superior under their sway. However finely Raphael might paint the "Mother of God," what a blasphemous phrase! the Caracci, or one of them, delineate Susan and the Elders, or Michael Angelo crucifixions for the churches of their time, no man of just reasoning power would recall those times or the superstitious enthusiasm which animated the artists. No one would be insane enough to desire they should supersede our own. That the hankering after something of this nature did appear the following lines of William Schlegel must be admitted, despite his general reserve :—

"Europe was of one mind in those grand ages,
 A universal land of generous thought,
 Which served to rule in life, and guide in death—
 The same proud chivalry made soldiers brethren,
 Armed to defend one faith, that faith which armed them—
 The self-same love inspired the general heart,
 While poesy the great alliance chanted,
 And divers tongues the same expressions uttered.
 Alas ! all this bright energy has perished—
 The energy of ages—ours, the inventor
 Of stunted wisdom, deems it a wild chimera,
 For men of feeble minds cannot conceive it,
 Since hearts profane dream not of things divine.
 Ah ! me ! our day knows not of faith or love—
 How for such days should even a hope remain ! ! ! "

This is nearly as grotesque as Burke's Jeremiad

over the age of chivalry—an age personified in the debaucheries of the French court, for several centuries before it was uttered, in religious persecution, rack and faggot, dragonade, burning, and Bastile. What were those middle ages, but scenes of the rule of the most arbitrary priestcraft, bitter persecutions, feudal crimes, sanguinary wars, religious impostures, inquisitions, indulgences, idolatries, and ecclesiastical frauds of all kinds. Every embellishment of life and public liberty aside, mental degradation and wide-spread ignorance are to be tolerated, because, under such circumstances, the first artists, since the revival of letters, flourished under similar auspices. Let us reflect a little, and ask ourselves whether, for a few feet of exquisitely painted canvas, that must disappear from decay in two or three years,—whether, for an old saint or two in marble,—somewhat more enduring—we are willing to have back those times of soul-degradation? Whether we are willing to consign our Gallileos and Newtons to papal dungeons? Whether we will consent, even if our sovereigns desired it, that they shall hold again the papal stirrup, and bow down to a triple-crowned impostor, who, from the time of Constantine to this hour, in one shape or another, has availed himself of the name of christian, to violate every known maxim of christianity, and set at nought

every principle bequeathed by the founder of that faith to the world at large, perversely labouring to obscure the progress of the human mind?

A system of architecture, or a new style of it, was invented for the purpose of acting upon the mind, of impressing it with gloom, and seconding by art the aid of that mental subjugation in which the priesthood delighted, in reality helping out those temporal objects which they continually veiled beneath religious obligations. The gloomy chill aisle and pointed arch, however abstractedly ingenious, were part of the system to aid mental subjugation; in the north, where light is scanty, the effect is doubly bad. The great Creator implanted upon his works an air of grace, beauty, and cheerfulness. His temple of worship was the earth and sky. His best adoration was in the midst of his glorious works—not in cells of flint or darkened vaults; not in fast, nor in mortification, nor in celibacy, nor asceticism, nor in self-mutilation, nor in the reduction of the mind to an interested obedience to cunning men—obedience without reflection, and religion without reason—to systems of persecution ten times more sanguinary than that of the Roman emperors, and a thousand times more extended. I remember poor Haydon, who loved high art, conversing on the subject of the brilliant men that dis-

tinguished Italy in the middle ages, and that with so much warmth that I could not help asking him whether he thought, for the benefit of his art, we should consent to give up our present advanced state of knowledge and freedom. Did he not suppose that there were scenes enough in our own history; for subjects? "The truth is, Haydon," I remarked, "you must first give the English people a taste for the better order of art, and that you will never be able to do. Portrait, landscape, horse-races, animals, and homely scenes, are within the compass of the English multitudinous mind. High art, that which confers artistic glory upon a nation, is, and will continue to be, as much above popular comprehension, as it is above that of every other northern people. Those here, who love and understand the nobler branches of the arts, are the rare exceptions. Such is my humble opinion." He could not controvert my observation.

I have dwelt too long upon this extraordinary man, but I was much taken with Schlegel, he has not been over-valued. As a critic it is impossible to read his observations on the Drama of the ancients and moderns, and not to admire his learning and the great extent of his knowledge. I once mentioned an anecdote* regarding him, which seems

* Recollections, Vol. ii., p. 226, Second Ed.

to show his knowledge of our Shakspeare to have exceeded that of every other foreigner, while he does us the credit of possessing the greatest dramatic poet the world has produced. It is pleasing to find Shakspeare, banished from his own stage by the vulgarity of the English taste, so amply recompensed in Germany and France. Schlegel's is one of the most wonderful translations of the poet ever made. He told me it cost him seven years of labour. He was not equally master of our comic dramatists, but if it be possible to over-admire our great dramatic bard, Schlegel was that over-admirer. In fact he has no praise to spare for other dramatic writers. Nor is this wonderful. Shakspeare is enough of himself for any one nation. Let him go where he is best understood, and most admired. We can read him in our closets. "I know every word in Shakspeare's works—which I do not believe any one of his countrymen does; it is not so natural they should, as they were none of them ever required to deal so closely with him as I have been," was a remark I heard him make.

There were some things in Schlegel that were less German than in most of the writers of that country—he was less given to abstraction—nor was he so fond of dealing in paradox as most of his countrymen. His manners were agreeable for a student, and at times showed great friendliness. I fancied,

too, that there was less of Teutonic laboriousness at trying after an incomprehensible conclusion, than some of his countrymen are prone to exhibit, very often about what other people would call an absurdity; in other words, he did not follow out shadows as so many of his literary countrymen are prone to do. Of the romantic school himself, he still did justice to the classic, but he too frequently leads us into a maze from which it is not easy to extricate ourselves in a satisfactory mode. With him, the romantic is man in the pride of nature, and amid impressions as they are received by the senses standing on the ground of their simple beauty and untutored association. The classic is the man elevated and rendered interesting by a cultivated imagination, and the circumstances in which he is artistically placed. It is the romantic in some degree, chastened, refined, and rendered more attractive by the severity of art, and it is therefore the favourite of severe culture adapted to all times of high civilization. In the romantic, we take nature as we find her; in the classic, we reject whatever salient points and roughnesses she may possess, and so far give the aid of art to that which comes rough-hewn from the hand of nature, with not ungrateful asperities. Both are excellent of their kind, as tending to elevate the mind while imparting refined pleasure. There is the difference

still, that while the uncultivated can derive pleasure from the romantic school, it is incapable of enjoying the classic. To derive pleasure from both is the privilege of a mind well tutored, that stands out from the multitude. The grace and beauty of the classical may be compared to the Venus de Medicis, or the Apollo; that of the romantic, to the statue clothed in the drapery of its era; one is the glory of form; the other of habit, set off after the fancy of an age that has preceded, borrowing a portion of its attraction from past association. The classical is severe nature; the romantic takes its impressions from northern feeling and mythology. Under the catholic or Roman faith, both had their idols; and in this respect the romantic faith was little to be praised. The images of catholic veneration, the mother of God and the saints, are in no way to be compared in beauty and grace, with the sculptured representations of the pagan deities. But the romantic school was created before shrines and images. Its worship, originally immaterial, was corrupted by the innovations introduced by the papal power, the best of which were stolen from paganism, in order to enlist the sensual on the side of Christianity, depreciating its chief excellencies. The devotee of the romantic school of faith, as originally taught, wanted neither shrines nor altars, nor stoled priests, nor mitres, nor gorgeous temples;

his deity was everywhere, his temple the wide world; his true worship, a few words from a contrite heart, upon a hill summit—a Mount of Olives; and a contemplation of the awful grandeur of an invisible ruler of the universe, seen only through his mighty works. The romantic school, reformed, became one of the grand divisions in literature and art, and has contributed its share to the enlargement of the limits of imagination. Both the classic and romantic have range enough in the world, children of the South and North as they are, and possessed of attributes sufficiently distinct. Both are to be studied as twin relations, which contribute to embellish life, or that part of our existence, which is the more elevated from being the more immediately connected with mind. Under the title of “The Classics and Romantics,”* some time ago, I touched upon this subject in a cursory way; but it has been so well handled by others, that I do not presume to go into the subject again here. It is far better to consider the classic and romantic as twin brothers of the same parent, and to study them with proper discrimination, than to waste words upon their precedence, which, like that architectural dispute of Perrault, about the ancients and the moderns, both good in their way, can arrive at no satisfactory conclusion.

* New Monthly Magazine, Vol. vii., p. 522 (1828).

Shakspeare, the head of the romantic school, receives due commendation from the great critic; but Shakspeare is not at all German, for he is strictly natural. That is, he makes his characters do nothing but what living men would do, or say, under the like circumstances. He has nothing to do with "sensation" nonsense, the favourite slang of the passing hour. The German, in place of the romantic natural, would adopt the romantic imaginative; and, in place of accommodating the shows of things to the simple desires of the mind, would accommodate them to its complex imaginings. Hence we meet with incidents that we cannot reconcile with our ideas of consistency, or that fitness of things which keeps alive the true illusion of the scene. Hence the German drama differs from the French, not only in belonging to the romantic school, but in points deemed too extravagant for the French "fitness of things." Still, Shakspeare is always easy and just in the romantic,—in other words, strictly natural in his delineations.

I am not aware whether W. Schlegel agreed with his brother, in the idea that language commenced with man in a savage state, and arose to perfection by degrees. He could not imagine that so perfect a language as the Greek, for example, could be formed in that mode by time. The received hypothesis that man was created originally in a savage state, though

evidently that which must be the result of every mode of consideration regarding the subject, he could not credit. The statement of Moses, that mankind sprang from a single pair, can be no more than verbal tradition, as is shown very clearly in that of the formation of the earth. It was not necessary, in order to render mankind better and happier through the faith taught by Christ, that the incident of Eve's eating the apple should be literally correct. It is sufficient for the truth of Christianity if it be only an allegory, for the doctrines of Christ cannot repose on any stronger foundation than their own divine philosophy, let Adam be made how he would.

In the existing savage state we find wonderful differences. The New Zealander, a cannibal when discovered in our time; and, therefore, it might be imagined, one of the lowest in the scale of man; was able, after a very few years' acquaintance with Europeans, to build vessels and navigate them a thousand miles over a stormy ocean. The New Hollander, found under the same circumstances, and to whom the towns of civilized men, their customs and habits, are become equally familiar, shows no progress, and his will probably be annihilated by the encroachments of the superior race, while those of New Zealand will become amalgamated; whence proceeds this difference? Language in its present state is an acquirement; were it natural, speech would

follow bodily maturity, ripening like other functions. Animals have a limited speech, sufficient to explain to each other the stunted communications which belong to their state of existence. Man, unlimited in this respect, has no similar bound. Those born deaf speak in their way, by certain inarticulate sounds which, though not language, are somewhat similar to the new-born efforts at speech made by the earliest biped tenants of the earth, by which, with their modifications afterwards, climate, or more advanced civilization, gradually improved. Whatever primitive terms or cries were adopted, it is clear the name of an object would still be a noun, and an action constitute a verb, before the utterances came in advancing civilization to be grammatically arranged. That moral as well as physical differences exist among savage nations, is an undoubted fact; the point, therefore, is to trace them. The first tongues were no doubt monosyllabic—all that exists dependent upon man and civilization, or the constitution of the globe itself, has been gradual, step by step, a continued progress, a movement in advance. The princes among the Chaldeans were shepherds and tended their flocks; and one of them is Abraham (if tradition may be credited, when there is no reason for doubt) Abraham, to whom the Jews ascribe their origin, while watching his flocks by night, in the beautiful starlight of the East, observed

the motions of the heavenly bodies—was struck with their wonderful regularity, and thence became convinced that there must be some great Governor over all, to whom the workmanship of the universe must be ascribed. So strongly was he convinced of this being the fact, that he became a deist, forsook the idols of his ancestors, and was ultimately the father of the Jewish nation.

It is impossible not to see, in the cessation of volcanos, for example, in numberless instances in the natural world, in the advance of mechanical arts, the development of science, the increase of population, and the discovery of new lands, as in America, scarcely begun to be peopled ; that the great designs of the Supreme in the world are only as yet very partially carried out. How far they will proceed, and where they will terminate ; to what a height of perfection new races of men may be led before the consummation of all things, according to some, or of millenium, according to others ; who shall say ? It is sufficient for the living to know, in the words of Gallileo, that “ all moves,” and will continue to do so, it may be presumed, until the world is peopled, and cultivated to something approaching its fulness. Eternal wisdom must have great ultimate objects yet in view. Beyond this conjecture, all is lost in impenetrable darkness ; the death of one generation is but the means

of the production of a new one—death becoming the source of life to another, and the innumerable products of vitality resuming after death the original sources from which they sprung.

What were the religious sentiments of the two Schlegels, I never heard. William never spoke of his creed in my hearing. There has been, and is so great a variety of religious sentiment, as there is, indeed, on every other subject in Germany, that from the mere superstitions of the catholic, to the broad materialist, every shade is to be found; but I have ever avoided argument upon the subject. I was unable to cope with their definitions and subtleties which seemed to me labour in vain to enter upon, had I the ability of the most profound schoolman. I met a great many scholars, as well as military men, no great while after the battle of Waterloo, and found that they were all marked by the same want of nationality, by much sincerity, solid sense, and great laboriousness in whatever research they undertook. In fact, in vain labour they were equally assiduous and wearying to themselves, just as Shakspeare has drawn the picture.

“———— I have seen a swan—

With bootless labour, swim against the tide,

And spend his strength with over-matching waves.”

I may be censured, but I never could relish Goethe. He wanted soul. He rose to distinction

in Germany, where the men of genius and learning form a class of themselves, and where accidentally the head of one petty court out of thirty or forty, that of Saxe-Weimar, was alone able to appreciate the value of literature, or had sufficient ambition beyond the vulgar to feel the meaning of the verses of Horace :—

Before great Agamemnon reigned,
 Reign'd kings as great as he and brave
 Whose huge ambition's now contained
 In the small compass of a grave ;
 In endless night they sleep unwept, unknown ;
 No bard had they to make all coming time their own.*

Thus in Germany, except the kindly feeling of the late King of Prussia, which seems to have been without much purpose, for he was no Solomon ; and the ruler of Saxe-Weimar, the mighty chiefs of empires five leagues square, with revenues of five or six thousand pounds sterling, an army of a dozen or two of soldiers, and the like mimicry of the sovereigns of a great kingdom, exhibited all the vanity of the greater rulers around who governed empires, and equally had a distaste, if not always avowed, for the literary men in their dominions. These last, therefore, formed a class of themselves in Germany, the very idea of a state of mental independence seeming to

* " *Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona
 Multi sed omnes illa cymabiles,
 Vigentur, ignotique longa,
 Nocte, carent quia vate sacro.*"

be an encroachment upon the dignity of the petty satraps, whereas to leave them alone in their glory was mutually agreeable. Nature generally takes care not to overburden the minds of small or large sovereigns, and men of extended minds are thus saved much *ennui*. A Frederick the Great is a rare species. The sovereigns of the more important nations, always excepting Austria, are generally urbane enough to show respect in return for the same. In Austria the nobles and men of letters do not mingle—the result is that the nobles are ignorant, and the men of letters unpolished. Schlegel was not, I have since learned, more lavish of his praise of the ruler of Saxe-Weimar than that prince merited, and by that line of conduct, if not by his real affection for literature, the name will live far longer than the Rhenish confederation will endure.

Weimar stands alone—or rather, stood alone. The prince's subjects were no more than about two hundred thousand, not half as many as in some of the English counties, his revenue about a million and a half of Saxon florins (referring to the time I lived on the Continent, or before 1819), and his territory only extended over sixty-seven square leagues; yet he was more widely known than any of the princes of the confederation, except four or five heads of great empires who were enrolled among and hardly of

them. The court of the Duke of Saxe-Weimar was the place of rendezvous of the poets and more gifted men of Germany. He loved gardening and agriculture. He was never devoured with *ennui*, because he possessed mental resources which enabled him to enjoy life without that painful sameness to which most men in his position are liable, from the idea of a self-exaltation above others, and a degree of ignorance, however attempted to be concealed by flatterers, and amused by follies which often times make them pitied by thinking and reasoning people, as being what Plato said of one who was at all events able to pass his time without *ennui*, that he only wanted reason and propriety to be a man, in place of being an animal upon two feet without feathers.

At first I fancied that in speaking as he did of the Duke of Saxe-Weimar, Schlegel was moved by that affectation of intimacy with men of title so frequently aped by persons not always of narrow intellect or low birth. I found that I was wrong. The learned German was above all that sickly servile John Bullism. The Duke, too, merited all the praise he received.

When I came to look into the earlier German literature, after learning the language, I found it based upon tradition. Yet on reflection, all the earliest literature of a country, which dates its language

and manners from a remote period, must be its embodied fictions, perhaps bordering upon nonsense at the commencement, slowly shaped into a better form as the common intellect is refined. It may be a question whether the true origin of any such literature has been traced up to its first outlines. Some have consisted of the separate vagaries of uncouth minds blended together—some also shaped out of fragments of things which have preceded. The west and north of Europe must give way to the east, and the east of Europe to the Asiatic continent for the origin of the best practice of storytelling. I wonder whether the Esquimaux in their snow huts and long, dreary winters, have a solace of this kind, or find sleep the best refuge from darkness without and *ennui* within doors. The innate pride of man seems to have been the spur to his invention of such fictions. The hero of the tale is always to be elevated, always to be made greater in some circumstance or another much oftener than better; exaggerated vices telling better here than tame virtues. Hope is always present, and man is even here never “but always to be blest.” Is this hope no sign through mist that there is a better future for him somewhere, as the refusal of every reflective mind to live the same life over again in the face of an utter and irrecoverable dissolution of the body, which we know can never re-exist, seems

point out the soul's immortality; for who is there that would assert in cool reason that he wished he had never existed at all? We thus refuse to renew our existence, at the same time that not to have been one of the great family of mankind is declared even in idea to be painful. There seems a strange contradiction here, only to be accounted for by a latent principle of a state of being, of which this seems to trace out the shadow. Something that, from not being easily reconcilable to reason, exists in an indefinable way from its nature, that the being thus discontented may at some future time find the solution in a disembodied state of existence, in fact in its own immortality.

The study of German fictions may not be of any great utility, but it is interesting, and the preservation of them, as of those of M. M. Grimm, is to be placed to the account of a branch of literature which is not without its interest for such as have time, and whose minds have a tendency to indulge in the study. I have pored many hours together over these pleasant fictions of perished generations. Men, in their earlier literature, acted upon by the free tendencies of uncultivated nature, and susceptible of its impressions in a much greater degree than when they have become condensed in large communities, tend to the exhibition of their better feelings in the language of poetry. The

realities of life seek their delineations in prose because homely fact is neither to be disguised in the many-coloured robe of fancy, nor is the serious and careworn to be treated with the spirit of unreflecting youthfulness—and poetry is the youth of intellectual culture. There is a character to be preserved in unison with its object in every order of literature; both poetry and prose are purified and refined as civilization proceeds. The German literature, beginning late, have been in arrear of other countries in this respect. They have only begun to refine and polish their productions within the space of a century or less. They commenced by grafting their literature upon that of France. Gellert, Weiss, and Wieland, were of the Gallic school. Their native literature began to be placed in its due position by Haller, Klopstock, and one or two others, whose tendencies were more towards the school of England than of France, analagous with the nature of their own language. The prose of Germany made slower advances towards excellence than their poetry. This was not more in accordance with the natural course of things, than with the tendency of the German mind to lose itself in something that will admit of concentration on one object and complete abstraction, whether in conjuring up dreams of fancy, or endeavouring to fathom some bottomless question in metaphysics. Here

the study of languages, and in patient investigation, the German is unrivalled. He may not have that intuitive perception, that attainment of rare results as it were, by magic, of which some men of genius have exhibited instances in all countries; but if the process is slower, it is equally sure, though now and then the mark may chance to be overshoot. •

The prose of Goethe cannot be judged by a foreigner in respect to any superiority it may possess over others of his countrymen, who are the best judges. The man was heartless, and it is difficult to imagine anything very captivating in mere sentiment—above all, German sentiment. It is not credulity, so much as imagination unrestrained by reason, which has made Germany so celebrated in the annals of quackery. It is the native land of Rabelais' Queen of Whims. In the systems of Gall and Spurzheim, for example, the quackery is unadulterated. No one but the initiated can discover the miraculous bumps or brain protuberances which supply man's sensible functions. The worst is that where the best part of the brain is gone, the functions have often been known to remain perfect, probably from the spirit of the function lingering in the hollow where the brain "did once inhabit!" Many have been the instances where men have lived a considerable time, and retained the full possession of their senses, when the mass which should have

been beneath the bump invisible to uninspired vision, has been altogether absent—the bump perhaps in such cases supplying the deficiency. Never were there such imaginatives as the German Mesmer, half-dreamer as he was, had some foundation for his mystery, in the effect he produced upon the nervous system; the phrenologist is a wholesale dealer in impostures; he begs everything, and even has the sagacity to discover in the skull of the assassin, after his execution, not before, that he had the organ of murder. Why not inform the world of it before the strangling of the law's victim? The reason was obvious—because he could not. Active dispensers of baseless theories fill our druggists' shop windows with busts of air-brained German doctors, to give a weight to prescriptions, in place of being ashamed of getting a reputation for wisdom through professional credulity. Medicine, it is true, is merely a conjectural art, from the farrier professor, to the college of physicians. Why does it stand still, and let surgery pass by it in triumph?

To return to Goethe, who wrote and talked about everything and believed nothing, we repeat we must have a man with a heart, to be a hero in literature, as well as in war. His conduct to those he encouraged in his early love affairs was hateful,—read his life. Goethe was

sort of Zenghis Khan towards confiding and innocent girls, when he was young. Mighty in laughter, small in mercy. German love has much awkward affectation in its best aspects, as painted by its writers—it revels in sentimental adulteries; let us have the real thing! The foreigner turns to Schiller—to some one who fraternizes with the general humanity in preference. Goethe may be the Colossus of German literature—we may own his strength. His power of conversation may have been a “forty parson power,” as Sidney Smith used to say, but his influence in verse is not to compare with the heart-felt, soul-inspiring songs of the David of Germania. We do not admire the affectation of a sensitiveness which overflows in froth, and wants nature—that nature which no doubt the Germans possess, but are not content to leave without alloy. They make too much of a little ductile virtue, a grain of which they beat out into a superficial acre, just as they would talk of their grand prince Liechtenstein, with his empire of two square miles and a half, or of Hesse Hombourg, with five, as if they were the kingdoms of Prussia or Austria. It does not do to talk of Brobdignag, when sharing the hospitality of Lilliput, or *vice versa*, or to make one of as much consequence as the other, thus celebrating as great actions the microcosm of diminutive rulers, to do which they are prone. It is

true, while the press is under restraint, its lords are not nice about permitting a latitude in morals or creed, as long as the powers that be are left unscathed. Goethe, after all, is for Germany alone. Schiller, and others of her writers that might be named, are for all the world—here is the difference. Germany now thinks of being one confederated state, in place of a confederation. The matter will be mended any way. Politically speaking, one absolute ruler over thirty states is better than a state having thirty diminutive absolutes. The literature of Germany cannot extend itself much beyond its present limit, unless the petty princes who rule it are paid off, and it becomes an independent empire.

Professor A. W. Schlegel, when in England, expressed his fears lest the English tongue should be corrupted by the introduction of the slang copied into the statements of offences before magistrates by police reporters in the papers. It was probable the English would become next to a universal language, from her extent of colonies and traffic in all parts of the world, and it was the more to be lamented that it should be corrupted. This apprehension was not ill-founded. Take, for example, the corruption introduced, as it is said, by newspaper reporters, and current not in newspapers alone but in writings of higher pretensions. For “the house is building,” we have the vulgar cockney innovation, “the house

s being built;" "the meat is being roasted," for "the meat is roasting;" "a new edition of the work is being sold," for "a new edition is selling." Shakspeare should have written in *Richard III.* not "the murder's doing," but "the murder is being done." Shakspeare must be corrected to lower him to the language of the back-slums of Cockayne. This slang has got into the Houses of Parliament, though that is not so wonderful when we note whom the people sometimes send there to show their political discrimination. "The honourable member for St. Giles pitched it into the Chancellor of the Exchequer last night," and similar elegances may before long adorn the pages of *Han-ard*. The phraseology and language would seem to be lowering rapidly; "going the whole hog" to destruction, a parliamentary representative once said, introducing that vulgar Americanism into the Senate; and at some meetings in this country we have "platform" introduced for the place where the person stands when speaking; "that's the ticket," or "that's the thing." These Americanisms are becoming the pets of the lower class of our journalism.

CHAPTER II.

The Die Schuld, analysis of, with remarks.

THE tragedy of "Die Schuld," or "Guilt," with the recollection of the writer, made a great sensation in Vienna, where it met with uncommon success and was applauded by all ranks of people. It is an excellent example of that kind of taste which prevailed, and yet prevails, though in a less degree among the dramatic writer of Germany, disregarding natural probabilities in order to work out the end with effect, and make a "sensation" at any cost of reason or morals. The incidents themselves are clearly directed to awaken interest by novelty of situation in the characters, and that violation in the dialogue of those feelings which it may be supposed the actual position of things would induce. TH

infects one species of the modern novel, constructed upon a similar principle. Adolf Mülner, wrote several other works are published in seven volumes. None of any of these having been translated here. Mülner was a native of Bremen in 1774; he died in 1829. The scene is laid in a castle on the north shore of Scandinavia. The characters comprise Hugo, Count Orindur; Countess; Jerta, Countess of Orindur, Don Valeros, a grandee of Castile; Elvira, by a former marriage; Kolbert, Count Hugo; Holm, a groom; and other

It is premised that Mülner was a fatalist. The prediction of a Gipsy's Prophecy would suit the new school of the superstitious, instead of spiritualists or ghost-restorers. Many devotees to the supernatural have their day, at least those who desecrated by its inculcation. Werner was one of them; but this "sensation" nonsense, upheld by prophecies and unlucky days, has nearly passed away, or, rather, assumed another form in phrenology, and Dr. Carus' new-fangled philosophy, by bodily conformation. The present tragedy of "Die Schulde," or,

"Guilt," had something to balance its superstitious tendencies, in the beauty of its language and image. It drew all Vienna to the theatre, for a succession of nights—from the Kaiser, to him who could just raise his admittance money.

Similar works which are constructed on a plan which our common nature as the law of construction has not been considered throughout, cannot last of long duration. The decree of the refined few with time for its helpmate, is certain to be ultimately triumphant, and not only that, but to become the law of permanent and unalterable judgment; however popular such works may be in the garb of novelty. The Germans, too, have their dramatised tales of the marvellous much inferior to the foregoing, in style and mode of construction; but works so based are only fit for the masses, and those who, like the superstitious of the present day in England, destitute of taste and judgment, are content to follow the silly imaginings of the crowd.

The play is supposed to commence in a hall, where Elvira, Countess of Orindur, is seen seated by her harp. She soliloquizes:—

ELVIRA.—As the last sound when vanishing away
From the vibration of my softest touch,
Or as a pearly rain-drop on the face
Of the pellucid lake, fainter, and farther,
Circles and dies upon the flowery shore,
So gently would I vibrate into death,

like soft music mount toward the skies.
 from my native soil in this rude land,
 the uncouth cradle of the northern storm,
 gained by my love, I marvel if Fate's hand
 will waft me gently thus to heaven's sweet home.
 She puts her hand upon her harp, meditating—a string
 she starts up, and her harp falls with a loud crash to
 the ground.]

O heaven! am I myself, or dream I?
 This is but the sudden snapping of a chord,
 and nothing more! 'Tis nothing new—
 I ought to be frightened even like a child:
 my hair bristles; tremors strange career
 along my icy veins, despite reflection.
 May-be the solitude it is that frights me,
 perhaps the growing twilight, that around
 me read, unperceived, as I my harpstring touched!
 Was the breaking of that string the answer
 to what this moment?

Terror fills my bosom—
 the sound, the circling billow, image life—
 the wave that in the storm whitens the rocks
 as the smaller wave, a billow too.
 And the loud crash of the departing chord
 may, as the gentler sound did to my soul,
 whisper of death! If Hugo—

[She pulls the bell violently—Jerta enters.]

logue, with some fine poetical passages,
 in which the hardihood of the northern
 is strongly contrasted with the passion and
 tenderness of the southern.

relates her scared sister-in-law. The latter
 describes how the sudden breaking of the string
 alarmed her timid southern sister-in-law.
 She alleges that it was at the chase she had
 her first husband, the father of young Otto,

then living with them. Jerta is surprised to find that he had fallen in the chase. Elvira informs her that his rifle had gone off by accident, and kills him. She tells Jerta that Count Hugo Orin is distressed when reminded of the circumstances. Jerta infers that Don Carlos, being the friend of Hugo, she, Elvira, had loved the latter, while the former was yet living; but then says she will not judge the wife of her brother. A snow-storm is raging and beating against the castle. Hugo is not returned. The fears of his wife increase. The dogs are now heard in the castle-yard. Elvira desires her son Otto to see if his "father" is come. The boy replies that Count Hugo is not his father. The expression hurts his mother's feelings so much, that she declines going to meet her husband, and says with much emotion:—

Though Hugo's being near me gives me pain,
He must be in my view,—though loving him,
I wish him far away; and then again
Receive his kisses fondly—Oh, how drear—
How tenfold drear is childless matrimony!
Hugo loves Otto with a parent's feeling,
And yet he cannot win his filial duty.
How strange are nature's instincts—but how true
These turn him from his father's love to me,
Toward his native land—and thus he stands,
Like a wall placed between two separate flames
That meet and blend above it, blazing high,
How fierce and wild together! One pure flame—
All three can never blend! [Depressed.]

The boy Otto then comes and informs his mother

anger has arrived, and not Count Hugo, the stranger wears the Spanish costume. Received with due honors, and the youth obeys his bidding. Elvira and Jerta are introduced together, the former expressing her surprise at the visit of the stranger, at which Jerta is surprised, and so expresses herself. What can

Elvira replies in a mode that requires explanation. Jerta observes that she has done little good on behalf of her brother from her exile. Elvira, in her turn, asks an explanation of her absence from her country. Jerta replies:—

Transplanted from his native southern clime,
 He flourished in the north, like its pines,
 Firm, unbending; from his early youth
 The admiration of our countrymen;
 Generous by nature—free as heaven's own vault—
 Whose eyes spoke to all who gazed upon him;
 Kind, friendly, honest, and without a stain.
 He was praised as an arm able to prop a throne,
 And every virgin, as in fancy's eye,
 Imagined him wreathed for him whom fate might destine her
 To wear the myrtle crown—in secret softly sighed
 That it might be for such a man as Hugo.

Yes, my dear sister, you have drawn his picture;
 He, like Apollo, stood in stranger's garb,
 When first he came to Ebro's golden shores,
 Raising tumult in each virgin's breast,
 Where all before was peace. O, my dear sister,
 How ardently do you defend my passion. [She kisses her.]

Are those embraces: I would have you know
 That we are rivals!

Bertha!

JERTA.—I fear he is thy senses' idol, only—
 I love him soul for soul—as in the skies
 The blessed love each other. Thou, for thyself,
 Would'st arrogate his person. I would wish
 To know him happy—that alone, I seek.

ELVIRA.—How should he not be happy—he is mine—
 And, truly loving *me*, he must be happy.

Here Jerta replies, somewhat enigmatically,—the author endeavouring to show all through, in the personal characters of those he introduces, the differences between the temperaments of the bodily constitution in the north and south.

Jerta, in reply, says :—

Joyous the white-wing'd swan soars to the sky ;
 Peace in her downy breast. When winter comes
 She wings towards the south—and as she parted
 So she returns, with glee and brighter plumage.
 Not Hugo thus cleaved the rough ocean surge,
 After departing from this northern land,
 Gay as the white-plumed swan, strong as the eagle !
 Since he came back to his paternal home
 Wild passions rage for vent within his bosom ;
 His looks are shy and sullen—but his eyes,
 When they meet thine, seem flames that merge in flames.
 He shows strange eagerness for wild adventures—
 Alas, such symptoms speak not happiness ;
 None can exist, where peace declares its absence.

ELVIRA.—The truth you speak, I often feel too deeply ;
 Cool, if you can—you with a soul so pure—
 That fire which thus devours me—if not, spare me—
 And suffer fire to be destroyed by fire !

[A servant enters.]

Are the hunters not yet come back ?

The servant, Kolbert, replies in the negative.
 Servants are dispatched in all directions. Soon the

the huntsmen are heard, and the Count, friends, arrive in safety. Elvira demands the grooms the reason of their delay. The describes his master's combat with a ferocious that Hugo has arrived covered with blood. moved at the man's description of the com- refers to a dream she had on her bridal

at to embrace my husband—when a tiger
on me with wild eyes that flashed forth lightning,
I could not leave him; now I speak
frenzy; yes, I kiss'd him—
and bloody fangs, I kiss'd!

re images of heated blood—phantasms!

is all too true—all a too faithful picture!
, does Hugo not become each day
aring and more wild? Though terror-stricken,
he approaches, yet into his arms
myself. Oh, he's a tiger
we must love or dread.
he is lying on my panting bosom—
ardent sighs of longing love he breathe—
his desiring eyes ask kisses from me—
ing darts from them frightful, like a bolt
-winged vengeance, piercing to my soul;
us the husband of my choice, my Hugo,
like a beast of prey, a furious tiger
-while lacerating my poor heart!
a, may you ever be preserved
uch continued pains as torture me—
ive, yet repellant!

ch pains as these, and do they call them love,
hern climes? O would that Hugo
ver visited the Spanish shores!

Hugo, in the next scene, is represented fatigued and alone in his chamber—in a mood as little satisfactory as that in which Elvira is just left, his mind evidently burthened with some concealed weight. Jerta visits him. He inquires for his wife. Her alarms are stated, and the last about his contest with the bear. Jerta expresses her wonder at the cause which seems to oppress both man and wife. Hugo answers enigmatically, of which Jerta complains. Hugo responds :

More I cannot say, than I have said—
 I am myself a riddle even to myself;
 Opposite poles unite in my strange nature :
 South-born, north-bred, yet neither south nor north
 Seems to belong to me. A foreign root
 Transplanted in this northern soil I stand,
 When in a southern realm my branches show
 That they expanded in a northern clime ;
 My roots, to southern climes made neighbourly,
 Are frozen in the north. My boughs unfolded
 Amid the north, are scorched in southern climes.
 Thus, ice and heat seem both innate with me.
 I am a thing made of antipathies—
 Water and fire—cold and heat combined—
 Angel and devil !

Jerta rallies him on his low spirits, and asks whether the parents of both were not alike from the north. He replies, “hers were, not his.” She in turn is surprised. Hugo informs her that he is not her brother, a secret which he only knew himself from his father, just before he expired from his

soon after a battle in which he had taken a part. Jerta is excited, but begs him to relate all the particulars.

He informs her that Count Orindur, her grandfather, was the last of his line, and had a great fortune, but no heir to his possessions. He was obliged to send his wife to the south, in order that she might breathe a warmer atmosphere, and finally they went to the baths in the Pyrennees. It was not easy for heretics to enter Spain, and therefore they were for any time unmolested even in their journey. Leave was obtained of a catholic German to adopt theirs while absent—it was for that purpose the name of Hugo was taken for the son. Orindur remained for some time in the north, occupied with his duties in the army. He intended to join his wife, after an absence of three years, in hopes to embrace once more his mother and her child, but unfortunately he was attacked with illness and died before he had reached Spain. A friend of the mother, a Castilian, agreed to replace the deceased with one of her own, to serve her friend, and how deeply her husband would be disappointed to find himself childless. Count Hugo was a tutored child. In due time, a second child, a girl, was born, and then her mother confessed to her seduction. Jerta, at being thus brotherless,

laments her position bitterly. Hugo endeavours to console her :—

No, Hugo, no ! the dream has disappeared,
Nature has loosened all the ties which bound us ;
Never dare I embrace thee ! never, never !
Thou art no brother, and no Orindur !
Thou art a stranger ! thus, between my hope
And the affection which I bore to thee,
Low the partition wall is ever fallen !
I must away from my forefather's halls
Whene'er Elvira wills it.

She leaves Hugo in the apartment, and soon after Otto interrupts his reverie. The boy he addresses in jest as Don Otto. The lad replies he should be called like his father, Don Carlos, as the Don applied to the German name was not in keeping. He then requests leave to wear his Spanish dress, in order to please the stranger who has just arrived. Hugo inquires what stranger, and learns that he is an old Spanish gentleman. Hugo at this cannot suppress his discomfort—the arrival at that moment too evidently strikes him as singular. The boy leaves the presence of Hugo to put on his Spanish dress, and Elvira enters in a violent rage, calling her husband a traitor. She is overcome with jealousy. Jerta having related to her that Hugo is not her brother. Here a spirited dialogue ensues, Elvira in furious anger. Hugo at length calms her in some degree, and relates the fact. He tells his

It was only at that moment he had made
 acquainted with the circumstance, and therefore
 not communicate it before :—

to disturb her soul's serenity,
 from our dear Jerta lone and parentless
 I conceal that she had no relation,
 even a brother ! When I so informed her
 hers, bitterest tears she shed, to think the tie
 which had so long united us was broken—
 and to rebuild the edifice destroyed,
 to seek for sympathy and consolation,
 sought thee out, to tell thee the discovery.
 Some further discourse, during which El-
 down, Hugo proceeds :—

pity thee—myself I pity too !
 Can Jerta e'er forgive me ?
 Undoubtedly, for she is free from guilt—
 Unconscious even of the slightest stain.
 She can make bare her brow and dare suspicion !
 For us ? Alas ! we cannot trust ourselves—
 When we look back upon the time gone by (*this*
spoken in a whisper).

Hugo, what recollections thou recallest !
 The wife of Carlos loved thee, now thy wife,
 But racked with frantic jealousy and rage.
 (pressed). This day—oh, 'tis a cursed day indeed !
 This day !" why this ? what meanest thou, " this
 day !"

What should I mean,
 And is not this the anniversary
 When Carlos died ?
 Oh, God most merciful ! Oh, thou most mighty !
 dost thou remember in the vaulted chapel,
 Amid the coffins of thy forefathers,
 clandestinely we met—in secret met ?

How on that solemn day of funeral,
When all was grief without, when all was woe,
We met delighted, and drank deep of joy?
We there—

ELVIRA. Oh, cease, or thou wilt kill me!

HUGO. If he should come, in shadowy garb arrayed,
From the lorn land of death—come at this hour—
This evil hour, when love, like these dim tapers,
Burn'd till consumed by sensuality,
Is no more shining on us! If he should rise
From where he rests amid thy ancestry
In charnell'd pomp, to tell us of it now?

ELVIRA. Horrible supposition!

After a few moments' pause, a knock is heard at
the door, and both are startled.

TOGETHER. Ha!

Here commencing the Fifth scene, the stranger
(Don Valeros) before mentioned enters, drest in the
Spanish costume, Otto accompanying him with a light.

HUGO. His spirit!

VALEROS (surprised). My gallant lad, the room you have
mistook—
Is this—?

ELVIRA. What, Don Valeros?

HUGO. Who?

ELVIRA. Carlos, my first husband's father.

VALEROS. Thou hast not sure forgotten me?

ELVIRA. No, pardon me—thou findest—

VALEROS. 'Tis thou should'st pardon me—but this wild boy
Was not to be restrained, and thus I entered
Intruding, unannounced. I startled thee
As if I were a spectre. Take my hand,
Assure thyself that I am flesh and blood.

os then produces a document from his
s ambassador, showing his identity, and
his eyes fixed on the stranger's face, says
likeness to Don Carlos renders no further
eedful. Valeros had filled a governor-ship
ndies for nine years, and returning home,
s son Carlos dead, and had in consequence
the residence of his daughter-in-law, to seek
d consolation. He described an anticipation
ne felt before landing in Spain, not as if he
t his son, but was yet about to lose him.
hus describing his feelings at his loss, Hugo
to a chair, on the back of which he sus-
mself. Valeros demands—

——— Art thou not well,
Count Hugo? thou art pale!

—Only a sudden giddiness arising
From the fatigue and labour in the chase.

L.—Dear Hugo!

—As I've already said, 'tis a mere nothing:
Continue your discourse, I wish to hear.

os.—Not just at present; what I have to say,
If thou art ill, I will not now unfold.

L.—Obscure presentiments must not sure torment us,
Go on, I pray thee!

os.—Saw'st thou the corpse of Carlos on the bier?

A.—Oh, no—I was not able.

os.—In the coffin?

A.—No.

—I saw it.

The youth then described what he saw, and how the people came and lamented over his father's corpse.

Valeros, who had gone to the vault to see his son's remains, which we may presume were embalmed, described the situation of the body, and how, all at once, he had a presentiment that his son was killed. Elvira expresses her alarm at the idea. Hugo is evidently affected. Otto tries to stop Valeros in his narration. Hugo, pale, and evidently affected, bids Valeros continue. He minutely states what he beheld. Hugo proceeds towards the door of the room, exclaiming he was worse than he had felt before. He faints at the door, and thus the second act closes.

The third act exhibits a Spanish hall, so called, adorned with landscapes of Mount Perdu, and Pyrennean views, of which Otto is showman. Don Valeros questions the boy about his son; the boy relates a bull-fight in which Hugo saved the life of his father. Then he described a quarrel that took place between them, and that it lasted up to the time of his death. The forebodings of Don Valeros as to evil, from the conduct of Hugo towards his son, are here revived and checked with some cleverness, until the old man is in a maze of doubts. The second scene in the third act commences in a dialogue between Valeros and Hugo,

former in his remarks evidently shows suspicions of an unfavourable kind about his son, who, he at last tells Hugo, he had been betrayed either by him or by . . . Yet his ground here is only a wild surmise, would seem the author wishes should be . . . out of the common course of things. . . . tells Hugo he understood they were once the friends." In reply, Hugo says :—

we were friends! take not the abused name
 the world's custom does, a thing in common—
 terious ties had bound us both together!
 lives blended in one, and were united,
 two pure glassy streams, that singly run
 own the mountains, mere paltry rivulets,
 mingled in one channel, when enriched,
 roll a river, honored through the plains.

proceeds, in pleasing metaphor, to describe
 dship, and Valeros again feels his sus-
 eaken. At length he says :

me not tell thee, Hugo, what I thought,
 a ashamed—as thou wert to his son,
 o his father now—Oh, be a friend !
 friend to thee ! yea, thou may'st safely trust me ;
 u hast no handsome wife.

Count Hugo !

dge not—thou art a man—a thing made up
 mind and body, that belongs to day
 heaven and purity—to hell to-morrow !
 quarrel with the torrid son of Spain,
 t caused my loss of golden innocence
 his too fiery action in my veins,

Steeping my feverish senses in illusion.
 Recall this innocence which that illusion
 And two bright eyes have fatally destroyed.
 Hast thou no feeling for my mental tortures,
 When I embrace the widow of Don Carlos,
 And view confused and frenzied fantasy
 Paint on the empty wall his angry shade ?

VALEROS.—Count Hugo, hast thou told me all the tale ?
 Do I know all ?

HUGO.—All it behoves of this mournful story
 To tell thee of.

Hugo asserted the innocence of Elvira in regard to any wrong respecting Don Carlos. The ladies then reappear upon the scene, and the secret of the true birth of Hugo is explained, when it is made to appear that the lady who gave her child in place of Count Orindur's first-born was the wife of Don Valeros. She had parted with her infant, Count Hugo, because of a gipsy's prophecy to whom she had refused alms, and who told her she should have a child, which, if a son, would kill his elder brother, and, if a girl, the elder-born should slay her. This gipsy's tale affected the mother's mind, and she resigned her infant, who proved to be Hugo, who was in consequence the true son of Don Valeros. The latter proceeds with his narration, until Hugo exclaims :—

Stop ! I conjure thee stop ! tell me no further !

JERTA.—Count Hugo, art thou ill ?

ELVIRA.—Hugo !

ask me not ! thou'rt on the utmost verge
 In abyss profound and horrible !

What, dost thou fear to be a son of mine ?

Truly no ! it can't be possible !

Lady that conveyed away the child,

Did'st thou know her ?

Undoubtedly I knew her.

W'lt thou in Germany make search for her ?

I did, in vain.

My here is wound up by an invitation to
 A set where there is a picture of the lady.
 Her of Hugo and wife of Valeros are dis-
 To be the same, and Valeros hails Hugo as
 Given to the wife of the elder Count Orindur,
 And by the Countess to her husband as his
 She exclaims, on the discovery, " the thing
 'Tis Count Hugo, calm thyself." Hugo, who
 Hath of Don Carlos on his mind, exclaims :—

Yes, too clear ; now hell is yawning wide,
 With its sallow-hued refulgency
 Looks through the pitchy night, to light the paths
 Where demons tread on earth !

I stand amazed at thee, Count Orindur !

Why, what know'st thou farther !

Death to thee, Elvira ; yet man's bosom
 Not half space enough to hold this secret !

Speak out, thou must reveal it !

Though the vague words of gipsy hags and dreams,
 Threatens peril where it has believers,
 Blinds the understanding—reason totters,
 The deeds irrational are oft performed

By the same means adopted to avoid them !
 Mother, one part of this gigantic crime is thine,
 And thou shalt bear it even before the God
 That judges human crime.*

ELVIRA.—O, God !

HUGO.—Implore his mercy !

VALEROS.—Otto.

HUGO.—Cain ! call me Cain—I murdered Carlos !

ELVIRA.—Tiger, I dreamed— [She faints.]

HUGO.—(Addressing Don Valeros), Thou sought'st a long-
 lost son who never knew thee.

Woe to the eyes that found him—found him thus,
 And cannot weep !

VALEROS.—Curs'd be the day that brought thee into life;
 The powers that did engender thee, be cursed,
 And the dark breast that fed thy infant body ;
 Thou monster ! bred for murder, in the north,
 And ripened into crime, in hotter soils ;
 Detested fratricide !

JERTA.—Oh, that I should unveil such hidden horrors,
 Unconsciously unveil them !

HUGO.—To me thou didst a benefit, a kindness,
 What save myself no mortal ever knew—
 What I have hidden with such anxious care,
 Lest it might kill the peace and hope of others,
 Was like consuming fire within my heart
 Enclosed but burning fiercely. Fire and cold
 Governed by turns my frame, and oft my spirits
 Wrestled with pleasure, and with bitter torment
 This bosom where fierce fire was always raging
 Would seek to cool itself in lust and toil ;
 And, like his hounds, their master find repose
 From savage hunting and the blood of game.
 Now all is well—the fire at last broke forth

* This would not have been said by Shakespeare. He would have made filial affection predominate, and said :—" Let me bear all the crime, thine and my own as well !"

at I have reveal'd, broke forth to-day.
 m at peace, consumed within, 'tis true
 e a temple's burnt-out wreck I stand,
 quill ruin.

relates how the act occurred, how Carlos
 and how he was stung by rage and
 Jerta prays Valeros to forgive him.
 s him to go to the holy shrine, for in her
 ad that of Valeros, the author evidently
 aint the contrast between the faith of the
 North. Valeros bids him fly to St. Peter's
 o get absolved, that he may still have a
 replies :—

christian and a man—I feel it—
 ds can free me of a brother's murder,
 ere's a prouder dome, a nobler temple
 all St. Peter's in the Roman City,
 ce is open to all mortal sinners,
 ver be their creed, who seek for mercy ;
 apphire blue vaults all the vast expanse,
 rms the cupola, where at midnight
 constellations sparkle

explains that upon the scaffold, can he
 e his crime. This apparent resolve startles
 the pride of the Spaniard is aroused.
 ks whether he would thus disgrace his

third act finishes, and the fourth com-
 h a scene exhibiting Jerta alone writing.
 ts to the servant for his master's indis-
 . In another scene Elvira enters Jerta's

chamber, just arrived from the foot of a cross where she has been praying in vain. She wishes Jerta to hear her confession, who tells her she is deluded for she, Jerta, is of a different faith, and also that Hugo's crime is not hers. Elvira replies that it was love for her made Hugo guilty. Jerta urges her not to be so self-tormenting, as she had no knowledge of the murder, and reasons with her upon the point concluding by a hint that she fears Elvira will not bear his loss. Jerta then communicates to her the idea that Hugo should go and take a command in the war then going on, and wipe out his crime by heroic action. Elvira charges Jerta with the wish to deprive her of her husband and to cause his ruin. Jerta replies :—

Ruin ! The polestar of the icy north
That guides the lonely seaman's fragile bark
Perishes only with the universe,
And so with me my friend alone can die.
Oh, he is ever inmost in my heart,
Like the ideal forms of heavenly beauty,
That fill the poet's soul. Not of mere matter
To be desired, possess'd, and then destroyed !
A single spot alone upon the picture
Destroys its harmony, intruding ever
Across the pleasing vision Let Hugo part
And with his arm subdue the enemy,
Then—then he'll live in spite of death itself,
His fame, his glory, he will be immortal !

Elvira then upbraids Jerta with no consideration for her. Hugo is hers, and she will not consent to

him. She charges Jerta with cold-hearted-
Hugo approaching, she retires as if fearful
m. Hugo sees her go, and exclaims :—

er depart, all mortal things on earth,
rom a murderer.

quires how it was possible he could do as
e. In his reply we have the fatalist of
n school :—

man does nothing ; o'er him secret fate
ns with sway despotic—he *must* act
e disposes. To do thou call'st an action ?
a on that point no more I supplicate,
l, depended last upon the rial
gar woman in vain sought of my mother !

what she did unworthily by thee
God forgive her !

as not what she did, brings death to me,
that my mother did not keep the secret.

inues in this strain ; Jerta replies, and
recommends his proceeding to the army,
ish himself, and wipe out the stain of
Hugo replies, that curing his sickness with
word was consistent, for

will have more of blood.
an shot at a distance, though a brother,
dly shot is nothing, for one's peace
much, but yet too little for the craving
e hell-conscience it has set in flames.
I will war with all mankind, and fight
ody combats, for, like man, I'm fallen

From peace and innocence. Not upon one,
 No, upon nations I will deal forth death ;
 The roar of cannon I will send around me,
 Dash into pieces massy squares of men,
 Just where they stand, and sow their mangled limbs
 Upon the blood-drench'd fields ; the moated cities,
 With curtain'd walls and towers I will attack,
 And plant destruction's engines in their front,
 Fling, despite the prayers and tears of pious men,
 Fire in their peaceful dwellings, till the flames
 Break crackling forth, and spread from house to house
 And street to street, in one wide blaze of horror,
 While the exploding shell kills those whom pity
 Calls to assist the sufferers. O'er lacerated heaps
 Of dead and dying, through the rugged breach
 And gates in ruin, the unlicensed horde
 Lead over, maddened to fury, ankle-deep
 In their companion's blood ; with huzzas frantic
 Rush on the work of death, at the high altar,
 Slaughter defenceless women, and their children,
 Grasped by the tangled hair, with merciless hand,
 Fling in the sea of flame ; and then, at night,
 When the red victor shall have tamed his tigers,
 When death has choked the cry of misery,
 And darkness wraps the desolated town,
 Lamps shall be lighted at the saintly shrines,
 And from the churches, half-consumed and gory,
 "Te Deum Laudamus" shall be loudly chanted !

JEREA.—O, dreadful, horrible ; I meant not so,
 But that from bondage thou should'st save thy brethren
 Humanely save them, though the dart of death
 Should strike thee low, the laurel round thy temples
 Would hide the brand of Cain that mars its beauty.

HUGO.— ——— 'Tis well, aye well ;
 My soul is not all evil ; fantasy
 Will wander erring to such scenes of horror.
 I comprehend thy meaning—I must die
 From home afar, and thus at distance hide
 My present infamy.

weeping, Hugo assures her he has no fear

She recommends him to go and perform
 ds, and thus enable Valeros and Elvira
 r and overcome their grief. He replies that

ld soon become satisfied if he once got
 overed with orders, the possession of which

o a Castilian. If he could but prank
 ith a precious diadem, they would forgive

Here he forgets himself, on the prospect
 in the field, and of winning a crown for

erta recalling his thirst of ambition. The
 prepared. He will go and die a common

out he remarks it is not midnight; he will
 g until that day, that cursed anniversary

He discovers his superstitious feelings, say-
 gns in the heavens are against him. Things

ed to depart the next day. The fifth scene
 ird act is clearly an imitation of Shake-

Hugo is alone, and repeats to himself on
 of Jerta's—

e be right, if nothing be predestined,

an be free while underneath the sun
 noose or good or evil, and be to answer
 ll his actions in another life,

would be ill indeed if good the end.

life too seems so short, so long the other,
 ry long, and yet were it but seen,

knows? it might not be so terrible—

ght not differ much from this on earth—

th, punishment, and pardon. 'Tis the night,

drear, black night, which veils it, terrifies,

'Tis that makes time itself a hideous hell—
 Eternity a hell! One almost wishes
 From the mere contemplation of the evil,
 Before the night arrives to go and meet it,
 And plunge amidst its darkness.

——— Oft 'tis known
 A danger to the visual orb seems little
 That in the trembling mind's anticipation
 Is with gigantic horror shaded round.
 If all be nothing—all annihilation—
 How that word startles nature—and eternal!—
 The sinner's hair stands upright too with terror
 Only upon the simple sound of those dread words—
 Nothing—eternal—who can comprehend?

In the sixth act the author evidently desires to expose again the pride for which the Castilian is remarkable. The incident is far strained. To make the father challenge one son for the murder of another could hardly pass muster in England. Though evidently under the plea of Castilian feeling, Hugo refuses to lift a weapon against his father, and tells him that if he slew his son, his life would be forfeited by the laws of Scandinavia. Valeros haughtily replies:—

Who tells thee so? I have one master only
 Owned by my house and me—he in the South
 Governs two worlds—here in this frozen North
 We are not subjects.

Valeros still insists, and unsheaths his sword. Evira rushes between them, and, drawing a dagger from her side, threatens Don Valeros, on which Hugo refers to his own act, and recommends them a differ-

tion—to strike unawares. Valeros and
confounded, as he exclaims :—

ch is foolish man—that being, man !—
one is fallen, another well may weep,
must not judge him.

revokes the curse he had pronounced
son, and Elvira demands to take it as
of his crime. Hugo exhibits satisfaction
being revoked, and hints that he has
y to peace. Valeros refers Hugo to the
pardon, and concludes by proffering him
, and questions :—

thou wilt follow me to Spain ?

ises, and Valeros desires him not to
solution a moment. He replies that he
He relates the wish of Jerta that he
e in the army. The pride of Valeros is
son shall only serve a king of Spain, but
alternative gratifies the Castilian pride.
es Hugo, the assassin of his own brother,
past is forgiven !

to free himself of his father, Hugo re-
to go and announce the event to Jerta.

n the mean time, is alone in her apart-
narp near her, and Hugo enters. Here
is wound up in a mode truly German,
I think Madame de Stael has remarked,
ermans only look to striking effects in

their works, that the moral result, or the natural course of things, in other words, neither nature nor morals are regarded if a "sensation" can be produced. This system is now becoming prevalent here, and its effects will be soon, if they are not already, visible in the deterioration of female morals more especially. In depicting crime, where we take leave of nature and truth, to substitute striking improbabilities connected with vicious action, we cease to amuse unless at the expense of moral good, a thing not to be tolerated, but at a heavy social expense.

In act eight (scene three), Hugo finds Elvira alone. It must be observed that she is till now innocent of all knowledge of her husband's crime, thinking the death of Carlos caused by the accidental discharge of his carbine. Hugo prays her forgiveness, and in their conversation every charm of language is displayed. Hugo sees the harp, and remarks to Elvira—

That harp to me is sacred in remembrance,
 Though how to strike its strings I never knew.
 When in cool evenings of a time gone by
 It on thy white arm rested, and my face,
 Coloured like ruby roses at thy bosom,
 Was from its agitated blood all glowing,
 Such heavenly tones spake from its silver chords,
 And from thy crimson lips, till at the sounds
 The sensualities of gross desire
 Unhallowed fled, and my soft yielding soul
 Dissolved into a tear. Calmness and peace

igned in my breast, charmed by thy soothing lays.
 Carlos again seemed to my soul a brother,
 and a loved sister thou. My guardian angel,
 ere I so wickedly, so heavily sinned,
 seems to have dwelt within it. He, too, Elvira,
 as to my wide erring senses shown
 that my long sufferings now approach their close.

Hugo, can it be so? Oh, turn aside
 from thy fond wife the blow.

Thou know'st I cannot—life is a vibration
 of musical sounds, man a stringed instrument—
 once broken, all its harmony is lost,
 and discord spoils the tone. I've done a deed
 that taints with evil all within its reach—
 little was wanting that my foul offence
 had not a dreadful repetition caused,
 for where a murderer dwells no one is safe
 from hell's black influence!

How frightfully dost thou express to me
 that hung around me like a misty vapour.

Carlos in anger haunts the house: this day
 to appease him must away and part.

Hugo, so soon?

Feel my spirit move its wings within me
 to soar, free of its fetters, from this low abode,
 where it has dwelt too long in bitter torment.
 I shall soar high in light, where evil's power
 will be destroyed for ever, and forgiveness
 follow sincere repentance—wilt thou go from me?

I wish to kiss my boy.

May do so—now, farewell

Not yet; stay here, for I will come again
 ere the clock strike the hour of twelve.

What dost thou mean?

Nothing, oh, nothing!

Next scene Elvira sees Otto approaching
 he says, from a dream, in which he saw

Count Hugo. The latter avails himself of Otto as messenger to take to the Countess Jerta a parchment (a grant of all his estates), and the husband and wife wish the boy good night. The tragedy concludes :—

HUGO.—The hour has struck ! give me, love, oh, give me
That which thou keepest, that which now I need

ELVIRA.—And do I understand thee ? is it this ? [she draws
a dagger.]

HUGO.—Thou always kept'st it near thy heart.

ELVIRA.—Thou shalt have it, Hugo, till we meet again !

HUGO.—Where sister, friend, and wife alike are loved
With one pure love—*there* ! Give me the steel
and fly !

ELVIRA. Oh, Hugo, peace has long fled from us, and guilt
Deep guilt oppresses us alike ; then, if we part,
I'll boldly take the lead on the unknown road
To Heaven's mercy ! [Elvira stabs herself.]

Hugo staggers to a chair, having seized the dagger used by Elvira and then plunges it into his own bosom, at which moment Jerta, Valeros and Otto enter the apartment. Jerta, addressing Count Hugo, exclaims :—

Count, what doest thou ?

HUGO. Doest ? 'Tis done, but it is badly done,
Carlos I hit more truly !

JERTA. Alas, ah me !

VALEROS. My son, my son, now thou hast struck my life.

JERTA. Is there no hope——

HUGO. Yes, of deliverance from pain by dying,

OTTO. Alas poor man !

JERTA. My friend ! my brother !

esu Maria ! my mother, oh, my mother !

She welters in her blood !

Merciful God !

Who did this deed ? I only see one dagger.

The dagger was Elvira's.

Wretch, didst thou this murder also ?

—'Twas I myself.

—In truth ?

Thus in my dream I saw thy heavenly face,

My mother ! oh, my mother !

—Forgive, my son, my most unjust suspicion !

Suspicion dwells on earth, with night and evil,

Yonder is light and glory !

Oh, miserable me ! 'twas I destroy'd thee !

Carry to Spain, to him, our bodies.

He forgives us, he from the cherub snatches

The flaming sword of vengeance. See, he beckons,

My spirit now is free, low drops the veil ! [he dies.]

Then let the body die ; that soul I loved

Which time nor death can never take away.

That from the western star will beckon me !

Come then, oh steel ! and give my spirit freedom,

If, when the body falls, at once 'tis free

From bitter suffering.

Art thou a man, Valeros ? Dost not here

Thy grandson kneel before thee ?

Can'st thou too live, and say thou loved'st him ?

I am a Christian, guilt or weakness only

Can prompt to self-destruction. Live for Otto,

He'll thy protection need !

Why have these ills befallen us ? Oh, why ?

Ask why the stars arise and set at eve ;

What happens now is only clear to us ;

The wherefore may when the dead rise be told us !

CHAPTER III.

Marryat and the Metropolitan—Anecdote regarding—Criticism by—his death—Catholic emancipation disputes—The Father—Mistake on creeds—Lord Erskine—Davy's Agricultural Chemistry—Sheridan's joke at George Rose—Ashbourne—Moore—Byron manuscript—Joke of Rogers.

THE analysis of the "Die Schulde" was designed to accompany an article of considerable length on the "Metropolitan," on the German drama, before Marryat purchased that work, on which its original conductors resigned their post. To the future conduct of the work I was a stranger. I left town immediately afterwards, for the sea coast. I had not known Marryat much more than a year, when he made his purchase.

He went first to sea with Lord Cochrane, at least he was in his ship as a midshipman, until he left on some difference about duty. His distinction as novelist was not attained for some time after he had won his epaulets. He was posted before I knew him. His novels, though without plots, were

ectures of the spirit of the naval service, him with Cooper at the head of all at class. Long before he purchased the an," he had imagined himself fully every branch of literature, an error for id somewhat dearly, in relation to that was a contributor to it for nearly twelve ore he became its proprietor. He got a contributor who had criticised a Scotch slation of "Juvenal," and had shewn s was superior, about which he could om not being a scholar. In fact, though his professional track in some things, in criticism. Even in his own line of g, his critical judgment amounted only d plagiarism from the Edinburgh Review he article of which I speak was never

Marryat's, as it was published anony-ugh my hands. He either had not novels he mentions closely, or he was of discerning their peculiar merits, and exhausted his critical power, insensible points in which Cervantes and Le Sage uously excelled. He had at that moment height of his fame in his delightful e, and thought himself equal to any-criticism is worth giving, as never having ced as the work of Marryat.

"All that is perfect in this world must be in harmony and proportion. The great architect pointed this out to us in his glorious structure of the universal system; and as we contemplate his wonder, so are we taught how, in our limited capacities and humble attempts, we may the more nearly arrive at perfection. By the above principles must we be guided in all the arts and sciences, the closer we adhere to them, the better we shall succeed. Architecture, sculpture, music, painting, and, what is analogous to it, painting with the pen, or arranging a picture of real life, and indeed every description of composition, however inferior, is governed by the same rules. A novel is a picture, and although it might be tried by comparison with any of the above arts, yet as the eye is generally more perfect than the ear, and the art of painting more generally understood than the other branches, we shall assume that which is requisite to attain perfection in the art of painting, as the standard by which we may assay the relative value of the various productions in this style of writing, which, during a series of years, have been successively offered to the public.

"How few artists are there who can produce a good picture; how fewer still who can arrive at perfection, for perfection (except in that which is the immediate work of the divinity) in this

e obtained. If then the difficulty is so
 e art of painting, we must not be sur-
 t out of the thousand pictures of real life
 been attempted by authors, there are so
 hat have succeeded.

ention the strong analogy between paint-
 ne pencil and with the pen, and we intend
 ore fully into the comparison, to prove the
 ifficulty of writing a good novel. It has
 neral supposition that novel writing is an
 ranch of literature, whereas, on the con-
 ranks with the highest, being but an
 drama. It is true that any one can sit
 attempt a novel, and the Minerva press
 ed the public with them, *usque ad nauseam* ;
 compositions can be no more considered
 or pictures of real life, than the scratch-
 school-girl in her first elements of draw-
 he daubing of some self-taught village
 er, can be offered as specimens of the
 rt. Nothing is more easy than to write a
 or to paint a bad picture ; nothing more
 an, in the attempt at either, to arrive at
 like perfection.

ave stated the analogy between the picture
 novel, and we shall now follow up the com-
 In a picture we must have proportion or
 awing, so must we in a novel. In both

arts this only can be obtained by a close copy nature. In a picture we must have imagination combined with taste for the correct and easy drawing of the figures, so that it may tell its own story; so must we in a novel in which it becomes more indispensable.

“In a picture we require correct colouring and harmony of tint, that each part may please and preserve its exact place; so must we in a novel a hero or a heroine may become too prominent being drawn too perfect: the glare occasioned by too great purity of character must be subdued by some of the imperfections of human nature. There is no such thing as a pure white in nature, nor there such a being as Thaddeus of Warsaw. Accessories may also not preserve their proportion in the picture by being made too active, is, too prominent.

“Light and shade must in each be judiciously thrown in. A novel composed entirely of virtuous people would be ridiculous, entirely of bad characters revolting. In neither instance must nature be copied so closely as to disgust—a too faithful adherence to nature will too often blemish a picture otherwise good, and prevent its sale; so will a novel—disagreeable realities will offend, and there is no ground, and therefore no excuse, for their insertion.

contrast is necessary in a picture, so is it in
but the contrast must be in harmony, or it
be true. To conclude, what is termed
" must be as rigidly adhered to in the
position as in the other.

These rules apply more generally to the
than may be imagined. In tragedy,
and in the epic poem, they must be equally
o. We might, indeed, without much
fancy, draw the parallel between the best
and the best novels. Compare the historical
of the first masters with the works of
Scott—a few romances with the efforts of
Rosa; sea novels with W. Vandervelt and
the painters; sketches from high life with
and Lairese; those in the humble grades
ers down to Hemskerk; although we must
ge that in most instances we should be
identify the authors with the more
pretensions of the school of painting than
superior works of the founder. Having
ned a standard of estimated perfection, to
of which all novels may be submitted,
ich they must be criticised, as to their
to perfection, we shall commence our
ith those which have been for the longest
ore the public—a certain proof of their
ne two most remarkable novels in existence

are those of Le Sage and Cervantes. Without detracting one iota from the peculiar merits from Don Quixote, we consider that, as a picture of real life, Gil Blas must have the preference. We shall therefore examine first this work, and ascertain whether it can stand the test of that comparison, and undergo the ordeal of those principles which we have laid down as essentially requisite to the composition of a good novel as well as of a good picture.

“We must have proportion or correct drawing. In this qualification Gil Blas is perfect. His character never rises or falls out of its place in the picture. Easy of disposition, a want of courage, moral and personal, yet possessing both in a certain degree latent, as appears when it is called into action; when in the cave of the robbers—a code of morals not very rigid, yet at the same time not addicted to vice; honest, when not tempted to be otherwise, and, at the same time not easily tempted—a creature of circumstances—a mixture of ingratitude and gratitude—he is as perfect a specimen of erring and human nature as could have been portrayed.

“We must have imagination combined with taste. In this point, also, the author of Gil Blas must be acknowledged to have succeeded. His adventures are full of interest, and in no one instance improbable. Every incident occurs nat-

without effort, being, as it were, the
of the former.

must have correct colouring and harmony
so that each part may please and yet pre-
proper place in the picture.

is rule also Gil Blas comes off triumphant.
ro, Gil Blas is always prominent; whether
company of robbers, of rogues, or at court
ple of the highest rank, Gil Blas is still the
l yet in his place. Every other character
cessory to him and his adventures: and in
ce do they protrude more upon the canvas
ought. We may here observe, that what
d happy touches in a picture are peculiarly
e in this novel. Take, for instance, the
op of Grenada and Doctor Sangrado, both
characters have grown into proverbs.

t and shade must in each be judiciously
n.

e is no strong effect of light and shade in
—but this is no defect in the picture. There
y one character throughout the book which
ow par in morality; but the standard of
character is not very high, and to preserve
ping," it was very judicious that no *pro-*
rtue should appear.

either instance must nature be copied so
s to disgust.

“Here again the novel of Gil Blas will stand the test. At the time that he was in the dissolute company of the actresses, much may be supposed of which the detail could not be permitted. Yet nothing offensive to decency is painted, although everything may be inferred.

“The contrast in Gil Blas is not strong, but although the picture is somewhat subdued, it is, as we have before observed, in perfect “keeping.”

“It is a faithful copy from real life, and in perfect harmony. It is the only novel of which we can assert so much. Others may have in some points more merit, but at the same time, they have more imperfections. On the whole, we must decide that Gil Blas is the best novel extant.

“The next work to which we shall refer is Don Quixote. It is hardly correct to term it a novel, and yet it cannot well be classed under any other head. The very circumstance of the mental alienation of the hero, on one point only, although a proof of the author’s knowledge of human nature, throws it out of the general pale of a picture of real life. Yet although the aberration of the hero’s mind renders the work an aberration from the usual properties of a novel, as a composition it may be fairly brought to the same ordeal as others; and it will appear that there is more art in this work than may strike the reader, until it has undergone the analysis.

ctness of drawing, it is a master-piece. In
tion it is most fertile, and it is in perfect
y of colouring; but its chief and peculiar
in the harmony of the contrast.

re are two principal figures in this picture,
ixote and Sancho Panza. All the accessories
own into the back ground by their extreme
ency and height of colouring. The chief
of this painting is in the mutual relief afforded
contrast of the two characters. The senten-
d acute arguments of Don Quixote, even 'in
sterly directions to Sancho when about to
the government of the island of Barrataria,
everely try the patience of the reader, if it
ot that in every instance they are followed
ne humour and simplicity of the squire, like
ne on the stage, which is darkened to produce
e effect when the blaze of light is to succeed.
ousness of the master gives double effect to
mour of the man. Don Quixote without
would have been a failure, and Sancho
Don Quixote would never have become so
al a favourite. The change of colour apparent
Quixote when viewed in the light of his
ation, is directly communicated in due pro-
to Sancho. When the master becomes mad;
re becomes more reasonable and less simple;
s in whatever light the two characters are

viewed, they always bear the same relation towards each other, reflecting those colours of contrast which are harmonious, and still retaining their prominence in the picture.

“It is very difficult to decide to which of these two works the preference should be given. They are both perfect in their kind : in Don Quixote we have a greater display of *art*, but in Gil Blas we have a truer copy of *nature*.”

All this is very bald. It is easy to see when the perception of an accomplished critic is exercised, how he reads, and whether he feels his author deeply. The mode in which he handles his subject and points out the beauties and defects, not without showing that he penetrates into the depth of the design, and judges impartially of the coloring as being nearer or more remote from excellence, and how, and in what peculiar point its merits are to be appreciated. Everybody knows these truisms already, and that they do not apply to novel-writing and painting alone, but to most of the arts. It is not a new thing to tell the world that a good story should be consistent, and exhibit happy touches. If the characters of Gil Blas be not high, it certainly required no skill to ascribe them to no prominent virtue. What is intended by the “contrast” not being strong, is not clear—contrast with what? It is something perhaps to know that the picture is in

g," but who, that has read the work fails to
that quality common enough in ordinary
Hence we are alone to suppose Gil Blas is
st novel extant." How much superior as a
Don Quixote, having a higher aim, with
of monomania thrown into the principal
c. The humour so exquisite, and the whole
re, as well as story, passed over without
ion. The parts detailed are given *pro* or
mode that proves how very little of those
mortal works was felt, if they were really
ood by the critic. Marryat was travelling
he record when he attempted to handle what
in his own peculiar line. Naval novels are
sui generis, and with them upon his own
deck he was a match for the best.

ad a fertile imagination, together with a
f description, chastened by a judgment that
strained him from overstepping the modesty
re or rarely. Yet his writings will not be

The excellence of his novels is profes-
escription. It is to be feared they will be
m of steam, and become inapplicable to the
pe of the naval service. For nearly twenty
kept the attention of novel readers alive.
while yet a young man, he commenced
"Frank Mildmay," working on with vigour
e time of his premature death, at which time

he was getting up a work for youth "The Little Savage." Cooper excepted, there is not one of long list with the slightest pretensions to equality with him in his own walk, although we have plenty of bare narration. Marryat's powers of invention, his graphic truth, and sterling humour approach somewhat to the character of Smollet, while he is free from the offensive coarseness of that writer, and never makes his readers blush for the indecorum of his pen. When a man has left no autobiography and death has set his seal upon him, casual anecdotes are alone gleaned by one and another, and presented as they arise. The fragments left create in the absence of connected details, without a threat of certainty, must ever be the substitute. Leaves are wanting, as in the present case—leaves from Marryat's own log-book, or a diary, such as some have kept, often turned to ill account. Much of Marryat's school day life may be traced in his "Naval Officer," such as his juvenile scrapes and his stubborn escapades with constituted authorities. From his youth up, to return to a friend's account, he was a bull dog, a good hater and a good fighter, narrow minded and somewhat selfish. Such lads with broad set stony frames of body, seem destined for a sea life—with all its hardships and adventures Marryat had his share of them. And upon these he built his interesting and clever fictions.

d seem, indeed, as if he had once really re-
against parental authority, but all those
eccentricities were afterwards smoothed
reconciled by his own good sense and feel-
ty, for he became a source of pride to his
s a post captain on his return from Ava, in
Before that he himself was probably not
his forte as a novel writer. From Ply-
1829, when in command of one of those
frigates of the day, the *Ariadne*, that
he so well describes, he wrote to a friend
vy to say that he had sent a MS. to a Lon-
seller, and that he waited with impatience
t; this was his "Naval Officer," written
India and on the passage home. It was
published, and at once found to be the work
ove an ordinary hand. Had it been rejected
be no doubt Marryat would have remained
curity of a post captain, with the addition,
e, of being known as a smart officer, in
with many others; and certainly enjoying
sort of distinction in his native land.
that he had faults would be nothing new.
reat or small, has its common share, both
esses and prejudices. Its strong feelings are
to laugh at jog trot custom, and at pro-
day reckonings. Pride and presumption
ooked in a precious gift of Heaven, yet its

meanest sons have the least of those failings.

"firmness" is deemed mere obstinacy, while common men turn and turn again, and are consistent in nothing but inconsistency! Here Marryat shared the common lot of humanity. His sourness and intolerance may be traced to his early training, which his going about the world failed to alter or to soften. So too, with an inflexible sternness, which seldom condescended to defer to superior judgment or received opinion, and would not take a lesson from the nature or experiences of men and things. This, indeed, might be traced as much to quarter-deck discipline as to the temper of the individual. Sailors of all men, have the disadvantage, or advantage, whichever it be, of being thrown early on their own resources, wholly free, while yet boys, of any moral training or restraint. At the same time no gallant slave is cribbed, cabined and confined physically more rigorously, ignorantly and unfeelingly.

Like many naval officers, Marryat had a strong will of his own, somewhat despotic, and not at all kept in check by the usual conventional forms of society. He had that sort of eccentricity which marks character, the quality which has almost faded away in the present day, where all sorts of men are buttoned up alike under a round hat and loose shapeless coat, as unmeaning as need be. A laughable adventure, related by a brother officer, of

Marryat early in the spring of a year long between 1820 and 1830, while living at a commander on half-pay. "Leaving his the Tivoli Hotel, with a beautiful and the public Garden, where the Parisians with delight when rushing down the Mon-esses," the Captain, to follow the narra-words, "had got as far as Rouen, intend-daughters at a pension near Bolbec-on-

Having seen his girls, he was desirous cross the country through bye-roads, to pe, without the trouble and loss of time back to Rouen, and taking the regular

Those days were innocent of railroads, a-boats were scarcely established any to an ordinary man the thing would have a up as impossible. French cross-roads times mere field tracks. In the spring, rains, they were little more than a series of enough in some places to swallow any- than a French *charette*. Still Marryat , and after incredible labour, persuasion, y, prevailed on a small farmer to harness a contrivance on two enormous wheels, and , steering as he thought by compass, for They started, in the night, and where they ounding about in a cross sea of ploughed

fields, bye lanes, obscure villages and homesteads they could not tell. They had stumbled over precipitous rocks and plunged into gulleys. Where they had really been was incomprehensible to Marryat, even after! He had been shaken and jolted almost as a mummy. He had walked and ridden alternately, now he and the Frenchman lifted the vehicle out of the sloughs of real despair, for the horse was sometimes half buried. Then they had to lower the locomotive and rumble-tumble over hills sloping down at an angle of forty-five. The *coup de grace* which wounded the whole, and the most remarkable, was his arrival near the good protestant town of Dieppe, on crossing a field with ruts filled with mud and water, and his glorious consistency, steering by compass.

"I was sitting," said Marryat, "on the seat with my back to the side, trying for a doze with my extraordinary night exercise, exertions, and joltings inclined me strongly to take, when suddenly a plunge of the near wheel next my back fairly upset my cart and threw me out into the mud. Half stifled, and not sure some limb was not sprained, I jumped on my legs as quickly as I could, the horse had taken up an easy position on his beam-end, and was waiting very comfortably for the driver and myself to right the machine, at which we set to work with good-will. By hard heavings we had just got it on

when our nag took it into his head, after every plunge or two, to regain his footing, and forward so suddenly, that before I was from before the wheel where I unluckily knocked me down in the rut, and fairly went Aye, down, down I went, doubled up in a primitive and effective mud bath ever

Well it was the sides and bottom of the rut were soft or I should have been killed. I was struggling out half-suffocated (being for something like the Kentuckian horse-merchant at the bottom of a gen-u-ine Yankee something visible but his head and hat!) I was left in that embryo state in which plaster is created, encased with a thick coat of mud up to foot, but too happy to find myself still with nose, eyes, and ears filled with mud, I tore myself off as well and as quickly as I could. Meanwhile my Jehu, who was on the other side of the cart, or else had got in, not aware of my plight, laid on his whip and was careering away unconscious that his cargo was left to steer its way in the thick obscurity of the night. He finally made him hear me at last and overtook

Afterwards they came into the main street towards two o'clock the following day at Dieppe, passing down the *Grande Rue* full

of visitors in their dismal plight. That delectable show of carved ivory and English young ladies the season, it is well known is thronged with company. Through them passed Marryat to the great amusement and edification of the well-dressed crowd which stared, as well they might, at a new specimen of half-finished cast in a complete envelope of white brown mud, hat, head, hair and all. The statue in the mean time looked about him with the stoical indifference so well suited to the author of "Peter Simple," or "Mr. Midshipman Easy."

"I was standing at the door of *De la Rue's* Hotel when Marryat drove up in this ludicrous plight. He paid his man, and mounting to a bed-room soon got himself cleared of his matrix of mud. He then gave a much longer and more amusing account than I can repeat of the minute details of his night cruise.

"Catch me again trying a French cross-road—that's all," said poor Marryat.

"The weather was stormy, no packet boat left the port. Thrown together from morning till night, we became great friends. I saw more of him in two or three days this way, and understood him better than I could in London in as many weeks. I became aware of his numerous resources and general knowledge in things not to be expected in a young Sea Captain." So far my informant.

Marryat wrote his novels off-hand; I have four

quire of foolscap paper before him, and
k, in his usual sitting-room, on a sofa,
rpted by visitors, whose presence did not
ak his chain of thought, for on their de-
speedily resumed his work. He had
the jovial about him in his later years,
inclined to that levity in which spirits
om study sometimes indulge. His
s staid, and he had no objection to push
ost anything which would promote his
vantage without reflecting "thou shalt
ighbour as thyself." His humour was
d cast over his writings a lightsomeness
y no cotemporary novelist. It was ex-
ffective.

upon civil terms; no one could be in
ship with Marryat, for he had the man
an about him in any thing touching his
n, which you naturally repelled in its own

th was a melancholy one. A rugged
etimes, from its rigidity gives way through
ty of bending to the storm. The shock
s death, so suddenly coming upon him,
a down at once. He asked me twice to go
see him at his place in the country, where
ospitable enough, but there was always
e *sais quoi* about him, that the amalga-

mation customarily found with friends in general seemed impossible—peace to his manes! To Campbell after a glass of wine would lecture him. “Now, Marryat, I’ve known you from a boy, not of your quarter deck with me.” When Marryat sent me an article in favour of flogging, it may be remembered, though thirty years and more ago, the paper seeing it in print, for I had inserted it, sent him from Hastings the well-known *jeu d’esprit* about editors flogging contributors.

Marryat was not an amiable man. He was moody, at one time being open and apparently candid and generous, at another curt, selfish, and close. When I left the Metropolitan, which was undertaken by a bookseller with half the requisite capital, he wanted me to engage that I would have nothing to do with any new undertaking of the same kind. I told him I would do no such thing, but that I did not intend to join in anything of the sort at present, as I was going down to the Sussex coast to complete a book upon Wine, the materials of which I had brought from the continent many years before. When he saw that I was not to be drawn into any such promise, he ceased to press it. The incident marked his character. I was acquainted with several naval men who were friends of Lord Cockrane in the Pacific and one of them told me an incident or two of Marryat in his youth, which I need not state as they

ection with his authorship. They came
ockrane.

bought the Metropolitan, which the
ad mortgaged at a very early period for
ital, of which I knew nothing until
med me of it by a note, Valpy being
Marryat got an individual named
aid him. He found his task a more
e than he expected, and one too for which
adapted, because a considerable degree of
of general literature was required, and
were not then filled with tales as now,
d a variety of subjects. The last I heard
was that Colburn published a novel on
s. It was remarkably successful, aided
seller's known tact. Marryat, who did
t, wanted the arrangement cancelled, for
w an opportunity in law. The matter
to Chancery, and during the dispute,
nted his friend Howard to make a cer-
t. This, the latter said he could not do
ect reconciliation to his own feelings, as
e case if he did not believe it correct to the
oint. This produced an estrangement,
was sturdy. After Marryat's death, I
to for a short memoir of him, and not
efuse doing it, I called upon Colburn and
he particulars of the case. He explained

them so clearly, and it exhibited Marryat's conduct to be so erroneous that I would not comply with his request for the memoir, because as I must have to do upon the case, I should be thought prejudiced, and have hurt the feelings of innocent parties.

I have heard he was a good officer. Most assuredly the service is indebted to him for many signals which must be thought valuable, and humanity owes him thanks I heard for the resolution accepted, I believe by authority and so related in consequence, that no punishment should be inflicted on a seaman by the order of the commander of a ship until a certain number of days had elapsed. This was intended to give the superior time for due consideration, and thus prevent the use of the lash when the commander was in hot blood. Marryat had a retentive memory, and was a precise and accurate observer of men and things, principally within his own sphere of professional duty. How could it be otherwise after the number of years he had spent in the navy ! He had at command a variety of receipts and contrivances for useful purposes. I remember a receipt of his for preserving pickles from flies, and one or two for ornamenting rooms. His mind seemed retentive of almost all he observed, but his knowledge of literature was confined to what indeed might be expected from his habits of life.

The disputes about Catholic emancipation ran

time. If all its opponents said was thirty years or more expired since it has died, we ought to be just now doing the Old Lady of the Seven Hills. It is not that some prophets are never daunted by the force of their predictions. If the old fail, they are as strong as ever.

The laws of nature are the laws of God, and yet they are not to be obeyed by ecclesiastics to abide by the writings of the fathers in authority, who eschew nature. If the laws are, it is true, exceedingly useful in showing greatly the pure and simple doctrine of the fathers, before three centuries had corrupted, before three centuries had the death of the founder. We know how difficult it has been to get at the truth in any matter only three centuries old, before printing was invented, except it be by the fact patent to the whole world, and by many channels. All sides and all sorts of christians quote the fathers their solemn councils of a hundred or two centuries after distinction, having had a right to precedence first, and then for their authority in doctrine, confirm what none besides can perceive to be decent sense out of them. It is a very fortunate thing that the doctrine taught by Christ was promulgated in a simple and so accessible a manner,

and in both truth and sense so remote from labyrinths of nonsense in which those religious taurs, half-papal, half-pagan, contrived to make a medley of the true faith, while, as Canning used to say, disputing upon how many angels could dance upon the point of a fine needle without jostling one another. Then what disputes between Arians and Athanasians, from Athanasius No. 1, and then the damning creed of Athanasius No. 2, which being at least in coincidence with the spirit of the foundation of the Christian faith, was selected no doubt upon the principle of its being the least intelligible. The doctrine of the Triad, for example, was more reconcilable with the notions of Pagan converts. What such Athanasii should be called the fathers of the church, living in the fourth century, I do not know. The question may demand a folio or two of print to remain still unsettled. Perhaps they were saints, while some of them desired they should be mischief makers. As to the demoniacal tales the fathers invented and passed current, numberless demons by millions, their complexity overran simplicity. They invented the tale of a miller and nobody knows how many strange stories, of which furnished Mahomet with fictions. They held that lying was good for the interest of the "church," and largely practised at one time in its behalf. "Church," a name foisted into our language

of "congregation," which "ecclesia" in
ans. Hence the commandment of a su-
er of the faith and self-styled father in
nes L, papist in soul, drunken and dirty
east as he was, commanded the translators
ting Bible to translate *ἐκκλησία*, "church."
have but one church, which he would rule,
the time of the Apostles there were only
ons. Thence too sprung the papal govern-
curse of Europe for more than a thousand
a semi-curse since. Not only did these
d fast to the false principle of doing evil,
might come, but when they kept to plain
le truth, which was seldom, they wrote
f great beauty, as it were, by accident,
their ignorant earnestness. Yet do we
system of theology, built on such a foun-
r divines hold to be as unimpeachable as
the New Testament itself. Laws may
ience may alter or enlarge, but "the dear
the church" come to us pure and un-
the rust of ages, clean from the canker
appy exception in our mortal state!
otism of tradition, the senselessness of
d the prejudices of education—what are
when they represent the Great Father of
ife planning the eternal destruction of the
om he has created, in place of conducting

them by vicissitudes and ills from evil towards good and ever leading them progressively to higher destinies during their mortal state. Survey the Netherlands, a fac simile of the man Adam when first appeared upon the earth. Read and compare his history with that of countries, the inhabitants of which are advanced in culture, and the arts of civilized life. Mark the gradations in intellectual power from the works executed by man alone—from the bark or skin canoe to the steamer of ten thousand tons—from the star-gazer tending his flocks on the plain of Shinar to the astronomer of the nineteenth century, and by the same rule of progress imagine what will be the advance of man in the next two or three thousand years. See how little of the world is yet civilized, how little peopled. Mark how the extension of population and civilization is proceeding. He must be blind indeed who will not admit that the original work of the Creator has continually advanced, both as to extent and amelioration, compared to the aboriginal state. Nor is this all, for such facts give the flat contradiction to those that pretend the world is nearly worn out and near its end, in place of being as yet only in its early state of advancement. The world is young and its ultimate destinies far away. The fore-knowledge of Him who formed it is not of so limited extent as many erroneously infer, if their statements

edited, nor is there any self-repentance
 at Supreme in regard to the works of
 relation to his original purpose. The
 the will of Him to whom a thousand
 at a day, must not be supposed to lag in
 admit of change. The works of the In-
 t to be judged by the finite, in respect
 ined end, or the period of their duration.
 that reason tells us plainly, and expe-
 roved it true, that the supreme First
 nothing unpropitious to the ultimate
 is creatures, whatever may occur in the
 e years in which they have a terrene
 It is not to be doubted that man is on
 witness the ultimate justification of crea-
 ess, however misty the objects of his
 vision may appear within the circuit of
 horizon. If man be judged according to
 nduct in life he has the rule before him
 ust knowingly infringe, and is so far re-
 There is no injustice in his punishment
 ortioned only to his offences, and a being
 stice must be unjust to inflict more,
 re he to annihilate us at death he would
 tified, we being only as clay in the hands
 r. Faith happily teaches us that a better
 ved for our kind. We can only reason
 and it is clear as the meridian sun in the

eyes of reason that the works of God have a tendency towards a better future. We know the vast difference between mind and matter, and that the latter cannot be responsible for its lapses, while the former, with vitality, since the death of one generation of men, animals, or plants, in fact of all matter that ever becomes by that means the origin for the production of new, and that death is the source of life, so on in a perpetual round of action—but enough of this subject, upon which so much may be said on both sides without producing conviction.

Sir Humphrey Davy was my senior several years, but I felt in his company precisely as any man would feel who was aware of the magnitude of the results which depended upon his discoveries, and the reward their inventor merited. We both came from the same part of the country. He was not then married, but attended his lectures upon Agriculture, on which he afterwards founded what he denominated “*The Elements of Agricultural Chemistry*,” a work of great importance to mankind, as opening a new and extensive field for the increase of the productions of the soil. His mind appeared occupied wholly with his professional pursuits. Of literature and the French *Lettres*, he knew little; his style was somewhat uncouth, nor had he a taste for the fine arts, though he was not without the affectation of it. No man in the present century operated such a change as Davy.

peculiar walk, and the fame of few in science found more useful and durable. Of Lady though I afterwards met her in her own Park Street, I am unable to say more from observation than that she appeared agreeable, but any claims to intellectual ability beyond of her sex.

discovery of the Phantasmagoria and its invention, made a considerable noise between 1810 and 1812. I knew the inventor, a Mr. Philip Thal. Some time afterwards this ingenious man exhibited an automaton lady who played a tune on the piano, and an automaton boy who wrote a good hand several sentences. He possessed also some curious watches of ingenious workmanship. He exhibited his mechanical performances at Spring Gardens. Anxious to know if I was fortunate enough to procure an introduction, and frequently called upon him there. When he disappeared during one of my absences from London, as men continually disappear from a man's circle of acquaintance. I know not of the country he was a native.

Some time about the same time, or a little subsequent, that I used to meet Sheridan. I cannot assign any reason for my admiration of this extraordinary man, except it was his conversational witchery few could resist. Pitt and Fox

might have been speakers of a higher rank of whole, but the flashes of Sheridan had a more immediate and powerful effect in delivery. I remember how I was pleased with his eloquence, and as well as his joviality, the former Moore thought so as well as the wit in his dramatic pieces. He was not quite correct. He was quick in his replies. All the world in those days knew George Rose, Treasury. Rose was talking to an individual in the lobby of the House of Commons. Sheridan came close to him, when a friend came up and said, "What news to-day—anything afloat?"

"Nothing, my dear fellow, nothing except a rumour of a great defalcation in the Treasury—*sub Rosa!*" replied Sheridan, loud enough to be heard all around. Could this have been studied?

The well-known Beau Brummel too often got a lash from him, yet the beau liked the company of the wit who played upon him.

"My brain, Sherry, is swimming with beer all night—how can I cure it? I am not myself to-morrow morning."

"Then what are you?" said Sheridan, "a matter. You have mistaken your complaint. There can be no swimming in a *caput mortuum*."

At this time I was learning algebra. It was a branch of science to which I was much attached, but the results I expected from its applica-

jects I had in view at that precise moment, motive. It is possible that the dry pursuit, which I began to learn with, led me into a languor which obliged me to

Whether in the course of my past reading proceeded without due attention I am uncertain, but I fear my object was too much that and not studying. Yet I cannot say that without thought, and had no desire to what I perused. Gall's theory had just demolished by the *Edinburgh Review*.

I called upon a friend in Bury Street, and found

I awaited his return, and was shown drawing-room, where I found a gentleman and a young lady, who seemed to have called on him. I had no hesitation in introducing

rather than standing or sitting in the presence of strangers, and looking as if I disdained to be troublesome for fear of committing my own

The weather, that most hackneyed of subjects, which conversation is opened upon such occasions promoted the first articulation. I re-

the lady seemed well disposed to proceed. I conversed amiably, and all reserve melted into the atmosphere of confabulation that the time and an opportunity of determination to please would admit. We parted away as if we had known each other for

"What a nice collection of books," said I, stepping up to a bookcase on one side of the room. "I wonder what our friend has got here; we shall see what sort of taste he has."

I arose and placed myself by her side.

"Here are the 'Artless Tales' and 'Octave' of Miss Porter, but I see few works of amusement besides. Here are Hume and Smollett, in historical works, and what a beautiful edition of the poets."

"Our friend is a man of taste," I observed. "There are Italian works, choice Venetian editions of Dante, Petrarch, and Ariosto."

The door opened, and the master of the house entering put an end to our conversation.

In a very short time afterwards the lady went away, and I found that the stranger was Mr. Erskine, the eminent barrister, afterwards Lord Chancellor.

Passing a day or two in the neighbourhood of Albury, the cottage in which Moore the poet lived, came up to my recollection, after having been now alluded to him. The place was humble and situated, had a trellissed doorway, with four windows only in front. There was a good view from the windows, and it had a small shrubbery with paths on each side; but the whole only harmonized in dimensions with the cottage itself. The taste of the tenant could hardly be complimented so much in the choice of a site as the desire of economy.

equally as reasonable in price, and far position, might have been had in many places. It lay in the county of Stafford. It was the poet had friends in the vicinity. At a distance there is some very fine scenery, and he was more a lover of the social than the solitary.

I think the Axminster woven flowers on drawing-room carpets were more to his taste than hills, and woods, and irriguous valleys. He passed his early years in the social circle, and for his study he sought company rather than solitude. His friendship with the wildness of nature's beauty was not his. His political independence of spirit early repelled partisanship. Few men, indeed, are capable of supporting a dominion of mind alone. The gay life of Dublin to which youth was accustomed to give place to something "great," in vulgar parlance, particularly by the class from which the poet came, gave him a bias through life. He clung to his early political principles, but he was not a defender of the patrician portion of his party, nor any exhibition of an independence of the common bearing in this respect. He was not a man who could be calumniated by what is called the "respectable" portion of society, for which read the "middle class." He had, with all his political independence, a shrinking deference for the "mode." He was fearful of being scandalized by alliances of

small reputation even among fashionable circles, matter whether it was calumny or truth. His moral courage could not confront rank and fashion, the flatteries of which were grateful to him. Though full of good sense to exhibit this feeling in his writings, it was seen in his actions when perhaps he was insensible to it himself. He crowned all by leaving his manuscripts to a noble lord for selection and editorship. This was a weakness, no doubt originating in the early deference of the poet to a patrician connection. To have it said that a noble lord, eminent as a politician, edited his biography was a consideration that overweighed the good or fulfilment of the bequest. It was characteristic of the man. To return to his works—Sheridan remarked that Moore threw more of his heart into his fancy than any other man, that his soul seemed a particle of fire separated from the sun, and ever labouring to get back, a trope a little too figurative unless it referred to his youth. This was no doubt true in regard to the effort, but in the prime of his days the success was not consequential, for his warmth had artifice, it was pyrotechnical not natural. The ethereal spirit was wanting. It was Thomas Little's idea of love in some respect to the last. He felt not what he described more than Sheridan, when he wrote his dramatic pieces. The beams of genius were concentrated without the solar heat, they were

scations struck off the blazing orb, but brilliancy that shone without burning—ro. They were the pyrotechnic stars, not ch live along the sky. To illustrate this, do so eminent a man injustice, it is sufficient to compare Moore's love songs with those of The pathetic with Burns to "Mary in his passionate with the song, "Thine am hful fair." Moore is still the drawing-room ast him of the green fields, excellent and h to his own sphere. He could not have e lines of Lovelace coming close home to al heart, which is one of the greatest of verse—namely, the lines beginning, all do not a prison make."

was a man of great sensitiveness in his pon all occasion. In relation to Byron's he was more eager to get rid of the obligation, which no one living had a ontest, than of the much more serious obli- fulfil his dead friend's request by the publi- This seemed not to weigh at all. He pro- ich meant nothing, for he had a sacred duty Byron said there was nothing in the manu- h which the world could find fault. There ve been strong truths, and the record of qually so, to which some individuals might nd object the more from those truths and

their good sense being faithful transcripts. was the guardian of the legacy, and he was an obligation to his friend to fulfil the concord. Byron's friends had no right to interfere beyond solicitation. Having done the dead poet and the living poet was insulted by the offer of a pecuniary indemnity, which he refused. Byron's public character, and the world had as good as to know as Byron had to bequeath his manuscript and all that it contained; its owner desired it as a condition. Campbell, who was likely to hear as much of the matter as any other man not immediately concerned, and when closely intimate with Moore, there was nothing in them that might not have appeared.

Byron was a literary man, and Byron's relations or whoever they were that managed the affair doubt hated and feared all concerned with literature on account of its free and open character, and rather Byron had slunk into the grave in the obscurity of the peerage. Such is the true light in which all literary men of merit are held by what is vulgarly called the "fashionable" world. Wonderful as it is indeed to them; they envy its reputation and fear it. They have a deep dislike to its flinching independence. The respectable part of the press will not fawn, and sneak, and hunt patronage as the low slavish part does, or did, continually.

made but one bargain with Moore; the measure was not to publish until after their author's consent that he designed they should be published, nothing, not even Moore's desire to please should have permitted the violation of the promise. From what Byron himself stated, the work must have been useful. "It was," he said, "a volume of his earliest recollections almost from childhood, very incoherent, and written in a loose style." He added that it would prove a lesson to young men, in regard to the consequences of dissipation, and that there was something scandalous to affect others, and very few adventures of his own.

Mr. B—— said to me; "I was, in 1849, near Moore's, at Stapleton, and I told a friend that I should go down and see him. He was told—'you had better not do so; his health was so much gone, it would be very painful; it would be useless.'" B—— did not go. More than two years afterwards the poet died, more, and some time before his death, quite as young, though only sixty-nine years old. He was buried at Bremham. No one but his book-keeper attended the obsequies of a poet, affording no countenance to society, who had built vainly upon the flattery and dazzling applauses of a class. The decline of his intellectual powers, for several years

before he expired, showed the extreme sensibility of his mental constitution to things regarding which insensibility would have more honoured him. His talent as a poet, and skill as a musician, in all probability doubled the accessibility of his mind to the inroads of that decay, which by degrees untwined the delicate chords of genius, to which

“ ——— the spider's most attenuated web
Is cord and cable,”

laid his intellect prostrate long before his vital powers became extinct, but he has left enough to make his name remembered. His works, many of them, cannot be forgotten. Meeting him the last time at a party, he spoke with some feeling of the distaste of the existing state of criticism, and the effect produced by modern journalism which had little conscientiousness. “I am deterred from attempting several things of which I had been thinking lately, not less from the chance of their unprofitableness, than a growing dislike to be dragged before the world, and censured by anybody who can take a pen in his hand without the capacity to judge.” He seemed to have imbibed, in his later years, a great sensitiveness than ever, observing that he should return home without making any proposition to the booksellers to reconsider the matter. This was in 1842. It is to his “Melodies” that he will owe the prolongation of his fame, and they will make

for they are strictly national. Temporary
lose their interest. Those which are merely
however decorated by brilliancy and fancy,
replaced by fresh novelties. Those which
the heart are alone lasting. His elegant
ness robs his poetry of that strength which
the reader's mind from being cloyed by too
sweetness. He keeps his muse for ever in a
dress, and often dresses up her abstractions in
the manner.* He has no picturesqueness, but
to aim at the utmost stretch of the decorative
fanciful, all lavished equally upon subjects
often of little moment, and yet are familiar
His voluptuous muse seems to amuse and
and whisper fond things. She is a lady of
often loose in morals, always in her bou-
tiful, in full dress, after the most approved
ever seeking to attract by the pleasure she
to others, and ready to change the aspect for
new phase equally attractive, and at times too
somewhat of the courtesan as to virtue.
had a great advantage as a lyric poet in his
ear, and in the just adaptation of the words
music, or the music to the words, of which he

truly wrote him, "The truth is, my dear Moore, you live
love of society, where you are unavoidably influenced by
and vapours." Moore did live "a great deal on the cant of
" as Byron told him. He never in his mind's recesses
origin, in place of being proud of it.

was a master-hand. Among his country folk the impression made by his melodies can never wear away. His verses on subjects of the moment are marked by a point and neatness, that must always be admired. His satirical pieces will inevitably perish with the memory of the subjects to which they belong. When he lashed, with no unsparing hand, the Sardanapalus of England's throne, is already nearly forgotten.

Moore exhibited all through life, and in a time remarkable for evading early protestations and open avowed principles for profit or the hope of it, a steadfastness most praiseworthy. If he had not so great a desire to attach himself where there was title and power, like Wilkie, the painter, who used to say that it was as delightful to sniff the air of a palace, he was fond of the presence of people of rank and fashion, but he never resigned the political principles with which he set out in life, on that account. He was too proud to suffer the impeachment by himself of his own understanding. He had early adopted Whig principles, and he adhered to them to the last. There was something noble in this conduct, when Lord and Commons, literary men and lawyers, in short, men whose tenacity of mind to one point lasted only long enough to ensure the best terms for their apostasy—it was noble of Moore to stand by a cause which might be, and was, kept down for a long season by kings, ministers, minions, all opposed and ready

talons in the very hearts of all not of colour—it was noble of him to adhere to these which, when a young friendless man, a small shopkeeper, he had ventured to. It was previous to the little difference between Moore and Campbell, that one evening together, I remarked that neither of them large among other kind things said of them, had betrayed their cause, and they must have been gratified at finding all for which championed becoming realized on seeing it, and by some of the very party that measures they had advocated when it was reason to do so. Moore replied that I spoke it was a proud thing for any man to be of his early rectitude of judgment, that in early life “much to contend with more.” Campbell made no observation, absorbed as was his way in some that intruded upon his mind at the moment Moore had become fatuous, and Campbell several years by the side of Moore’s son, Sheridan, in the Abbey, when I met all local work which mentioned a trait of character in a wise selection and adherence to principle which did him great credit, and I made the foregoing observation. Moore was an alumnus in Trinity College, Dublin, and had

begun to write poetry. It was just then a noxious man to every human feeling, the sinister-faced Lord Clare, was Vice-Chancellor, a man well calculated for the latitude of Spain in the Inquisition. His Lordship had seen a paper circulated which recommended assassination. His Lordship insinuated that it had come from the University. He desired to exclude all who refused to purge themselves from such a treasonable paper. "to prevent them from corrupting the youth of other universities." The paper had been put into every letter box in the College, and even into the Chancellor's own house as a defiance. The Vice-Chancellor had for his assessor the notorious Orangeman, Dr. Duigenan. He planned to make the students confess if guilty, or else to condemn themselves! Those who were absent and who could not accuse themselves were pronounced contumacious. The students were sworn by this College to discover all matters on which they were questioned, whether they themselves wrote the paper or not, or any connection with it, or if they knew the author—that is they were commanded to criminate themselves in defiance of the first principle of real law. One witness, after denying knowing

* "Glorious tyrannicide" so styled then; the same for which an individual lately offered a good many persons who would realize.

Irish Societies, was asked if he knew of
eties in the College. He replied he did,
Orange Societies, and he knew some
of them! The rage in Lord Clare's coun-
s too visible at this side blow. Among
refused at first to take an oath which
ted every principle of our jurisprudence
as Moore. They offered him the book,
uld not take it; they attempted to push it
and, and he drew it away and placed it
back; it was presented to his left hand,
t that behind him. They still thrust the
a him, and he still refused, bowing and
until he was stopped by the wall behind
ultimately took the oath, modified by cer-
nations, that he knew of no treasonable
in the College. Here he showed a
ample, and probably from his conduct was
to depart without being questioned far-
must be recollected that he was then a
umble life, that unhallowed tyrannic power
him; the Clares and Castlereaghs were in
at a suspicion of disaffection by Orange
en regarding any individual, was pregnant
gerous consequences even the loss of life

name will now live with his country's
admired and honoured. Lord Clare's

would even now be forgotten but for his tyrannical acts, his meeting with Curran in a duel, and the licentious conduct of the public at his funeral, the dead cat being hurled at his coffin. The painful oppressions in Ireland were the work of the party of which Lord Clare was the strong supporter. That party had prevented the march of civilization in Ireland for the best part of a century. It had treated two-thirds of the people like swine. It had outraged humanity, morality, all that could make life desirable or existence a boon. It is now nearly sold out. The name alone and the miserable skeleton of the party exist and little more. Tory and Liberal England see the necessity, and will enforce alike the supremacy, of constitutional law and salutary reform in future.

When Campbell attacked his brother poet, in his remarks in regard to Lady Byron, in his impressive manner, it was evident Moore was not master of the subject in all its bearings. Lady Byron had the worst qualified champion in England to understand her cause, except that he was well acquainted with all the circumstances, which Moore very clearly did not. I believe that I knew the whole bearing of the case before Moore did. I have reason also to believe that Rogers knew it antecedent to Moore, and if he had seen Moore at the critical moment, he would have made him master of it, and have

lightest reflection on Lady Byron. It is now that those concerned have walked all the earth.

of Rogers, to whom credit was given for things he did and did not say, Luttrell, a city alderman naming him had just said. "I fear I shall not address him by the time when we meet," said Rogers, "he took it." "I shall wonder if you do not address Luttrell, "for he has been better since he was born. He has just been a costermonger and no more." "Oh! I would make a barrow-knight of him," said

and then exhibited the feeling and the trader. Did not this arise from his early habits? He would not offend. This was a species of that selfishness which would designate when he called a nice man. There was a fear of a recoil if the feeling of another were aroused, which might be inconvenient to sustain. The old poet had been a bad champion in any cause if it was necessary to beard an opponent. He was for a truce if the argument got upon the ground in the view of the third party there was a special question at issue. "If the truth be said," says Sancho, in Don Quixote, "nobody

transcribed the letter because there was no
transcribe." Yet would Rogers hit hard at
was not present, to whose regard he was far from
ferent. He hated Lady Holland, which his regard
Lord Holland never made him restrain from saying
"Men," he said, "sometimes committed serious
mistakes in regard to what they coveted. Yet
is Lord Holland might confirm this by the fact
his marriage was one of the most extraordinary
wilful mistakes a man could commit, it was no
step in abusing matrimony."

CHAPTER IV.

Edwin—Story of Dodsworth, by Mrs. Shelley.

wrote his work on the Commonwealth at the suggestion of Thomas Campbell. When that work was sent to me for a literary notice, I had one sent to me for a literary notice, I had one sent it to the poet, thinking that as he recommended the work to be undertaken, he would wish to see how it had been handled. Campbell, as often was, did not like it, and suggested some alterations in it, which, when compared, certainly bore out the justice of the poet's remarks upon it, that Campbell had recommended the work to be undertaken, and then refused to do so if he wished to throw cold water upon it. Mrs. Shelley expressed her wonder at the circumstance that I did not inform her of all the grounds I was nowing that Campbell was discontented with the history.

I had a great respect for this lady, as one of her sex who did it honour by her tasteful and agreeable manners. I append here a story given me for a particular purpose, many years and long before her decease. I did not view it the purpose originally intended, and I did not print it in another place than that in which it was originally intended to appear. It remained for years mislaid, and I discovered it by mere chance among a mass of papers. The *Journal du Commerce* of Lyons, had reported that a Dr. Hotham, of Northampton, in England, had found a body frozen in the foot of Mount St. Gothard, in the valley of the Rhodana, that he restored it to life, and that it proved to be Roger Dodsworth, son of the antiquary of that name, born in 1629. He was returning from Italy, after the death of his father, in 1660, and was overwhelmed by an avalanche. Mrs. Shellington.—“It may be remembered, that on the 10th of July last, a paragraph appeared in the papers reporting that Dr. Hotham, of Northampton, on returning from Italy, over mount St. Gothard, a score or two of years ago, had dug out from under an avalanche, in the neighbourhood of the mountain, a human being whose animation had been suspended by the action of the frost. Upon the application of the usual remedies, the patient was resuscitated, and discovered himself to

erth, the son of the antiquary Dodsworth, perished in the reign of Charles I. He was seven years of age at the time of his inhumanity, which had taken place as he was returning home, in 1654. It was added that as soon as he sufficiently recovered he would return to England, under the protection of his preserver. Since then, no more of him, and various attempts for public benefit, which have started in philanthropic minds on reading the statement, have returned to their pristine nothingness. The Royal Society had eaten their way to several medals, and had already begun, in idea, to offer what prices it could afford to offer for Mr. Dodsworth's old clothes, and to conjecture what treasures in the way of pamphlet, old song, or autograph, his pockets might contain. Poems from poets, of all kinds, elegaic, congratulatory, burlesque, and allegoric, were half written. Mr. Godwin depended for the sake of such authentic information on the history of the Commonwealth he had just read. It is hard not only that the world should be robbed of these destined gifts from the talents of our country, but also that it should be promised and then deprived of a new subject of romantic and scientific interest. A novel idea is worth more than the commonplace routine of life, but a new discovery, an astonishment, a miracle, a palpable wander-

ing from the course of things into apparent possibilities, is a circumstance to which the imagination must cling with delight, and we say again it is hard, very hard, that Mr. Dodsworth reappear, and that the believers in his resurrection are forced to undergo the sarcasms and triumphs and arguments of those sceptics who always keep the safe side of the hedge.

Now we do not believe that any contradiction or impossibility is attached to the adventures of the youthful antique. Animation (I believe philosophers agree) can as easily be suspended for a hundred or two years, as for as many seconds. A man hermetically sealed up by the frost, is of course preserved in its pristine entireness. That which is totally secluded from the action of external causes can neither have any thing added to nor taken from it: no decay can take place, for something can never become nothing; under the influence of the state of being which we call death, change and annihilation removes from our sight the corporeal atoms; the earth receives sustenance from the air, the air is fed by them, each element takes its thus siezing forcible repayment of what it has lent. But the elements that hovered round Dodsworth's icy shroud had no power to overcome the obstacle it presented. No zephyr could pluck a hair from his head, nor could the influ-

light or genial morn penetrate his more than
fine panoply. The story of the Seven
rests on a miraculous interposition—they
Mr. Dodsworth did not sleep; his breast
laved, his pulses were stopped; death had his
pressed on his lips which no breath might
He has removed it now, the grim shadow is
ed, and stands wondering. His victim has
him the frosty spell, and arises as perfect
as he had lain down an hundred and fifty
fore. We have eagerly desired to be fur-
with some particulars of his first conversa-
and the mode in which he has learnt to adapt
to his new scene of life. But since facts
ed to us, let us be permitted to indulge in
re. What his first words were may be
from the expressions used by people exposed
to accidents of the like nature. But as his
return, the plot thickens. His dress had
excited Doctor Hotham's astonishment—
red beard—the love locks—the frill, which,
was thawed, stood stiff under the mingled
of starch and frost; his dress fashioned
of one of Vandyke's portraits, or (a more
similitude) Mr. Sapio's costume in Winter's
the Oracle, his pointed shoes—all spoke of
ness. The curiosity of his preserver was keenly
that of Mr. Dodsworth was about to be roused.

But to be enabled to conjecture with any degree of likelihood the tenor of his first inquiries, we must endeavour to make out what part he played in his former life. He lived at the most interesting period of English History—he was lost to the world when Oliver Cromwell had arrived at the summit of his ambition, and in the eyes of all Europe the Commonwealth of England appeared so established as to endure for ever. Charles I. was dead; Charles II. was an outcast, a beggar, bankrupt even in his own country. Mr. Dodsworth's father, the antiquary, received a salary from the republican general, Lord Fairfax, who was himself a great lover of antiquities, and died the very year that his son went to his long and not unending sleep, a curious coincidence this, which would seem that our frost-preserved friend was returning to England on his father's death, to claim probably his inheritance—how short lived are human views! Where now is Mr. Dodsworth's patrimony? Where his co-heirs, executors, and fellow legatee? His protracted absence has, we should suppose, given the present possessors to his estate—the world's chronology is an hundred and seventy years on since he seceded from the busy scene, hands have tilled his acres, and then become weary beneath them; we may be permitted to doubt whether one single particle of their surface is in the least gradually the same as those which were to have

the youthful soil would of itself reject the clay of its claimant.

Dodsworth, if we may judge from the circumstance of his being abroad, was no zealous common-sense man, yet his having chosen Italy as the country in which to make his tour and his projected return to England on his father's death, renders it probable that he was no violent loyalist. One of the characters when he seems to be (or to have been) who did not follow Cato's advice as recorded in the *Pharsalia*; he is not if to be of no party admits of such a term, but Dante recommends us utterly to despise, and he is not unseldom falls between the two stools, a middle ground either of which is so carefully avoided. Still Dodsworth could hardly fail to feel anxious for the latest news from his native country at so critical a moment; his absence might have put his own projects in jeopardy; we may imagine therefore that his limbs had felt the cheerful return of circumstances and after he had refreshed himself with such luxuries as the products of the East as from all analogy he never would have hoped to live to eat, after he had been rescued from what peril he had been rescued, and said to him thereon which even appeared enormously so. Dr. Hotham—we may imagine, we say, that the question would be: "If any news had lately come from England?"

"I had letters yesterday," Dr. Hotham well be supposed to reply.

"Indeed," cries Mr. Dodsworth, "and pray, has any change for better or worse occurred in poor distracted country?"

Dr Hotham suspects a Radical, and coldly replies, "Why, sir, it would be difficult to say in what distraction consists. People talk of starvations, manufacturers, bankruptcies, and the fall of Joint Stock Companies—excrescences these, excrescences which will attach themselves to a state of full health. England, in fact, was never in a more prosperous condition."

Mr. Dodsworth now more than suspects the publican, and, with what we have supposed to be accustomed caution, sinks for awhile his loyalty, in a moderate tone asks: "Do our governors look with careless eyes upon the symptoms of over-health?" "Our governors," answers his preserver, "if they mean our ministry, are only too alive to temporal embarrassment." (We beg Doctor Hotham's pardon if we wrong him in making him a high Tory; such a quality appertains to our pure anticipatory cognition of a Doctor, and such is the only compensation that we have of this gentleman.) "It is to be wished that they showed themselves more—the king, God bless him!"

exclaims Mr. Dodsworth.

Hotham continues, not aware of the astonishment exhibited by his patient: "The Lord bless him, spares immense sums from his purse for the relief of his subjects, and his example has been imitated by all the aristocracy of England."

"King!" ejaculates Mr. Dodsworth.

"Sir," emphatically rejoins his preserver; "I am happy to say that the prejudice so unhappily and unwarrantably possessed the English people with regard to his Majesty, with a few" (with added severity) "and very contemptible exceptions, exchanged for love and such reverence as his talents, and paternal care deserve."

"Sir, you delight me," replies Mr. Dodsworth, while his loyalty late a tiny bud suddenly burst into full flower; "yet I hardly understand; the change is so sudden; and the man—Charles, calling Charles, I may now call him, his murder must execrated as it deserves?"

Hotham put his hand on the pulse of his patient, he feared an access of delirium from such a shock from the subject. The pulse was calm, and Mr. Dodsworth continued: "That unfortunate looking down from heaven is, I trust, approved by the reverence paid to his name and the

prayers dedicated to his memory. No sentiment I think I may venture to assert, is so general in England as the compassion and love in which the memory of that hapless monarch is held?"

"And his son, who now reigns?"

"Surely, sir, you forget; no son; that of course is impossible. No descendant of his fills the English throne, now worthily occupied by the house of Hanover. The despicable race of the Stuarts, long outcast and wandering, is now extinct, the last days of the last Pretender to the crown of that family justified in the eyes of the world by the sentence which ejected it from the kingdom forever."

Such must have been Mr. Dodsworth's first lesson in politics. Soon, to the wonder of the present and preserved, the real state of the case must have been revealed; for a time, the strange and tremendous circumstance of his long trance may have threatened the wits of Mr. Dodsworth with a total overthrow. He had, as he crossed Mount St. Gothard, mourned a father—now every human being he had ever seen is "lapped in lead," is dust, and every voice he had ever heard is mute. The very sound of the English tongue is changed, as his experience of conversation with Dr. Hotham assures him. Empires, religions, races of men, have probably sprung up or faded; his own patrimony, (the thought is

yet, without it, how can he live?) is sunk into the thirsty gulph that gapes ever greedy to swallow the past; his learning, his acquirements, are probably obsolete; with a bitter smile he thinks to himself, I must take to my father's profession, and turn antiquary. The familiar objects, thoughts, and habits of my boyhood, are now antiquities. He wonders where the hundred and sixty folio volumes of MS. that his father had compiled, and which, as a lad, he had regarded with religious reverence, now are—where—ah, where? His favourite play-mate, the friend of his later years, his destined and lovely bride; tears long frozen are uncongealed, and flow down his young old cheeks.

But we do not wish to be pathetic; surely since the days of the patriarchs, no fair lady had her death mourned by her lover so many years after it had taken place. Necessity, tyrant of the world, in some degree reconciles Mr. Dodsworth to his fate. At first he is persuaded that the later generation of man is much deteriorated from his contemporaries; they are neither so tall, so handsome, nor so intelligent. Then by degrees he begins to doubt his first impression. The ideas that had taken possession of his brain before his accident, and which had been frozen up for so many years, begin to thaw and dissolve away, making room for others. He dresses himself in the modern style, and does not object

much to anything except the neck-cloth and his boarded hat. He admires the texture of his shirt and stockings, and looks with admiration on a snuff-box and a Geneva watch, which he often consults, as if he were not yet assured that time had made progress in its accustomed manner, and as if he should find its dial plate ocular demonstration that he had changed his thirty-seventh year for his two hundred and upwards, and had left A. D. 1654 far behind him to find himself suddenly a beholder of the ways of men in this enlightened nineteenth century. His curiosity is insatiable; when he reads, his eyes cannot purvey fast enough to his mind, and even now and then he lights upon some inexplicable passage, some discovery and knowledge familiar to the men of the present but undreamed of in his days, that throws him into wonder and interminable reverie. Indeed, he might be supposed to pass much of his time in that state, now and then interrupting himself with a royalist song against old Noll and the Roundheads, breaking off suddenly, and looking round fearfully to see who were his auditors, and on beholding the moderate appearance of his friend the Doctor, sighing to think that it is no longer of import to any, whether he is singing a cavalier catch or a puritanic psalm.

It were an endless task to develope all the philosophic ideas to which Mr. Dodsworth's resuscitation naturally gives birth. We should like much

converse with this gentleman, and still more to observe the progress of his mind, and the change of his ideas in his very novel situation. If he be a sprightly youth, fond of the shows of the world, careless of the higher human pursuits, he may proceed summarily to cast into the shade all trace of his former life, and endeavour to merge himself at once into the stream of humanity now flowing. It would be curious enough to observe the mistakes he would make, and the medley of manners which would thus be produced. He may think to enter into active life, become whig or tory as his inclinations lead, and get a seat in the, even to him, once called chapel of St. Stephens. He may content himself with turning contemplative philosopher, and find sufficient food for his mind in tracing the march of the human intellect, the changes which have been wrought in the dispositions, desires, and powers of mankind. Will he be an advocate for perfectibility or deterioration? He must admire our manufactures, the progress of science, the diffusion of knowledge, and the fresh spirit of enterprise characteristic of our countrymen. Will he find any individuals to be compared to the glorious spirits of his day? Moderate in his views as we have supposed him to be, he will probably fall at once into the temporising tone of mind now so much in vogue. He will be pleased to find a calm in politics;

he will greatly admire the ministry who have succeeded in conciliating almost all parties—to peace where he left feud. The same character which he bore a couple of hundred years ago, will influence him now; he will still be the moderate, peace-loving, unenthusiastic Mr. Dodsworth that he was in 16—

For notwithstanding education and circumstances may suffice to direct and form the rough material of the mind, it cannot create, nor give intellect, nor aspiration, and energetic constancy where dulness, wavering of purpose, and grovelling desires, are stamped by nature. Entertaining this belief, we have (to forget Mr. Dodsworth for awhile) often made conjectures how such and such heroes of antiquity would act, if they were reborn in these times: then awakened fancy has gone on to imagine that some of them are reborn; that according to the theory explained by Virgil in his sixth *Æneid*, every thousand years the dead return to life, and their souls endued with the same sensibilities and capacities as before, are turned naked of knowledge into this world, again to dress their skeleton powers with such habiliments as situation, education, and experience will furnish. Pythagoras, we are told, remembered many transmigrations of this sort, having occurred to himself, though for a philosopher he made very little use of his anterior memories. It would prove an instructive school for kings

statesmen, and in fact for all human beings, called on as they are, to play their part on the stage of the world, could they remember what they had been. Thus we might obtain a glimpse of heaven and of hell, as, the secret of our former identity confined to our own bosoms, we winced or exulted in the blame or praise bestowed on our former selves. While the love of glory and posthumous reputation is as natural to man as his attachment to life itself, he must be, under such a state of things, tremblingly alive to the historic records of his honour or shame. The mild spirit of Fox would have been soothed by the recollection that he had played a worthy part as Marcus Antoninus—the former experiences of Alcibiades or even of the emasculated Steeny of James I. might have caused Sheridan to have refused to tread over again the same path of dazzling but fleeting brilliancy. The soul of our modern Corinna would have been purified and exalted by a consciousness that once it had given life to the form of Sappho. If at the present moment the witch, memory, were in a freak, to cause all the present generation to recollect that some ten centuries back they had been somebody else, would not several of our free thinking martyrs wonder to find that they had suffered as Christians under Domitian, while the judge as he passed sentence would suddenly become aware, that formerly he had condemned the saints of the early

church to the torture, for not renouncing the religion he now upheld—nothing but benevolent actions and real goodness would come pure out of the order. While it would be whimsical to perceive how some great men in parish affairs would strut under the consciousness that their hands had once held the sceptre, an honest artizan or pilfering domestic would find that he was little altered by being transformed into an idle noble or director of a joint stock company; in every way we may suppose that the humble would be exalted, and the noble and the proud would feel their stars and honours dwindle into baubles and child's play when they called to mind the lowly stations they had once occupied. If philosophical novels were in fashion, we conceive an excellent one might be written on the development of the same mind in various stations, during different periods of the world's history.

But to return to Mr. Dodsworth, and indeed with a few more words to bid him farewell. We entreat him no longer to bury himself in obscurity; or, if he modestly decline publicity, we beg him to make himself known personally to us. We have a thousand inquiries to make, doubts to clear up, facts to ascertain. If any fear that old habits and strangeness of appearance will make him ridiculous to those accustomed to associate with modern exquisites, we beg to assure him that we are not giving

to ridicule mere outward shows, and that worth and intrinsic excellence will always claim our respect.

This we say, if Mr. Dodsworth is alive. Perhaps he is again no more. Perhaps he opened his eyes only to shut them again more obstinately; perhaps his ancient clay could not thrive on the harvests of these latter days. After a little wonder; a little shuddering to find himself the dead alive—finding no affinity between himself and the present state of things—he has bidden once more an eternal farewell to the sun. Followed to his grave by his preserver and the wondering villagers, he may sleep the true death-sleep in the same valley where he so long reposed. Doctor Hotham may have erected a simple tablet over his twice-buried remains, inscribed—

To the Memory of R. Dodsworth,
An Englishman,

Born April 1, 1617; Died July 16, 18;— Aged 107.

An inscription which, if it were preserved during any terrible convulsion that caused the world to begin its life again, would occasion many learned disquisitions and ingenious theories concerning a race which authentic records shewed to have secured the privilege of attaining so vast an age.

CHAPTER V.

Dreams—Charles Mackenzie—Mrs. Grant of Laggan—Anecdotes—New South Wales and Settlers—General Pepe—Austrian Espionage in London.

WE have heard of the importance of dreams among the credulous and superstitious, and yet we use the term proverbially to signify what they really are, mere phantoms of slumber. Strange it is that they were believed by the ancients to be supernatural revelations, but not equally extraordinary that certain modern oracles, in the shape of old ladies, particularly if of more than ordinary ugliness, so as to recall the days of witchcraft, have aided in keeping alive a notion somewhat similar. The accidental coincidence of a dream now and then with an accomplished fact, is seized, and occasionally used as a proof of their real efficacy in the matter of revelation. In regard to coincidences to show how they may be abused, I had one day taken a hurried walk into the city, through the Strand, and scarcely stopping,

glanced at a print-shop window, in which there happened to be a coloured picture. I remember asking myself as I went on, "I should not wonder if that picture does not represent Como." Nothing more in regard to the picture or the Lago di Còmo crossed my mind. In a short time I fell into company, became involved in discussions very foreign to the character of a lake of great beauty, in a spot and amid society as much the reverse as Cheapside to the garden of Eden and our first parents.

I returned home late and went to bed. I had neither opened a book, nor thought but of the business of the day. I was certain the name of the Borromean Isles had not entered my mind, though Como had done so, from the picture, but only in the way I have mentioned. My rest was not sound, and I had a dream that I was among the Borromean Isles; how I got there I know not, but I stood upon the terrace of the palace, on the Isola Bella, in the Lago Maggiore, looking at the mountains. A civil individual, whose person is obscure in my recollection, asked me if it was not beautiful, and told me that I was at liberty to walk anywhere on the terraces, and that I might enter the palace and ascend to the top, where the view was still finer. I did so, and saw no one; the stranger had disappeared. On reaching the top, no language can describe the beauty of the scene around, far surpass-

sing the loveliness of nature. The water of a blue more intense than I ever could have beheld in reality, even in the south, prevailed above. The far-off mountains were, if possible, deeper in richness. The mountain cliffs and foliage, perfectly natural, were more gorgeous than any reality. I became absorbed in admiration. "Can this glory in hue belong to earth?" I asked myself, referring more especially to the clearness of all—marvellously so, of the prevailing colour. It was a beauty of colour alone, all the objects seeming but accessories, to a delight beyond the power of language to express, so golden and glowing. Here I awoke, but the dream was perfect and uninterrupted in its chain of connection. I had descended to the terrace below before I awoke. Now, whence came the Borromean Isles? Of them I had neither read nor heard for a long time. They were removed, and planted, too, in the Lake of Como. How came that lake into my dream—out of the storehouse of memory, in place of the Lago Maggiore, in which the islands lie? How are these things to be explained in the phenomena of mind? One, and one thing only, in the dream, had a foundation, the regard to colour. I had been looking at a specimen in colours almost as deep as Blue Breughel, four or five days before I had the dreamed. I endeavoured to unravel the theory of dreams, as proffered by one and another, but without

satisfaction. A little treatise, "Dendy, on Dreams," had fallen into my hands, but it was unsatisfactory. "They arise in the brain," says one man, perhaps a phrenologist. But how can that be, when the brain itself has been proved to be inert matter; men have lived and thought without a considerable portion of it, and appeared afterwards as well in mind as before! It seems to me inexplicable. If animals dream as well as man, the act must depend upon life, or being, with little more than simple organization, and the professor of reason is upon a level in this respect, with creatures destitute of it. But enough; the course can be but conjectural at best.

"An ounce of mother wit is worth a pound of clergy," say the Scotch, the least witty and most metaphysical of nations, owing, some of their writers tell us, to the size of their skulls, which are in general of a more expanded proportion, so as to admit of a larger space for the involvement and revolution of propositions, and the parturition of inexplicable theories than any other people. Hence, they glory in theology, phrenology, and similar ologies, while their good sense teaches them that after all, a little wit is extremely valuable where the other commodity is so largely dispensed. An anonymous author of that country, to whose work I applied for information, left me yet more in the dark than I was before. I only learned from a Scotch source,

that boxes of London hats are returned from Scotland, they being found universally too small for use. Surely Sawney does not mean that his race is jolter-headed!

Now, eschewing all the nonsense of spiritualists, bed-knockers, like old Aubrey, and table-jumpers, rampant from Yankee land, we must believe dreams to be nothing more than confused repetitions of things that the memory unconsciously recalls out of their due order, while the judgment or reason is inactive. Animals which are destitute of reason dream, and such being the case, it would be strange indeed, if, in the vast multiplicity of visions that occur, some might not be coincident with a fact. Let any one study the doctrine of chances, and the truth of this in relation to figures will explain all coincidences. It is a hundred to one if we dream a particular individual is dead, that we find him alive; but one coincidence with a fact of the kind is a "spiritual revelation!" I had dreamed twenty times, or, perhaps, as many more again, that I had seen my father while he was alive, but he was never really seen for all that; why, then, if he were not so seen, should a dream of his appearance after death be so marvellous? The course of ages cannot have changed the principles of our corporeal structure, therefore dreams must have ever been of the same nature.

It happened in the present case that the news of the death of my friend, Count Porro, arrived soon afterwards, and it took place at his Chateau, on the Lago di Como, but not at the exact date of the dream. Old witches, and men no better than wizards, would have exclaimed, "my dream was out." Man's impatience to look into futurity, especially those of his order who reason least, is an incurable folly, seeming to extend itself anew in these days of the spread of a knowledge without correspondent depth. Prodigies and portents, table-turning, and fortune-telling multiply, a sure sign of the superficiality of knowledge in those who give credit to them. I am sorry our magistrates punish conjurers and fortune-tellers, in obedience to the enactment I believe of the witch hunting James I. It is well that folly should cure itself, and that dupes should pay the penalty of their own credulity by experience. The Americans are for leaving fools to pay for their own folly.* The Germans draw

* The following are from only *one* number of an American paper, two years ago, and stood in the same order in the paper they are displayed here. Let it be remembered that in America all the people are educated except foreigners! Such are its fruits!

2 CLAIRVOYANTS.—MRS. HAYES, THE BEST SEEING medical and business clairvoyant in America. They astonish all who call upon them, because they see things so very clear. They invite all to visit them. Residence, 363, Broome street, between Elizabeth and Mott. Fee, fifty cents. Satisfaction given or no pay

4 DOORS FROM CHARLTON STREET, 176 YARICK.—Madame MAR has a study connected with phrenology which

upon more formidable plausibilities, and lay their foundation on an approach to some philosophical fact. Witness Gall, Mesmer, and others, who are

enables her to tell your age, character and circumstances, what changes are before you, when you will marry, find absent friends, and every event of life. She is assisted by Madame DE GORE, the most wonderful healing clairvoyant in the world. She describes your diseases, cures you if curable, and turns grey hair to its original colour. They invite all to visit them.

110, SPRING STREET.—CLAIRVOYANCE.—MRS. SEYMOUR, the most celebrated medical and business clairvoyant in America. All diseases discovered and cured. Unerring advice on business. The fate and whereabouts of absent friends made known, &c. Satisfaction or no pay. Gray hair restored to its original colour without fail.

A WONDER.—THE GIPSEY WOMAN WILL CONTINUE to reveal the past, present, and future events of life with unerring certainty. Full satisfaction given. Fee, fifty cents. The Gipsy is without exception the only person that can give lucky numbers. 419, Canal street, near Sullivan street.

A STROLOGY.—MADAME LANE CAN BE CONSULTED about love, marriage, and absent friends. She tells all the events of life, at 104, Elizabeth street, near Grand. Ladies, 25 cents; gentlemen, 50 cents. She causes speedy marriages.

A STROLOGY.—MRS. ———, BROOME STREET, gives true information of every event of life by the glass of the planets, and answers questions on business, marriages, absent friends, &c., by magnetism. She speaks French, English, and German.

HALF PRICE—25 CENTS.—MADAME ALBIN, THE WORLD- renowned fortune-teller from Europe, will tell past, present, and future events, likewise journeys, business prospects, &c., at her office, 64, Yarrick street, in the basement. Ladies, 25 cents. Gentlemen, 50 cents. Call and satisfy yourself.

MISS A. W. SNOW, THE CELEBRATED BUSINESS clairvoyant, may be consulted at her residence, No. 98, Greene street, room No. 7, second floor. She will find absent friends, trace lost or stolen goods, advise on business, give delineations of character, &c.

well aware how much more prevailing are plausibilities which take a medical character, than speculations without the same scientific aspect.

I had just completed the foregoing paragraph when a communication, dated August the 30th of the present year, was put into my hands from an eminent merchant in New York. That it gave rise to very painful feelings may naturally be imagined. There are many surviving who knew Mr. Mackenzie well. In politics he was a conservative. When a number of persons of high character and title determined to establish an evening paper, called the "Albion," they made him the editor for a time. Though well adapted for the purpose, he knew nothing of the machinery of such an establishment. We were on very intimate terms, and he applied to me to arrange a plan for him. "If you do not, somebody else will. We are old friends, and there will be no committal of yourself in doing it, as it is little more than a mechanical thing." I did not hesitate to do what he desired, and for some time he fulfilled his office until he was ordered to his post at Haïti. Not able to get a passage direct he sailed for Jamaica, and when he reached Kingston, he wrote to me that having sent his books and other property by a merchant ship, she had been lost with all his effects. He remained a member of the mixed commission at the Havanna for two years,

having been Consul-General there before. He wrote several papers for the "Metropolitan," while it was in my direction; one or two were upon Poland and its affairs, much of the information for which he obtained from our mutual friend White.*

Under the date of the 30th of August last (1862), a melancholy account of Mackenzie's death was sent me from Mr. O——, an eminent merchant of New York, whom I have the pleasure of knowing. Mackenzie it appears was lodging in Beekman Street, when the house in which he resided took fire, and he perished in the flames. The account given in the American papers regarding him was as follows:—

"Mr. Mackenzie was the representative of the Mackenzies of Redcastle, one of the oldest families in the Highlands of Scotland, and eldest son of Kenneth F. Mackenzie, who was Governor of the Island of Grenada during the first French Revolution. He was born in the year 1787, and studied at the University of Edinburgh in company with the father of Ethnology, the late James Cowles Prichard, his firm friend.

"He became a Doctor of Law and a Fellow of the Royal, Geological, and Linnæan Societies. On

* The Russian spies in England were so sharp that they knew White had given information or furnished articles about Poland. (See "Recollections," vol. iii., p. 15.) White died in some post in the West Indies; I think in Trinidad.

leaving the University, he proceeded to Spain, and accompanied the Duke of Wellington's army, as an amateur, until the battle of Toulouse. He subsequently travelled on the continent, and partially devoted himself to literary pursuits. Amongst the productions of his pen, during this portion of his career, were a pamphlet on the geology of the Ochill Hills, and contributions to the magazines and papers.

"In 1823, when Commissioners were sent out by Mr. Canning to Mexico, on the recognition of the independence of that country, Mr. Mackenzie accompanied them, and was appointed British Consul at Vera Cruz. His Reports on the commerce of that place are to this day regarded as models. In 1825, he was appointed Consul-General in Haïti; and on his return from that Island, in 1827, he published a most interesting work, in two vols., entitled "Notes on Haïti." In 1830, he became Commissioner of Arbitration to the Mixed Commission in the Havanna, at which post he remained until the year 1834.

"He then revisited his native land, and turned his attention not only to literature and the politics of the day, but to divers commercial operations, one of which brought him to the United States about twelve years ago. Since that time he had resided chiefly in Boston and New York, in both of which cities he counted numerous friends, not the least known of whom was Prescott the historian.

“As a writer, Mr. Mackenzie never devoted himself permanently to literature, and consequently few proofs of his skill, as an author, are forthcoming. It is much to be regretted that a man of his abilities, blessed with a wonderful memory and great classical attainments, and having known personally most of the prominent men of Europe of the present century, should not have given his experiences to the public; and it is to be hoped that his papers have not perished with him, for, if discovered, much may be made of them. As a companion, he was genial and witty.

“The remains of the deceased gentleman were with difficulty recovered by his sorrowing friends, from amidst the smoking ruins of the fire in which he was lost. The funeral service over them was numerously attended by many who had loved and revered him in life. It is intended to convey his body home to his native land, and have it consigned to the earth by the hands of his many relatives. Amongst these are the Bishop of London, General Colin Mackenzie (a distinguished Indian officer), and Mr. J. K. King, M.P. for Herefordshire. To them and to many others, who are now grieving for his melancholy end, it will be some slight consolation to know that the identity of his remains has been determined beyond a doubt.”

The last time I saw Mackenzie's brother Colin,

he called to take leave, being no more than a lieutenant in the military service. He is now a major-general. Painful and sad are some of the retrospects of our momentary existence, all pointing to the same inexorable bourne !

While thus alluding to a distinguished native of Scotland, personally known to me, I must mention another only known through her correspondence—Mrs. Grant, of Laggan, whose name is all that is now left. She possessed a fine masculine understanding, and wrote in an ardent style. She became the wife of a Scotch minister in the parish of Laggan. As long ago as 1821, when she last wrote, she complained, at sixty-five years old, that she was a poor emaciated old woman, yet she survived years afterwards, or until between seventy and eighty. She found it difficult to fix her attention for any considerable time upon her writing table, and hoped any inaccuracies in her letters would be excused. She had seen something of the world, having when young, been taken by her father—one of the “ten thousand Campbells”—to America. He was in the army, and on his return to England obtained a post at Fort William, where she lived until she was married. I was surprised to find that Campbell the poet knew nothing of her notoriety. Her husband died in 1801, leaving a numerous family.

She was an excellent correspondent, and possessed

a fund of anecdote. One of her stories relating to a Highland farmer, I know not why, always amused me exceedingly. It happened in her early time that the unworthy house of Stuart had many staunch friends in the Highlands, which overflowed with the loyalty arising from devotion to the doctrine of divine right. Near Fort William in her early time she remembered being told that a few days after the battle of Culloden the wife of a farmer of Appin, in Argyleshire, after having been brought to bed of several children, had just been delivered of a son, when she was rather advanced in years, and a little beyond the usual time of the cessation of parturition. The good neighbours around had before consoled her by the prediction that she would have a ninth son, who would in his day perform wonderful feats towards the restoration of the Pretender. Three nights had elapsed subsequently to the birth of the young hero that was to be; the good women had gone to their homes, and the "gude mon" had gone to sleep in the pantry. The eldest daughter in the meantime watched by her mother and the infant. Suddenly a young man, wrapped up in a plaid, but with hardly any other covering, raised the latch of the door, and by signs more than words intimated that he was the unfortunate Prince pursued by English soldiers. The woman so recently in the straw contrived to get up, dress herself, and having put her cap upon the

supposed royal fugitive, laid him in the bed beside her child, he nothing loth. But a little time had elapsed before a party of soldiers came to the house demanding admittance. The "gude mon" awoke, and in broken English assured them that no stranger was concealed there. He prayed them to make as little noise as possible, because his wife had so recently lain in. They searched the house, and contented themselves with only glancing over the mother and infant in bed, the real mother all the time being taken for the sick woman's nurse. The soldiers then went away and the object of their pursuit escaped, leaving his hosts in great exultation at the thought that they had preserved a sacred life, forty thousand pounds being offered for the "Stuart" by the government. More than a year had elapsed before it was discovered that the supposed prince was no other than a soldier who had deserted from Fort William!

A singular freak of fortune Mrs. Grant related, in proof of the odd way in which the blind goddess favours some persons in passing through life. Her letter written nearly forty years ago, time has made so pale, it is difficult to decipher. Between 1780 and 1790 there was a scarcity of food in the Highlands, and a poor widow left with two sons was driven to the southward to support herself by begging, taking her boys with her. She had instructed them in the best way she could,

and given them for a short time the benefit of the parochial school. One of the boys fell down on the ice at Glasgow, and had the misfortune to break his leg. There he was admitted into an infirmary or hospital. His destitute mother was constrained to leave him, as she had no means of supporting such an invalid, for he could no longer beg. It was observed that the sufferer bore his position with exemplary firmness, and amused himself while in confinement with such books as he could borrow in the hospital, or procure others to borrow for him. One of the physicians, who in rotation attended the wards, was struck with him, and felt an interest in his situation. Taking him home he sent him to an evening school, and at length was so pleased with him that he instructed him in his own profession. Thus he was separated for ever from his parent. What a mystery of mysteries is the course of human life with many of us ! In the meantime his mother and brother continued begging, until not long, or at least within a year afterwards, the mother died at Haddington, where some persons charitably supported her in her lingering sickness. They were much touched by the affection her second son exhibited towards her. He read the Bible and other religious books to her at night when she could not read herself, and in the day knitted stockings with unwearying diligence, in order to procure his parent

a few additional comforts. On his mother's decease he went into the service of a farmer, who in the winter evenings taught him to write, and he acquired arithmetic from the same farmer's son. The young farmer was so unfortunate as to enlist for a soldier at a fair, where the whisky had been too largely swallowed. The youth at once offered to go as a substitute for his young master. The recruiting sergeant, seeing he was a fine tall likely fellow, gladly accepted him in place of his bandy-legged ordinary-looking young master. He behaved so well in thus saving that young master from a soldier's life, that the old farmer gratefully reported the act to his officer, and how deeply he felt the obligation. The circumstance reached the ears of the commandant of the regiment, who effectually recommended him to notice. So strongly at last did his good conduct plead for him that he obtained a commission, and what was still more singular, it was presented to him in the very regiment in which his brother held the appointment of assistant-surgeon. At first there was no recognition of each other, from the length of time they had been separated, but at last a strong fraternal resemblance, with the incidents of their lives being compared, fully established the fact. Mrs. Grant stated this to show me how singularly some of the Scotch have made their way from poverty to reputation and independence, particularly in the colonies.

In reference to the colonies, it always appears how very injurious are feelings which are too locally patriotic. How many there are who, if they could but enlarge their minds sufficiently, supposing them to possess only limited pecuniary resources, might live independently after a few years' attention to their affairs, and leave to their families what in England would be considered a genteel independence. To men of enlarged minds who are aware that the whole planet is but a speck in creation, and that our country is but a speck upon the face of that planet, it is singular that their attachment, like that of the cat to the dwelling, is sufficient to keep them in a state of miserable dependence, looked down upon by a portion of society intrinsically no better than themselves, when they might find in climates very far preferable, that real independence which alone belongs to a possessor of the soil—that kind of possession which depends not upon public funds nor private speculation. To those in particular who have at an early age left the paternal neighbourhood, and all local attachment, the tie is already broken. The metropolis of England, to the stranger from the country, except as to language, is much more foreign than the colonial farm, where, too, the dependence upon the neighbour for society is mutual, and friendship is a necessary, while there is no insulation in life or

death surpasses to the stranger that of the oblivion of such a metropolis as London, when a stranger is there unknowing and unknown.

Major L—— and myself were old friends, and had enjoyed pleasant scenes together. His regiment was ordered to Sidney, being a warm healthy climate, to accustom the men to a warm latitude, as a step on the way to India, where he had once before been on duty. About 1840, long years having passed since we met, I had thought him dead and buried. A person from New South Wales told me he was settled there, had been long a resident in the colony, and was highly respected. I wrote out immediately, and his case may encourage others to imitate his example, which I wish I had done myself, when I was young and able. I had some capabilities for a life in the woods, through two or three lessons of the kind in earlier years.

“ Dear Redding, I cannot express to you my surprise as well as pleasure at hearing from you, and of Mr. Earle, the artist,* knowing us. I well recollect him. I arrived here in 1825, on my way back again to India, the only country where an officer-soldier can live like a gentleman. I found my family, counting ten children, sons and daughters, with the addition

* Draftsman in the Beagle Discovery Ship, a sloop of war sent out by the Government, who informed me of his having seen the Major in the colony.

of an eleventh here since my arrival—a good deal of baggage to follow the camp! On reflection I was induced, from the advantages held out to me, to quit the army, and settle down here—in other words, to become a landholder, and grow stock. I have fortunately succeeded far beyond my most sanguine expectations. I am the owner of a large tract of land, upwards of fourteen thousand acres. I have between seven and eight thousand sheep, fine woolled, a very large herd of cattle, and horses. The latter are well-bred bloods. I have sixty free-men and convicts, to look after them, as shepherds, herdsmen, and agricultural labourers. The rapid progress and importance of this colony are truly magical. Sydney itself has fine streets and splendid shops, equal to many in London, and far superior to those in most provincial towns in England.

“I have two residences, one a hundred and fifty miles from the other, in the county of Argyle. My chief is here, near Sidney, where I have a most comfortable home, and about three hundred acres of land, laid out ornamentally on the banks of the Paramatta river, on which steam-boats ply daily, to and from Sidney, in little more than an hour, and return in the same time. I have a carriage and pair of horses to take Mrs. L—— and self to our friends in the neighbourhood; and we have many highly respectable families, settlers. There is no

want of society. We have also a parish church, in fact every comfort we can wish. As you say, when you last saw me, my children were infants—they are now men and women, my five daughters being married, and I having grand-children—think of that; but it is the natural course of things. I may say, being handsome, they were almost too soon bespoke! They have made good matches, and are settled and resident in the country. Mrs. L—— is well, considering the numerous family she has brought up. As to myself, I am much the same as usual, except that I am grown stouter, and find the use of spectacles needful for small print.

“As I know you were always eager for information upon all topics, our state here must have engaged your attention. I recommend you to a book written by a Mr. M——, lately a settler, showing the absurdity of the lax system of discipline in the transportation system as it existed in this country. I must except the personalities in which the author occasionally indulges. In other respects it is a true picture. The people of England should know if transportation is, or is not, an effectual punishment. I say that as it exists at present, it is not. It is rather an inducement to commit crime to be sent here.

“As to this country in general, presenting a scene of greater immorality than exists in large

cities in England, I do not think it. I assert that it is not the fact. Many of the female emigrants are, as I always thought would be the case, among destitute persons, and any change would be better, than to remain at home in starvation. Many, too, may have become prostitutes among them; nor do I see how that is to be avoided. The paucity of women here offers a great temptation to many who, without such a circumstance, would have remained domestic servants, and never have committed themselves. This will correct itself as the sexes become more equalised."

The remainder of the letter of my old friend is private and unimportant. We had once passed pleasant days together; on one occasion of boating we slept for a week upon a sail on the ground. This extract may show how prosperously persons, with no great capital, but tolerable judgment, may succeed by activity and attention in some of our colonies, and become truly independent.

It was between 1821 and 1830 that I made the acquaintance of General William Pepe. He was introduced to me by Ugo Fiscolo. His life was a turbulent one. He was born during that terrible earthquake in 1783, which desolated Calabria and his native town of Squillace. It demolished his father's house, and his mother lay in of him under a tent in the open fields. He was one of twenty-

two children. Being early sent to college, he made no figure there, wishing to become a soldier. Running away, he was brought back, and remained until he was eighteen, when the well-known Sir John Ferdinand Acton, who died at Palermo, in 1811, soon after became foreign minister of Naples, and the favourite of the notorious queen, under whom he possessed almost absolute power. He increased the navy and army, and, of course, the taxes, which by no means tended to his popularity. His ministry and conduct are now an historical record. Soon afterwards, Pepe became an officer of artillery. The French invaded Naples, after routing with ease the Neapolitan army. The court fled to Sicily. Pepe witnessed all the horrors of the scene at Naples, and Nelson's sacrifice of the honour of his flag, to please the Queen and Lady Hamilton. In 1800 Pepe was incorporated at Dijon into the Italian legion, in the service of France. He was accustomed to speak of Napoleon, as a soldier, in terms of extraordinary admiration. He averred his belief that, in military ability, he had never been excelled since the days of Julius Cæsar. In 1803 Pepe was accused of a plot against the Neapolitan government, and suffered a cruel imprisonment for three years. At length he got released, and was presented to Joseph Bonaparte, the new sovereign of Naples, who gave him a colonelcy of militia. Soon

after he had the misfortune to be made again a prisoner, by the king of Naples, but this did not last long.

The general was next employed under Massena, and placed on the French staff at Corfu. His services there having concluded, he returned to Naples, and from thence went to Spain, where he had a regiment in the Neapolitan brigade, and served nearly three years. He was arrested by Marshal Suchet, on a false charge, but soon afterwards reinstated. On his return to Naples, he was made a Major-General under Murat, and advanced subsequently to the rank of Lieutenant-General. After Murat's death, Pepe commanded the third military division, and quelled the brigands in the country round his command, for which he obtained the cross of St. George. He soon afterwards proclaimed the constitutional government of Naples, which the king swore he would preserve, but as monarchs can do no wrong, to be perjured beneath a crown is to be viewed with the same indulgence as a lover's oath, at which Jove laughs. In the interim, disturbances broke out in Sicily, fermented by the priests, and Pepe was made inspector general of the legions and militia. The army in the meanwhile was not sound. It became divided into factions. The malignant Austrian influence was exerted to reverse all that had been done for freedom,

and the European despots of the Holy Alliance, having intrigued to remove the king from Naples, under pretence that they would treat no other way, Ferdinand embarked to join the meeting at Laybach ; an English ship of war was appointed to convey him, the English ministry being secret parties to the outrage. As soon as the king got clear, the Austrians prepared to march to restore despotism in its plenitude. The Neapolitans, duped by the king and court, that had all along a secret understanding with the Holy Alliance, were discomfited, and Pepe succeeded in escaping to Spain, in 1821, with his aid-de-camp, Colonel Pisa.* From Spain they reached England. Here they remained for two years, during which time I made their acquaintance. When the constitutional government was proclaimed in Spain, the General repaired there, but the French having put down freedom in the peninsula, Pepe returned to London, but Colonel Pisa was kept a prisoner at Madrid. The latter was released, after much suffering, and at length reached London. He ultimately embarked for Greece, where he died in 1837, governor of Attica. Pepe remained in England until 1829. I forget whether on the first or second visit, he fought a duel with Colonel Carrascosa. They met twice, and with swords ; the latter time, at Combe wood ; Carrascosa was twice

* See also "Recollections," vol. ii., p. 328.

wounded; my venerated friend, Count Santa Rosa, afterwards killed in Greece, was Pepe's second. In 1829, the general took up his residence in Paris, and I never saw him after. He came over once or twice to see his English friends, during the time he resided there, but from 1833 to 1840, I was very little in London, and saw nothing of him. When Venice was besieged by the Austrians, Pepe defended it until the Austrian approaches forced him to surrender, combined with the want of provisions, and the blockade by sea.

He was a little above the middle stature, strongly made, mild in manners, and exceedingly agreeable in society. There was a cast of sadness about his countenance at times. I called upon him one morning, in Park Lane, and found him in company with the Spanish General Quiroga, who was tempted by Ferdinand VII. of Spain, to accompany him, and had his foot in the boat at Cadiz, when a look from one of the bystanders fortunately deterred him—he drew it back. The king only wanted him to be his companion that he might sacrifice him.

On my entrance I observed that both generals were taciturn, and it was some minutes before their reserve broke off, when Pepe remarked, “we were saying before you came in, that we wished we had forty or fifty thousand such men as those in the

Park, in our own country, just now the firing makes us melancholy," (the Guards were reviewing there at the moment). We are neutralised, we can do no good in the cause of freedom. There was an Italian counsellor, M. Bozzelli, a friend of Pepe, in London at that time. I had made his acquaintance before he went to Paris to reside, and we corresponded. He was a remarkably well informed man, deeply versed in the laws of the different European nations. He wrote a work which was printed at Brussels, entitled, "*Esquisse sur l'Action des Forces Sociales dans les différentes espèces de Government*," a volume of unquestionable ability. I have not heard of him for many years. Our conversation on the above morning turned upon the state of things in Italy, and the utter hopelessness of ever seeing it freed from Austrian influence. I remarked that the most experienced could see but a little way before them in politics, as in everything else.

"True," said Pepe; "but your government is always inclined towards Austria, and the Turk is not half as inimical to freedom; you do not know in England what Austria is. Your government has only looked to support reigning families."

I replied that folly had been abandoned, since the favorite minister of George III. had vacated power. That he must have perceived the change. That the tory party itself was no longer what it

had been, and was moving with the time. That the chiefs of that party began to think we had paid dear enough for our support of the Bourbon dynasties."

Pepe had not been long in Paris, where he had gone from Brussels, having visited the latter place, for Charles X. refused to permit his entering France when the revolution occurred. He wrote and intreated my interference in an affair on behalf of Bozzelli. He was then residing in the Rue Neuve St. Augustine; it was his last communication.

"Mon cher M. Redding. A mon retour de Londres j'ai informé notre ami Bozzelli de l'empressement que vous avez mis pour arranger son affaire avec Mr. Q——. Il vous en fait des remerciements pour la lettre ci-jointe étant sûr que vous lui continuerez vos bons offices pour qu'il soit définitivement satisfait de sa petite créance.

"Je saisis cette occasion pour vous prier en même temps de faire par venir l'autre lettre que je vous envoyé à M. Black, Editeur du *Morning Chronicle*. C'est un service que je rends à un Français patriote de ma connaissance, et vous m'obligerez beaucoup si vous voulez vous donner la peine de chercher à obtenir de M. Black un petit mot de réponse à la demande que je lui adresse. Bien de choses de ma part à tous amis. Dite C—— que je vois ici souvent Miss St. C—— et ses sœurs. Tout à vous avec estime et amitié.

G. PEPE."

The last I heard of the general was about 1840, in a note to a letter from our friend Bozzelli :—

“Le bon General Pepe avec lequel j’ai pris le thé hier au soir, me charge de vous faire les complimens affectueux.”

The general died at Turin in 1855, aged 70.

On the whole, I should describe him as an officer of undoubted courage, some experience, great zeal, and much firmness. Of his military talents I can be no judge, but of the man it was impossible to think otherwise than favourably. His mind was imbued with good intentions, with zeal and integrity, but he did not seem to possess that ardour which, in times of revolution, enables men to breast all chances, and to win over numbers to their cause, by personal influence, or the possession of that fiery enthusiasm which, with a due degree of genius, carries others either captive in the cabinet or victorious in the field.

“I could not have thought any one had suffered more than I have,” said Pepe; “but Colonel Pisa has been even worse treated. We have both been calumniated, but that is of little moment. The Austrians, now they have possession of Naples, will not spare us in exile. There are agents of Austria now in London, in disguise, some in that of patriots, who are here only to watch or slander us.”

It was notorious that one of these men was

named Paladina, a pettifogging lawyer, who was once attached to the criminal court of Potenza, a disgraceful character, worthy of being an Austria-Neapolitan spy. Another of these wretches was called Majenza, a clerk under the old Neapolitan government, said to have been convicted of frauds. There was a third, who, the Italians said, lived on the profit his wife made of her person. Pamphlets were secretly circulated in the higher classes of society here, but not openly sold, purporting to be written by friends of the cause of Italian freedom, yet slandering individuals. The statements were colored with the appearance of truth, by affecting to support freedom in Greece. These attempts displayed the ignorance of their authors of English manners and feeling, and naturally failed of effect. The Neapolitan friends of freedom and their leaders were thus abused with the idea of supporting, through persons of influence, the conduct of Austria and the Holy Alliance of Europe, of which alliance Lord Londonderry had openly declared England's approval.

CHAPTER VI.

Observations in relation to the first French revolution—conduct of the monarchy towards England—injurious influences of the Queen—horrible anarchy—death of Captain Reding—Journal of M. St. Meard—the prisons—anecdotes of different sufferers.

IN the “Recollections,”* I alluded in one or two instances only, to the incidents which occurred at the French revolution. Personal narratives are always the most interesting in such cases. I mentioned a well-known lady, Madame Du Four,† who was tried before the terrible revolutionary tribunal. I had from her the account of one person who wrote a narrative. I remember no one in English so full, or from which so good an idea can be formed of the proceedings, which took away the lives of so many innocent as well as guilty persons during what was called the “Reign of Terror.” I afterwards obtained printed statements of the treatment

* Page 81; Vol. II; 2nd Edition: † Vol. II.; p. 77; 2nd Edition.

of prisoners and their sufferings; one or two may serve to show the state of affairs, and of suffering sustained at that time by different individuals.

A few remarks on the state of things before the revolution, which, in fact, accelerated it, may not be inappropriate. In my later visits to France, those who had witnessed it were rapidly diminishing in number. When I first arrived there, only about twenty years had elapsed after those horrors.

While overwhelmed with debt, and the finances in utter confusion, the opportunity which occurred for doing an injury to England, by making a war utterly unprovoked, was too good to be lost. Turgot, an upright minister, who might have saved the country from revolution, was dismissed. He was no favourite of the Queen, or of Count d'Artois, who intrigued together on public affairs, managed the king, and partook in the prevalent corruption. Vergennes, made prime minister, was neither the friend of justice nor humanity. The dilapidation of the finances, though not caused by him, he made no efforts to arrest. He aided to plunge France, without cause, into a foreign war, when she had no means of meeting her ordinary expenses. Cost what it would, still the opportunity to injure England was too good to be neglected. The eminent man who had been dismissed for recommending the only

measures which would save the nation, had stood in the way of the extravagances of the Queen and D'Artois. Vergennes was a minister who never regarded to-morrow, a fatal error in politics, generally discovered too late. The crown wholly lost the public support. The king was a member of a worn-out dynasty, too imbecile in action to be politically vicious, and too blind himself to perceive that the profligacy around him, while ruining the state by its prodigality, it became him sternly, and himself alone, to arrest. The support given by France to America, not for the benefit of the latter nation, nor on behalf of freedom, but to curb British haughtiness, recoiled on those perhaps least worthy of national enmity. The poison of free institutions—poison to an arbitrary government like that of France—destroyed the monarchy of the Bourbons. It became like a royal corpse laid out on a bed of state, in a splendid palace; the courtiers had fled, leaving it in its last agony. They had turned away in perplexity and astonishment, not, as usual, to worship the rising sun, but conscious that the lifelessness that could no longer gratify their self-love was no longer valuable. Those halls of royalty became silent, solitary, desolate, that were once so full of corruption, of flattery, and falsification. In his hour of need, the monarch, lately absolute in will, had become negative in power. No one

responded to his call. He had the feeling of his high office, but obedience had departed, and the dignity of his regality was no longer sustained except in imagination. He was a quiet, harmless man, who loved to work in his little blacksmith's shop better than to dictate from the throne. They who might have preserved his crown, Malesherbes, Turgot, or Necker, were repulsive to the extravagances of the Queen and D'Artois. The finances, too, became yet further involved by the expenses of the unprovoked American war. The Queen and Maurapas had long seen that the reign of prodigality must terminate under frugal finances. Calonne became a minister, after the Queen's own heart. Money was raised, no matter for consequences. What if France were reduced to beggary, and famine shrieked through every street in the capital; the ostrich plumes on the queen's carriages, on the heads of her horses, and in the hats of her servants, might still wave in gorgeous procession over the heads of the hunger-stricken, like a forest of fruitless branches. What mattered it, as long as the waste of the court and courtiers was supplied! To meet the expenses of the Queen and court, Calonne borrowed one million six hundred and forty thousand francs, when the revenue had fallen short, no less than one hundred and forty millions, and public credit was destroyed. The people groaned under

the taxation. The king, feeble minded, resolved, and re-resolved, but his best resolutions, as conveyed to his minister, were set aside by the queen's influence. She prevailed upon him to violate the most solemn promises made to the public. This princess whom he had married when she was only fourteen years of age, had come from one court sufficiently remarked for its want of wisdom, to another even more corrupt. Her notion of prerogative, her inexperience and love of pleasure, made her a main instrument in leading the king, who meant well, to his untimely fate. The nation he sought to injure by an alliance with her revolted subjects in America, remained all the time as steadfast as the rocks that encircle its sea-girt boundaries.*

There is no step more certain to bring ruin upon a prince than a betrayal of his promises to an excited, ignorant, and suffering people. In the case of France, the ignorance and suffering which prevailed under the preceding reigns, had reached the climax. The people changed from monkeys to tigers—it was their nature. The king's word could not be depended upon for twenty-four hours, and the more

* The females who have left the Austrian court to form alliances with royal houses, have not brought away too many virtues, if there be any to spare in the Hapsburg blood. Maria Antoinette, and Maria Louisa in France, and Caroline of Naples, are discouraging proofs of what Austrian royal alliances sometimes turn out to be worth to those who adopt them.

innocent of the crimes of his race became the sufferer for former offences. The princes had left Louis to his fate, and eloped, to stir up the sovereigns of Europe, inflated with the spoils of Poland, to the prospect of new annexations by attacking France. The effort of the poor king to escape in concert with the enemies of his country exhibited his duplicity—that duplicity which was one cause of his ruin. The attempt of the Germans to march upon Paris, naturally united all factions except the emigrants, and their friends at home, “to keep their enemies from fooling them,” to adopt the phrase of an old British admiral. No sooner was France secured by the enthusiastic and gallant resistance made to her invaders, than factions began to divide her people still more. The population of the lower class, brutal and ignorant, had been suffered to feel its own strength, and to feel is to use it, where savage nature rules, generating a species of power, the most atrocious and fearful that can be conceived. Order disappeared, terror ruled; a handful of men, who should rather be called “monsters,” dealt out death to all who were obnoxious to them. Paris was drenched in blood; yet, so few were the actors in the horrible tragedies, that, expressing my wonder to some who had witnessed the scenes of horror, they replied, “we were paralyzed—we dared not trust our next-door neighbour.” That

we could have put down the tigers with ease, if we could dare understand each other, was plain afterwards, when Robespierre, Fonquier Tinville, and their associates, were brought to account—but who could be found bold enough to begin?

But I have touched upon this subject before (“Recollections,” vol. II.). I have mentioned also very briefly, for want of space, one or two examples of those who saw or suffered under the system of terror. I shall here add a personal statement which will tend to show the frightful character of an anarchy arising from excessive ignorance, great suffering, and complete demoralization combined, forming mob or “lynch-law,” so favoured in the United States. I received details witnessed by a lady now no more, and conversed with many regarding the scenes which took place during the Reign of Terror. I examined the lists of the sufferers; who had each a number attached to the name, and one of the first I met with was a namesake of my own, an officer in the Swiss guards. He had escaped wounded, from the massacre of the Swiss, at the Tuilleries, and had been sheltered by some humane persons, while bleeding from four sabre cuts, and with an arm broken by a musket ball. He was removed to an hotel. By some means his escape got abroad, a band of ruffians seized him, and dragged him to the prison of the Abbaye. When it was known he

was there, two men, with naked sabres in their hands, entered the place, at seven o'clock in the evening, led by a turnkey carrying a torch; the latter pointed out Capt. Beding on the bed where he lay. One of the men endeavoured to lift him up off the bed, when he groaned out, "No, no; let me die here; I have suffered enough. I do not fear death." The man hesitated, when his companion said, "Come along;" and the poor sufferer was lifted on the back of one of them, taken down into the street, and put to death by the mob, as they put the victims devoted by the revolutionary tribunal to death at a future period.

The narration of M. Journiac St. Meard, who was placed in prison and tried before the revolutionary tribunal, will give some idea of the state of things subsequently under that horrible system for the destruction of human life.

"When I was taken and placed in the prison of the Abbaye, but a short time had elapsed before M. Chantereine exclaimed, as he stabbed himself to the heart with a knife, 'My God, my God, I fly to thee!' He was in despair, declaring all present would be assassinated. Soon after two priests came in as prisoners. They announced that the fate of all was fixed. They offered to give their benedictions to any of the prisoners who desired it; then, as if by an electric stroke, all the prisoners fell down

upon their knees, and received it with their hands clasped together. It was a thrilling moment, on the eve of soon appearing before the Supreme Being, as they knelt before the ministers, venerable men from age, assassination menacing them all—it was an awful scene, never to be forgotten by the few who survived, all thus bending before the Divinity. Still the ceremony seemed to impart a considerable degree of composure and even courage to those who partook of it. All reasoning on the matter was abandoned. The coldest and most incredulous were deeply impressed with the awfulness of the occasion, as well as the most self-possessed and conscientious. Alas ! in less than an hour afterwards the two poor priests were taken out by the populace amid cries for mercy, and cut to pieces. The rage displayed against this order of men was great in proportion to the high pretensions it had displayed before the revolution occurred.”

Monsieur St. Meard continued his narrative. “We were anxiously occupied,” he said, “at one time while the massacres were going on, in considering among ourselves how we might receive our deaths.” In the street without-side these massacres were continual. “Some of my fellow-prisoners,” said St. Meard, “were occupied in consultations as to how, when they were dragged out to be put to death, they should receive the blows struck at them

with the least pain. One or two of them went to the window of the tower, and climbed up to where they could observe how the unfortunate persons received the cuts, or blows of the sabre, as they were inflicted upon them, that they might be able to conclude how they should best conduct themselves. They said that those who extended their arms seemed to suffer most and longest, because when struck with the sabre the arms and hands were cut off and mangled before the head was touched, or the body seriously injured. They observed, too, that those who placed their hands behind their backs suffered least. Amid such horrors did we, in this way, deliberate. It was unanimously resolved we would place our hands behind us when our turns came.

“One day towards midnight after a continued scene of murders, worn out by mental anxiety and agitation, I threw myself on my bed, and slept profoundly. I owe my life to the effect of a dream I had on that night, after the horrors of a dreadful day. I thought I was taken before the terrible tribunal which was to judge me. I was listened to with attention despite the sound of the tocsin, and the cries I imagined I heard. I was believed in my story, and set free. This dream made such an impression upon my mind, that it relieved my former terrible anxiety, and I awoke with a strong presen-

timent that it would be realised. I related the incident to my companions in misfortune, who were astonished at the assurance I assumed from that moment until I appeared before the remorseless judges.

“At one time we were so neglected as to be without water for more than twenty-four hours and were perishing with thirst. Scarcely were we relieved from this suffering before we were alarmed by plaintive cries from a young officer who had attempted to destroy himself, but had not succeeded in consequence of the knife he used having been too blunt to penetrate far. The attempt only terminated in hastening his doom. Not long afterwards we heard a cry of ‘mercy, mercy towards those who remained.’ This came from without the building, and gave us a ray of hope. Each began to think his deliverance was at hand, and to fancy his bundle under his arm ready to start from the prison, but in a little time fresh cries of murder renewed our sufferings. One officer who had been arrested, only because he had been aide-de-camp to M. de Brissac, had often given proof of his courage in the field, but he quailed now. No consolation would sooth him. ‘I heard my name pronounced in the streets,’ he exclaimed, ‘I am lost!’ He hid himself in the chapel of the prison; then mounted a chimney, and drove his head against the bars, as if

he would force them. His reason had fled for ever!

"An individual, aged eighty, named Cazotte, was brought into the prison. Revolutionary as well as crown despots have a similar dislike to men of literature and free thought. Cazotte had written a poem called 'Olivier,' and the 'Diable Amoureux,' as well as some other works. His gaiety never left him. He had a fancy for talking in the oriental style, to prevent *ennui* to himself and the other prisoners, and he tried to draw extravagant inferences from the History of Cain and Abel, to prove that in the prison they were all happier than if they enjoyed their freedom! He was annoyed because others would not be of his opinion. One day a couple of Gendarmes took him from the prison to the revolutionary tribunal, and terminated his prison history and life together."

"I collected," said M. St. Meard, "all the attestations that I thought would serve me before the tribunal, which I affixed to a memorial for my defence. I had friends who aided me in the task, which it may be guessed was a true touchstone of their friendship at such a fearful crisis.

"At length certain armed officials came, and ordered me and several others of the prisoners to form in file, and proceed to the second wicket, or door at the side of the court in which the tribunal

was sitting. Approaching close to one of our guards, I entered into conversation with him. He replied in a *patois* which at once convinced me that he was from Provence or Languedoc. I found he had served eight years in a regiment of the Lyonnais. I spoke to him in his native dialect, and he seemed much pleased. At that moment it was greatly to my interest to please him, and that gave me more persuasive eloquence. It was the Gascon brogue, which so far succeeded that he made me this reply, which in my circumstances at the moment it was impossible to appreciate too highly:—‘*Né té cougneichi pas, mé pertant né peinsi pas qué siasqué un treste; au contrari, té crési un boun gouyat.*’ That is, ‘*Je ne te connois pas, mais pourtant je ne pense pas que tu sois un traître; au contraire, je pense que tu es un bon enfant!*’ ‘I do not know you, but I do not think you are a traitor; on the contrary, I think you are a good fellow.’

“I endeavoured all I could to confirm him in this good opinion of me, and succeeded so well that I got leave from him to pass the awful, the terrible door into the court, where I heard prisoners tried. I saw the trial of two persons. One had been a provision merchant to the king, and was accused of being in the conspiracy of the tenth of August. He was condemned and executed—that is, pushed out into the street, and hacked and stabled to pieces

at once. The other, who wept, and who pronounced only half words, was remanded. It was subsequently proved he had been mistaken for another of the same name, and he was in the end proclaimed innocent.

“What I had thus seen threw a little light on the points I should take in my defence. I saw, through a second wicket, some prisoners who had been brought in from the outside. I begged my Provençal friend to procure me a glass of wine. He went in search of it. When he returned, he conducted me back into the prison, which I entered without knowing for what purpose I had been before made to come to the court. I found ten new prisoners, who replaced five others that had been tried. I had no time to lose in composing a new document for my defence. I set to work, convinced that nothing could save me but firmness and openness, when my Provençal guard entered, having said to the porter, ‘Shut the door, only leave the key, and await me withoutside.’ ‘Come here,’ he said, touching my hand; ‘here is the wine you wanted—drink.’ I drank about the half, when he put his hand on the bottle, and said, ‘My friend, come, enough; I will drink too—your health!’ He finished the wine, and then said, ‘I cannot stay long here. Remember what I say. If you are a priest, or a conspirator of the Château of M. Vêto,

you are done for; but if you are no traitor, do not be afraid; I will answer for your life.' 'I have no fear of either of those charges. I may be accused, perhaps, of being a little aristocratical; that is all.'

" 'Oh, that is nothing; the judges know there are honest men of all opinions. The president is an honest man, and no fool.'

" 'Do me the favour to request the judges to hear me; that is all I ask.'

" 'That will be done, I will answer for it.'

" 'Only do that for me.'

" 'Adieu, my friend! courage! I will try to get your turn to come on as soon as possible. Be of good heart!'

"He then left me. A person must have been a prisoner as I was on the third of September, to feel the effect of this little conversation upon the spirits. I know how wonderfully it animated me.

"Towards midnight the unusual noise, which had continued for thirty-six successive hours, began to cease. We prisoners imagined that our judges and the executive power, worn out with fatigue, would not try us until they had taken rest. We were on the point of arranging our beds, when loud cries arose, and a man, demanding to be heard by the people, said in a loud voice to the mob, 'The priests and conspirators who remain in this prison have

greased the hands of the judges ; that is the reason they have stopped trying the prisoners.'

" Scarcely had he concluded, when a knocking was heard, and the agitation of the crowd without increased every moment. The noise continued louder and louder. They came in search of M. Desfontaine, one of the old Garde de Corps. His death-cries were soon afterwards heard in the street. Two more of the prisoners were hurried away to their doom at the hands of the populace. I thought my final hour was really come.

" On a Tuesday, at one o'clock in the morning, after an agony of suffering for thirty-seven hours, which can only be likened to death itself—after having drunk a thousand and a thousand times of the cup of bitterness—the door opened. I was called for. Three men seized me, and drew me to the wicket leading into the frightful court.

" By the light of two torches I saw before me the terrible revolutionary tribunal, which was to give me death or leave me my life. The President wore a grey dress, and had a huge sabre at his side. He was standing leaning against a table, on which were a number of papers, a writing desk, pipes and bottles. Around the table, sitting or standing, there were ten persons in all, two of whom were in their waistcoats, with aprons on ; others were asleep on their seats or benches. Two men in shirts,

stained with blood, and sabre in hand, guarded the entrance or wicket. An old porter kept his hand on the bolt. In front of the president three men had hold of a man about sixty years of age. They placed me in a corner by the wicket, and two guards held their sabres across my breast, telling me that if I made the least attempt to escape they would instantly put me to death. I looked round for my Provençal friend in vain. I saw two national guards present to the president a reclamation in favour of the prisoner opposite to him from the section of the Croix Rouge. The president told them that any request in favour of traitors would be useless. On this the prisoner exclaimed, 'This is fearful work—horrible. Your judgment of me is an assassination.'

"The President replied :

" 'I have washed my hands of all that kind of argument. Conduct M. Maillé here.'

"These words were scarcely spoken, when the prisoner just tried was pushed out into the streets, and I saw him murdered there, on the wicket being casually opened.

"I had often been in situations of great danger, and had always the happiness to preserve the mastery of myself. But in this instance, the frightful character of the scene, and what was passing around me, would have made me succumb, had it

not been for my conversation with the Provençal, and beyond that the support I experienced from the dream I have before related.

“The President seated himself to write, no doubt to register the name of the unhappy man who had been sent out to meet his doom among the populace. I then heard him say :—

“ ‘Now another.’

“Then I was dragged to this sanguinary and expeditious tribunal, before which the best protection was to have none at all, and where all the efforts of the mind or of talent were useless, unless grounded upon fact. Two of my guards held each of them an arm, while a third held me by the collar of my coat.

“The President, addressing me, said :—

“ ‘Your name—your profession?’

“One of the other judges added, ‘the least falsehood will ruin you.’

“ ‘I am named Journiac St. Méard. I have served twenty-five years as an officer, and I appear before this tribunal, with the assurance of one who has nothing with which to reproach himself, and in consequence of that cannot afford to utter an untruth.’

“ ‘We are about to see whether that be or be not correct,’ observed the President.

“He then examined the entry in the gaoler’s book,

and the charges, which he passed round to the other judges. They turned aside and appeared to withdraw their attention from me several times to my great apprehension. They spoke in whispers; letters were produced, one of which was handed to the President, which had been found in the pocket of M. Valeroisant, field-marshal, addressed to M. Servant, minister at war.

“ ‘Do you know,’ said the President, ‘the reason of your arrest?’

“ ‘Yes, M. the President, and I had fain believed, after the falsity of the charges made against me, that the committee of surveillance of the commune would not have imprisoned me without the precautions that the security of the people obliged them to take. I have been accused of being the editor of a journal anti-feuillant, called, *De la Cour et De la Ville*. It is not true. The editor was named Gautier, whose signature so little resembles mine, that it could only be by some malice that my signature could have been taken for his, and if I were able to put my hand into my pocket—’

“ ‘Here I made a fruitless movement to get at my papers. One of the judges saw me, and said to those who held me, ‘Let Monsieur alone.’

“ ‘I then placed upon the table the attestations of a number of commissaries, factors, merchants, and of the owners of houses where he, Gautier, had lodged,

which proved he was the editor, and sole proprietor of the paper in question. When one of the judges said :—

“ ‘ There is no fire without smoke ; it is needful to know how in that case you became accused of being the editor ? ’ ”

“ It is that I am about to explain. You well know, gentlemen, that the journal in question was a sort of chest, a depository of calembourgs, jokes, good and bad, which were the product of Paris and the eighty-three departments. I can truly say that I never was an editor of that paper. No MSS. in my handwriting can be produced. Still my frankness which has always been notorious must be evident here to-day. I avow that the liveliness of my character often induced me to write playful jests, which I often sent to the *Sieur Gautier*. Here, gentlemen, is the simple nature of the whole case, a denunciation quite absurd. They have accused me of being on the frontiers, of having levied recruits, and of having favoured emigrants.”

“ Here a general murmur broke out, but I did not suffer it to disconcert me, and I added, raising my voice :

“ ‘ Nay, gentlemen, gentlemen, I am speaking in my defence. I must beseech the President to have the goodness to support me in it. Never was such a support more necessary for me.’ ”

“Most of the judges said, smiling :

“ ‘ Right, right, silence !’

“ ‘ He who thus charged me is a villain. I can prove that to be the truth before the judges whom the people would not have chosen, if they had not known how to discriminate between right and wrong. Here gentlemen are the certificates which will prove that for twenty-three months I have not been out of Paris. Here too are three declarations of masters of houses, with whom I have lodged during that time attesting the fact.’

“The judges were occupied in examining the papers when the Tribunal was interrupted by the arrival of a prisoner, who took my place before the President. His conductors said he was a priest whom they had unvested in the chapel. After a short interrogatory he was sent to the Force.

“He threw his breviary upon the table, and was dragged out through the wicket and massacred in the streets at once. This being over, I was again placed before the tribunal.

“One of the judges then said, ‘I do not say that these certificates are false, but who can prove they are correct?’

“ ‘ Your remark, Monsiear, is perfectly just,’ I observed; ‘and in order to prove me correct to your own conviction, place me in safe custody, until one of the commissaries, whom I beg the President to

appoint, has proved their validity. If they are false, I merit death.'

"One of the judges, who during my examination appeared to be interested in my case, said, in a low voice, 'No guilty person would speak with this boldness.'

"Another judge said :—

" 'Of what section are you ?'

" 'Of the Halle du Blé,' I replied.

"One of the national guard who did not belong to my judges said,—

" 'I am of the same section. With whom did you lodge ?'

" 'With Monsieur Teyssier, in the Rue Croix de Petits Champs.'

Here the national guardsman said :—

" 'I know him ; we have done business together, and I know his signature.'

"The document was handed to him. He looked at it, and then said :—

" 'Gentlemen, I can certify that this is the signature of Citizen Teyssier.'

"With what delight could I have hugged that man round the neck, tutelary angel as he was ; but I had still important matter to come, which prevented such a desire from being fulfilled. He had scarcely spoken before I exclaimed, drawing the attention of all present :—

“ ‘After the testimony of this brave man, which shows the falsehood of the charges which would have led me to my doom, what idea can you have of the honour of those who have denounced me?’

“The judge who had before seemed interested in my case said :—

“ ‘He is a scoundrel, and if he were here, he should be taught what justice is? Do you know him?’”

“ ‘No, Monsieur, I have no idea who my accuser is ; but he ought to be placed under the surveillance of the Commune ; and I declare, if I knew him, I should, I fully believe, do my duty to the public in advertising him, to make it as mistrustful of him as of a mad dog.’

“One of the other judges then said, ‘We perceive you were not the editor of the journal, and that you did not seek recruits, but you have said nothing of the aristocratical proposals that you made with booksellers in the Palais Royal.’

“ ‘I have no fear in the avowal of what I have written ; I fear still less to avow what I have said and even thought. I have ever upheld obedience to the laws, and I have set the example. I avow, at the same time, that I have profited by the permission which the constitution gives me to say that I do not believe that it is yet perfect, because

I begin to perceive that it has placed us all in a false position. I have also said that nearly all the nobles of the Constituent Assembly that have shown so much patriotic zeal had laboured more to satisfy their interest and ambition than the good of their country; and when all Paris appeared overcome with their patriotism, I said, 'They are cheating you!' Gentlemen, has not the event justified the idea which I had of them? For a long time I foresaw a great catastrophe, the natural result of that constitution revised by egotists, who, like those of whom I have already spoken, only labour for them; and, above all, I saw the character of the intriguers who defend it. Dissimulation, cupidity, and cowardice are the attributes of these charlatans. Enthusiasm, boldness, and openness are the characteristics of their enemies. It does not need a very long glass to see the result.'

"The attention with which I was heard encouraged me. I stated why I preferred a republic to a monarchy, and repeated what I had before said to others at M. Desenne's, in the Palais Royal. At that moment the gaoler entered to say that a prisoner had attempted to escape through the chimney. The president told him to fire a pistol up; that if he escaped, the turnkey should answer for it with his head. A musket was several times fired

up, but in vain. A fire of straw succeeded in bringing him down half suffocated. He was put to death at once.

"I resumed my defence. I said no one desired more than myself the reform of abuses. I was neither Jacobin nor Feuillant.

"Here one of the judges said impatiently, 'You have been telling us what you are not, this nor that, —what are you then?'

" 'I was an open loyalist.'

"Here murmurs became general, but they were silenced by the judge who had before spoken in my favour:—

" 'It is not to judge opinions that we sit here ; it is to decide results.'

"Scarcely had he said this than I cried out, 'I have never intended to speak of plots, except under the public indignation. At all times when I have found occasion to help anyone, I have done it without asking what his principles were. I have always been esteemed by the peasantry on the estate which I own, for at the time when they burned the chateaux of my neighbours I was at home at St. Méard. The peasants came in crowds to testify the pleasure they had in seeing me, and planted a May-tree in the court of my dwelling. I state these things that may appear to you too minute ; but, gentlemen, put yourselves in my place, and then

judge if this is not the moment to speak all the truths likely to be of advantage to me. I can also state that not a soldier in the Royal regiment of infantry, in which I served twenty-five years, ever had any reason to complain of my conduct towards him. I have even the honour to be one of the officers to whom they were most attached.'

"When I pronounced the words 'Royal regiment,' it seemed as if they would have stopped me to let me know I was compromising myself, though I at the same time felt the contrary. At this moment I saw three men enter within the wicket, the escort of M. Margue, formerly a major, once my comrade in the King's regiment, and my companion in the Abbaye prison. He was placed on the spot I had before occupied when waiting for the trial of another to terminate. I then resumed my defence:—

"After the unfortunate affair at Nantes, I came to Paris, where I have been ever since. I was arrested in my apartments. The arrest took place about a dozen days ago. I attended so little myself as to any apprehension, that I have walked about here without any fear. They have placed no seal on my effects, because they could find nothing suspicious. I have never been inscribed on the civil list. I have not signed any petition. I have not any reprehensible correspondence, and I have not been out of France since the revolution. During my

residence in the capital I have dwelt in perfect tranquillity. I have lived freely according to my inclination, and in accordance with my principles which have never permitted me to mingle seriously in public affairs, and still less, to do mischief to any persons whatever. Here, gentlemen, is all I have to say in respect to my conduct and principles. The sincerity of my avowals must be sufficient to convince you that I am not a very dangerous character. It is this which leads me to hope that you will grant me the liberty I seek at your hands, to which I am attached by necessity as well as by principle."

"The President having taken off his hat, said, 'I see nothing which leads to any suspicion of this person, and I grant him his liberty. Is that your opinion, gentlemen?'

"The other judges were unanimous in the same view of the case.

"Scarcely was my fate then decided, when those who were at the door applauded me. I heard voices above my head applaud, and cry bravo! I looked up and saw several heads grouped against the bars of the air hole over the wicket, or door; and as they had their eyes open upon all the proceedings, I reckoned that the buzz of voices which I had heard during my interrogatory came from thence.

"The President ordered three persons attached to

the court to go as a deputation to the people without and announce my acquittal. During this proclamation, I requested of my judges a certificate that they had pronounced judgment in my favour, which was promised me. The President asked why I did not wear the cross of St. Louis, with which he knew I had been decorated. I replied that my comrades had told me to leave it off. The Judge said that the national assembly had not as yet forbidden it to be worn, and it appeared suspicious not to wear it. The three messengers of the court re-entered, desired me to put on my hat, and then conducted me out of the gate. As soon as I appeared in the streets, one of them exclaimed, 'Hats off, citizens, here is the man for whom your judges ask your aid and succour.'

"These words were scarcely spoken before the executive power placed me in the centre between four torches, and all around congratulated me, while the spectators shouted 'Vive la Nation!' These honours, of the value of which I was perfectly sensible, placed me under the safeguard of the people, who, while thus applauding, suffered me to pass, followed by the three officers whom the President had charged to see me safe home. One of these said he was a mason, living in the Fauxbourg St. Germain; the second was a wig-maker, a native

of Bourges ; the third wore the uniform of the national guard. When we were upon our way the mason asked me if I was not afraid ?

“ ‘ No more than you,’ I replied, ‘ you must have seen that I did not tremble at the door, and that it was the same when I was in the street.’ ”

“ ‘ You would have been wrong if you had,’ he continued, ‘ because you were really sacred as far as regarded the people, for if one of them had struck you he would have instantly been put to death. I see plainly that you are not one of the caterpillars of the old civil list, but I trembled for you when I heard you say that you had been a royal officer. Do you remember that I trod on your foot ?’ ”

“ I replied that I thought it had been one of my judges.

“ ‘ No, I did it, because I thought you were getting yourself into a trap, and I should have been sorry to see you die. But you must be well tired. I am quite content, because I love those who are not given to the dumps.’ ”

“ In the Rue St. Benoit we took a carriage to my lodging. The first offer of my host was to give my escort money, but they refused it, saying we do not our duty here for money. Here is our friend, and he has promised us a glass of brandy. We will drink it and return to our post. They then asked

for an attestation that they had conducted me safe home, and free of accident, which I very readily gave them, requesting they would send me that which the judges had promised me, as well as my effects at the Abbaye, which last I never obtained.

“On the following day one of the commissaries brought me a certificate to the following effect:—

“‘We, commissaries named by the people to do justice to the traitors detained in the prison of the Abbaye, had before us on the fourth of September, citizen Journiac St. Méard, an old officer, decorated, who has proved that the accusations against him were false, and that he has never entered into any plot against the patriots. We have proclaimed his innocence in presence of the people, who have applauded the liberty we have given to him. In faith of this we have delivered the present certificate at his request. We hereby invite all citizens to give him aid and support.

‘Signed, Poir—— Ber——

‘At the Abbaye, the fourth year of

Liberty, and the first of Equality.’

“After some hours’ sleep, I determined to fulfil the duties which friendship and acknowledgment prompted. I had a circular letter printed, in which I stated my happy deliverance to those who had sympathised with me, or taken a part in aiding in my deliverance. The same day, walking in the

garden of Egalité, once of the Palais Royal, I saw several persons, who rubbed their eyes, doubting if it was really myself. Some drew back, as if they were alarmed at a spectre. I was congratulated and saluted by many who had not before known me. In fact, it was a fête day for myself and friends."

Among the victims at this time were the Abbés Chapt. Lenfant and Chapt. de Rastignac—the latter aged above seventy, and one of the oldest and most illustrious houses in Perigord, vicar-general of the diocese of Arles. He had been a member of the Constituent Society, as well as vicar-general, he was also a member of the Constituent Assembly. He was the author of several literary works. Lenfant was one of the order of the Jesuits, and had been chaplain to Joseph II., to whom he was much attached. He had preached before Louis XVI., and was said, in 1787, to have been the proposer of a law for granting civil rights to those of the Protestant faith. He was massacred, together with M. Séron, an advocate to the parliament.

It was remarked by M. St. Meard, that the number of assassins never appeared to be more than from thirty to forty in the whole. This fact was confirmed to me verbally by Madame Gaçon Du Four. Among them there was a youth of only eighteen years of age, who was prominent in the murders; his excuse was that he had lost two brothers in the fighting and

massacre, on the tenth of August, and had had his revenge by putting to death fifty with his own hands. Such was the rage of some of the women, that they were seen seated in the carts upon the murdered bodies, as calmly as the washerwomen on their linen. Some danced round the bodies of the murdered, and kicked them about, and even cut off the ears of the dead, and pinned them on their bosoms. Billaud Varennes was pointed out as one of those who prompted these assassinations by proffering money for the purpose, to the actors in those dreadful scenes. He became the substitute for the public prosecutor in the commune.

The terrible scenes of revolutionary crime, of which I heard many fearful recitals by those who witnessed them, can be no longer detailed by eye-witnesses as they were to myself. They have gone into the past, and can only now be found in the records of history. Since then, above two generations of men have passed away. Hardly one, it is probable, survives, who was an adult witness to those horrors. As the years roll on, the impression they made grows weaker. The interest felt is lessened, and the scenes that once made the blood of the Parisians run cold, lose half their terrors when only related by the descendants of the individuals that beheld them. The footsteps of time trample out the imprints of past struggles and crimes, till they

are too faint for the notice of the passenger, who regards them with comparative indifference, until musty records become the only testimony of their having occurred. I heard from unimpeachable witnesses of those scenes that it were better for the honour of man's common nature they should remain for ever unrevealed, were they not useful lessons to show how much more terrible is the anarchy of an ignorant, suffering, and lawless people—lawless by the neglect and oppression of their rulers, than the temporary effervescence of those who have been educated, and lived under a system where the laws were impartially extended. Violence itself loses its more cruel traits even among the lower class of the people, through education, and the habit of more elevated thought, than can possibly rule in the bosom of the untutored. "Man is blood raw until cooked by education," remarked a man who had seen and observed much of life, both at home and abroad.

The conduct of those who were imprisoned, and expected every hour to be led forth to their doom, was different in different constitutions.

It must be remembered that these lines and the narratives, of which I obtained some that were very interesting, were either related or given to me by persons who had witnessed all those scenes of reaction upon the monarchy, which its own long course of evil rule had rendered inevitable, although

it fell upon the monarch who least merited, from his own personal failings, the evils that befel his house and country—evils inevitable and foretold to the letter.

In some of the prisons there was a sort of *ferocious* gaiety—a jesting with the most fearful things. One was heard singing, “When that I am guillotined, I shall never want my nose!” Others showed great but calm courage. “Je ne prendrai aucun plaisir à jeter ma tête : je la défendrai par tous les moyens que permet l’honneur et que fournit la pureté d’une conscience inattaquable. D’après cela tu dois être satisfait de moi,” said another.

Nicolas Montjournain, a prisoner, composed five of the following stanzas before condemnation. When condemned, he added the last three. All Paris was struck with the pathos of the first part, and grieved over him. The lines justified it.

L’heure avance où je vais mourir,
L’heure sonne et la mort m’appelle ;
Je n’ai point un lâche desir,
Je n’ai fuirai point devant elle ;
Je meurs plein de foi, plein d’honneur ;
Mais je laisse ma douce amie
Dans le veuvage et la douleur—
Ah ! je dois regretter la vie.

Demain, mes yeux inanimés,
Ne s’ouvriront plus sur tes charmes ;
Tes beaux yeux à l’amour fermés,
Demain seront noyés des larmes.

La mort glacera cette main,
Qui m'unit à ma douce amie ;
Je ne vivrai plus sur ton sein—
Ah ! je dois regretter la vie.

Si dix ans j'ai fait ton bonheur,
Garde de brizer mon ouvrage ;
Donne un moment à la douleur,
Consacre au plaisir ton bel âge.
Qu'un heureux epoux, à son tour,
Vienne rendre à ma douce amie
Des jours de paix, des nuits d'amour ;
Je ne regrette plus la vie.

Je revolerais près de toi,
Des lieux où la vertu sommeille ;
Je ferai marcher devant moi
Un songe heureux qui te réveille.
Ah ! puisse encor la volupté
Ramener à ma douce amie
L'amour au sein de la beauté !
Je ne regrette plus la vie.

Si le coup qui m'attend demain
N'enleve pas ma tendre mère ;
Si l'âge, l'ennui, le chagrin
N'accablent point mon triste père,
Ne les fuis point dans ta douleur,
Reste à leur sort toujours unie ;
Qu'ils me retrouvent dans ton cœur :
Ils aimeront encor la vie !

AFTER HIS CONDEMNATION.

Je vais vous quitter pour jamais ;
Adieu plaisirs, joyeuse vie !
Propos libertins et vins frais,
Q'avec quelque peine j'oublie !
Mais j'ai mon passeport : demain
Je prends la *charrette anodine*,
Et vais porter mon front serein
Sous la faux de la guillotine !

Mes tristes et chers compagnons,
 Ne pleurez point mon infortune ;
 C'est dans le siècle où nous vivons
 Une misère trop commune.
 Dans vos galétes, dans vos ébats,
*Peignant un jour bruyant de fête, **
 Mes amis, ne m'avez vous pas
 Fait quelquefois perdu la tête ?
 Quand au milieu de tout Paris,
Par ordre de Fouquier Tinville,
 On me roule à travers les ris
Du peuple étourdi de la ville,
 Qui croit que de sa liberté
 Ma mort assure la conquête,
 Qu'est cet autre chose, en vérité,
 Que d'aller perdre encore la tête !

One man named Gosnay took it into his head to get himself condemned, and die by the guillotine. He had a strong desire to die. It was easy to get condemned, for a little thing would do it. Before going up to the tribunal, he drank wine, ate oysters with his friends, and conversed calmly about the destruction of man's being. "That is not all," he observed. "The matter of my present breakfast is nothing; the great point with me is my supper. Cannot you give me an address to a restaurateur in the other world, where, too, I may prepare a good repast for you in your turn as well?"

Others were in a state of lamentable depression—many in despair. Some were calm and resigned, others burning with the desire of vengeance upon

* These italic lines were changed thus after the reign of terror concluded, perhaps by some friend.

the faction that thus filled France with blood. The conduct of the great actors in the scenes of the Revolution, when they met their merited doom, is well-known matter of history.

The fashionable dress worn by the men in authority at that time, to begin with the feet and ascend, comprised large shoes, with enormous silver buckles worn on one side, fine white silk stockings, large black breeches, a long vest of black satin, with a coat of rose-coloured taffeta; the head was loaded with a full half-pound of pomatum, and an equal quantity of powder; an enormous hat, commonly carried in the left hand, and a cane in the right, and generally a flower in the coat button-hole, made a costume not so formidable as to indicate the ferocity of the sanguinary wearers; it would now be deemed a caricature.

It was in the second year of the Republic that Alexander Beauharnais and his wife were imprisoned. He wrote her before he went to the scaffold—"Adieu, my dearest Josephine! When I die, I shall die with tranquillity. This, however, will not be foreign to the expression of my fondest affection for you. It will consist with the courage which characterises a free man—my conscience pure, and my soul firm to the ardent wishes I bear for the prosperity of the republic. Adieu, my dearest! comfort thyself with our children; console them,

enlighten them, and, above all, inculcate on their minds that it is by the strength of virtue and good citizenship alone, that they can efface the recollection of my doom, and recal my services and my claims to national acknowledgment. Adieu ! Thou knowest those I love ; be their comforter, and by thy cares prolong my memory in their hearts. Adieu ! I press thee and my dear children to my bosom for the last time in my life.—ALEXANDER BEAUHARNAIS.”

Josephine, his widow, was also imprisoned when her husband was taken out of his cell and executed. She was set at liberty on the 19th Thermidor, to the regret of the prisoners she left behind her, for she was greatly beloved. Tallien procured her release, little imagining any more than herself that fortune had reserved her to be the wife of Napoleon and Empress of France.

In the same prison with Josephine Beauharnais was one of the daughters of Madame Coquet. When she too well surmised that her last hour was approaching, she borrowed a pair of scissors to cut off her hair. “ The scoundrel executioner, at all events, shall not have that honour.” She then gave, with a smile, a smelling-bottle to a friend to preserve for her daughter.

The executioner generally cut the hair of the condemned close off, it being his perquisite. I was informed by one who had known Samson the exe-

cutioner, that he possessed a cupboard at one time filled with the hair of the individuals, male and female, whom he had cropped before their execution—treasured, no doubt, for sale to hair-dressers! The object of this operation was to prevent the edge of the axe as it fell, from meeting with any resistance at the nape of the neck. The hair coming between the knife and the integument, might deaden the edge. What an idea of ladies wearing false hair, supplied from the scissors of the executioner! Yet the fact cannot be doubted.

M. Broglie, only two hours before the fatal knife fell upon him, expecting the cart to take him to execution every moment, listened while M. Vigée, an author and fellow-prisoner, read to him one of his works, during which he took out his watch, and said, “My hour approaches; I do not know whether I shall have time enough left me to hear you out. No matter; go on till they send for me.”

This is consistent with what Madame Du Four told me, that the merciless character of the tribunal caused all that were arrested to make up their minds for death. An escape like hers was the exception.

When Chateaubriand was told he would be taken before the tribunal, he concealed the fact and his apprehensions from his wife, exhibiting the most heroic resignation. He was not singular; many others showed the same noble feeling.

Maximilian Rossy wrote to the president of the dreadful tribunal :—

“ Courage, men of blood ! invent new conspiracies to send to the scaffold the remainder of the honourable men who, having nothing wherewith to reproach themselves, have gone to rest under your inflictions. All my friends are intimately connected. The Prince de Rohan, Boussancourt, Marson, d’Hauteville, Lecuyer, &c., conspirators ! If they have not connected my name with their own, having always partaken in their opinions and mode of life, I am bound to the same fate. You tremble, foul spirits, when you encounter the magnanimity and courage that fear being unknown to it, dare reproach you severely for the crimes of which you are every day guilty, in pronouncing judgments dictated alone by vengeance and hatred. Tremble, vile monsters ! The moment approaches when you will have to acquit yourselves of all your offences !

“ The former COUNT DE FLEURY, detained

“ 28 Prairial. in the Luxemburgh.

“ To the Citizen President of the Revolutionary Tribunal of Paris, sitting in the Palace.”

Between June 14th and July 27th, 1794, under the horrible system of Robespierre, who on the eighth had been voted President of the Convention,

the revolutionary tribunal reached its culminating point. Even Fouquier Tinville could not murder sufficiently fast. Nor were the objects of this terrible time persons obnoxious alone to the new system of things. Under the *canaille* of Paris, Robespierre regarded neither age nor sex. He was the most contemptible tyrant that ever led an ignorant mob in the work of crime. He had not one good quality—not even courage. He filled the prisons with old and young alike. For nearly two months, from forty to fifty persons were guillotined per day. In the list which I examined, 1,298 were entombed in a miserable spot near the ancient village of Picpus. On this list I found Marshal Duke de Noailles, aged 79; and a Scotch colonel named Macdonald, aged 49. In the cemetery of the Madeleine had been thrown into the ground, and covered with quick lime, previous to the foregoing year, the King, Charlotte Corday, the Queen; and later, General Custine, Brissot and twenty deputies, the Duke of Orleans, Marshal Luckner, Malesherbes and his daughter, Admiral Count d'Estaing, Lavoisier, Madam Elizabeth, William Newton, an Englishman, colonel of the cavalry of the military school; there was also a king's commissary, named Dubost, with his wife and two children, one only fourteen years old! The total number laid here was 1,343. I observed on the list one Anne Vaterin

and her two daughters, Henriette and Helene, aged only 22 and 23, for being engaged in a plot at Verdun. The workmen were busy on the ground. It was so small a spot, that how they buried the Swiss there to the number of some hundreds I could not conceive. They told me the large quantity of lime had consumed them. "Then you will not be able to pick out the royal bones?" Only a shrug of the shoulder and a smile. The Bourbons were going to have an expiatory chapel, at all events, and, as with monkish relics, some of the bones of the Swiss would do for the poor king's, if any of them remained. The king was buried near the wall. I have never visited the spot since 1816, but presume the chapel was erected.

The sanguinary tendencies of the royalists were equal to those of the more violent Jacobins. Both were savage enough, as in all civil contests. The latter were moved by the consciousness that they had placed all upon the hazard of a die, and had their previous experience of the character of their opponents for a guide. The royalists, under the names of "Brothers of the Sun," "Companions of Jesus," "Chouans," and the like, were the more ferocious of the two. The republicans had the knowledge that they were threatened on all sides by foreign foes, with whom the royalists had leagued not only themselves, but had pledged the integrity of the French

dominions for their destruction! Republicans placed on carts, wounded mortally, were seen to receive repeated blows with a cane from royalists as they lay expiring, so far was this civil hatred carried. It is a singular fact, that the French sometimes hardly knew their own minds. Thus, before his coronation, Napoleon was far from being as popular even in the army as is generally supposed. The coronation was played off between two parties—the ignorant and narrow-minded, whom it is easy to dazzle, and people of rank, whom it is always easy to buy. The victories and conquests of Napoleon, although at last they dazzled the whole nation and fascinated the army, did not, in the early and brilliant part of his career, obtain the popularity which the memory of his past glory, and of his attachment to the French people, secured to him after his reverses. The leaders were jealous of him. His name being connected with the glory of France, every year subsequently that the Bourbons and Orleanists were in power afforded humiliating contrasts to the era of Napoleon, and did not tend to lower, but to raise him in their esteem, and this feeling made way for his nephew. But this is now become history.

CHAPTER VII.

The Paraclete and History—Mademoiselle V—— Fearful revenge—W. H. Curran—Anecdotes—Sir J. M. Doyle—Late Dinners.

IN my first visit to Paris, the museum of French monuments* was in existence—one of the happy thoughts of the Napoleonic epoch. It was destroyed by Louis XVIII., to gratify the priests with the relics of the old church monuments and tombs which, escaping the waste of the revolution, had been carefully treasured up there. I frequently visited it in 1816 and in 1817, and found that the noted remains of the two lovers, Abelard and Heloise, were to be removed to the open cemetery of Père la Chaise. The small cell or tomb in which the few bones of the lovers remain, is since completed. Thus I was once more drawn back to the story which had in youth made so deep an impression upon my mind, and on the minds of the young, and feeling, as it had done for six or seven centuries before, and still will—

* Recollections, vol ii., p. 37.

“——— the glory of all tears
Be deemed in every land !”

So following for time to come, as long as

“ —— the golden sun
Shall shine upon the mass of human woes !”

Who that happens to be near the spot refrains from visiting the remains of the convent of the Paraclete? I did not in my excursions to the N.W. Desolate as it now lies, it was once a scene visited by travellers. But I forget the age is unpoetic. The lives and reeking filth of the dens of infamy in large cities—the virtues, or rather one virtue to the thousand crimes, introduced to cloak descriptions of the latter with a deceptive plea for wallowing in the delineation of the vilest and most improbable things in humanity, in place of elevating the mind, thus familiarising it with vices of which the basest may be ashamed—such are the scenes for which modern genius labours to create an interest, working out its own selfish and prostituted talents for lucre. Such is the modern imaginative literature of France, which English bad taste makes current here.

Forty-six years have passed since the writer saw those remains. The vault of the church of the Paraclete was emptied of the traces of the two lovers

that remained during the destructive time of the revolution. They were laid there within a raised border of stone, and were visible before removal. Those of Heloise were larger than those of Abelard, and it is presumed she was the taller. The same vault, it was stated to me, was nearly filled with the remains of the inmates of the convent for six centuries. Whether there was a monument put up there over the lovers before 1779 is not known. There were considerable revenues arising from the sale of wine on the land that belonged to the convent, but the revenue of the establishment was not large.

The inscription on this monument was Latin :—

“Hic sub eadem marmore jacent hujus monasteria auditor Petrus Abaillardus, et abbatissa prima Heloisa, olim studiis, ingenio, amore, infaustis nuptiis, et pœnitentiâ, nunc æternâ (ut speramus) felicitate conjuncti, Petrus Abaillardus, obiit xxi. Apr., anno 1141. Heloise xvii. Maii, 1163. Curâ Cawlæ de Riney, Paracletæ Abbessa, 1779.”

I remember that somewhere in Paris—I think in the Cité, not far from Notre Dame—I was shown a stone in the wall of a house, which I was told had been Fulbert's residence, where Heloise had spent her youth.

Our poetical associations with the Paraclete are wounded by the preconceived idea of the spot we

had formed from Pope's verses. There are no ruggednesses there, no pines to "wave darksome" over rocks, no "twilight groves and dusky caves," no "falling floods," nor lakes "quivering to the curling breeze." The country round is a calm, quiet vale, in which appear no "grottos shagged with horrid thorn." All is a pleasant, unpicturesque retirement—a spot of agreeable repose. Pope seems also to have been ignorant that even monastic cells and convents do not contain tombs:—

"See in her cell sad Heloise spread,
Propp'd on some tomb, a neighbour of the dead."

Cells, and the cells at the Paraclete, opened into cloisters. It is in these last that the tombs are always to be found. Pope was a catholic in creed, and should have known that fact. The word "spread" seems adopted for the sake of the rhyme—a resource unworthy of so noble a master of his art. But this is puny criticism. The very address of the letter of Heloise tells the touching story, and speaks from the heart:—"Domino suo, imo patri; conjugi suo, imo fratri; ancilla sua, imo filia; ipsius uxor, imo soror: Abelardo Heloissa, &c." "To her lord, her father, her husband, his daughter, his wife, his sister, to Abelard, Heloise writes." Or, after the poet:—

“ Come thou, my father, brother, husband, friend ;
Ah, let thy handmaid, sister, daughter move,
And all those tender names in one—thy love.”

The Convent of the Paraclete has been neglected since the French Revolution, and travellers alone visit the place for its celebrity. It was once celebrated far and near, and noticed for its hospitality. It was surrounded by vineyards. Some remained, from which a little good wine is made. The scene is backed by hills well adapted for contemplation, but as may be inferred derives all its fame from its connection with the lovers. There is a small brook or stream runs along the vale, called the Ardusson. The spot is noted too by the country people for its nightingales. The building itself is dilapidated. Having made a sketch of it, nothing more could be done. The mortal inhabitants for many generations had played their part, and returned to the earth from whence they came.

I learned from some publication, of which I cannot remember the title, that the chief ecclesiastic about the middle of the last century was called St. Romain, and that the abbess was above eighty years of age, and seldom rose from her bed until noon, in consequence of her infirmities. She was an English woman by birth, aunt to the Duke de Rochefoucault, and connected with the Stafford or Clifford families.

For the thirty-two years that she had lived there, she never saw one of her countrymen. She fancied once that she saw an English equipage. It stopped outside the gate, the inmates pencilled down something, and disappeared. The later building was erected long since the time of the founder. There, in a low edifice near, some have supposed that Abelard gave his lectures, because it was of ancient date.

Abelard's popularity endangering his life, the Duke of Britany removed him to St. Gildas, near Vannes. He found the monks there very profligate. He tried to reform them, and they attempted to poison him both in his food and in the sacrament. Meanwhile Heloise, who had been the prioress of Argenteuil, was removed to the Paraclete by permission of the Bishop of Troyes. Presents poured in, and she was enabled to form a nunnery there, where she led to the last a life of exemplary virtue. She died May 17th, 1163, twenty years after her husband.

It is painful to think that Pope should have sullied his beautiful poem by several lines unworthy of himself and his subject. It is true that in the days of Pope those things were not considered, the conversation being then far more free or loose than at present. The language of the nurse to Juliet, in Shakespeare's "Romeo and Juliet," is no

doubt such as was thought at that time not at all out of order, any more than the swearing of our great Queen Elizabeth; while in the present day it is offensive enough among the lower classes, among the higher, banished; yet I once knew a lady of title who would let out an oath now and then. A certain *Aspasia* of recent notoriety, when in a rage, had no sort of restraint in the matter. Those advanced in life must remember how notorious it was at one time. Polite manners banished it from the French court some years before the Revolution. A pretty girl of eighteen I remember, when not much above the same age myself, wished she was a boy, that she might swear; because "there was something so emphatic in it!"

In their letters *Heloise* has all the advantage on the side of generosity. It is probable that ardent passion and a mind so highly cultivated were never before or since united in the same woman. The combat between religion and love, in which she bore such a part, seems rather the dream of poetry than the reality of existence. It is too refined for the miscalled love of present society, which is for the most part mere sensual feeling, or worse, the grovelling desire of lucre on the one hand, and the fondness of power and independence on the other. On the contrary, how refined, how noble is the devotion of *Heloise*! If the intercourse of the

sexes have risen in character by social refinement, if an advanced state of civilization have drawn around it a charm under the name of "love," which lifts it into the class of virtues, and interweaves in its texture charms of high attraction, unknown to the savage state, in which woman is for the most part treated as a beast of burthen, then the love, constancy, and disinterestedness of Heloise may be appreciated, when she says, "I am no longer ashamed that my passion has no bounds for you; for I have done more than all this; I have hated myself that I might love you; I came hither to ruin myself in a perpetual imprisonment, that I might make you quiet and easy." Nothing but virtue, joined to a love perfectly disengaged from the commerce of the sexes, could have produced such effects. Vice never inspires anything like this; it is too much enslaved by the body.

Some of the sentiments are beautifully expressed. "It is so hard for one who loves to write! I ask for none of your letters filled with learning and wit. All I desire is such letters as the heart dictates, and which the hand can scarcely write fast enough." Again, "You reign in such inward retreats of my soul, that I know not where to attack you. When I endeavour to break those chains by which I am bound to you, I only deceive myself, and all the efforts I am able to make serve but to rivet them

faster. Oh, for pity's sake, help a wretch to renounce her desires, herself, and, if it be possible, even to renounce you !” What affection ! “ When you please, anything seems lovely to me, and nothing is frightful or difficult while you are by.”

But the letters, too, must rank highly as pieces of composition. They were originally composed in Latin, by which means we get more easily at their meaning, and comprehend more clearly the extraordinary talents to which they owe their origin ; in fact, we have but another proof that human passion in its expression is the same in all times. Yet it is remarkable that we have nothing of the truly delicate in any exact description of the passion, uniting sentiment and chivalrous feeling towards the sex, until after the christian era. The loves of Greece, with all their attendant affluence of beautiful imagery, do but exhibit love of a coarse character, at times masculine, often heroic, but never strictly feminine ; in fact, too Spartan. The women of Rome were little marked by that character of tenderness and beauty, demanding support yet exciting respect from the strength by which it desired to be sustained, which was introduced by poets in the time of the Troubadours. In poetry we have conjugal love beautifully depicted by the ancients, as in Homer, for example, if only in the parting scene of Hector and Andromache. But

love scenes are often comparatively gross where an unexceptionable passion was intended. In the age of chivalry it was, it is to be feared, the reverse of this. The Courts of Love, so affectedly romantic and delicate in matters of love "above board," were really in a high degree gross and licentious in fact, if they were less exceptionable in language.

This indecorousness time and a greater prevalence of juster principles of Christianity seem, in some degree, to have amended. Nature was permitted to have more sway as christian simplicity of manners began to prevail, and delicacy to the sex in affairs of the heart became more conventional. Christianity, therefore, was the cause of a great change in the mode in which the stronger sex treated the weaker, in inducing that disinterested affection which has no taint of sensuality.

The idea of love of this character is now styled romantic and girlish, but it is founded in nature and truth. Few of our early feelings exist without a plain object. This refinement of vulgar passion seems as if it were designed to prevent the virtues of the heart from being tainted, owing to the way in which selfishness is thus kept out of sight. The future happiness of the young does not profit by inculcating that they are to single out partners for life according to the means they possess for administering to worthless vanities. Prudence is com-

mendable; but to such an extent is the love of money in the affairs of life now pushed by parents, that the tales of affection which interested so much formerly, are now read without emotion by the young. The glory of the lovers of the Paraclete was the constancy of their affection. Abelard, indeed, is not here so noble a personification of the virtue as Heloise. In the midst of the seducing world she flies to the convent, and never once regrets the vow that severs her, all feeling as she is, from the rest of the world. Her glory is her self-denial, next to her love of Abelard. Her hopes rest upon their meeting in another and a better state of being. She labours day and night to bring into view the blessings of heavenly beatitude, and thereby to extinguish an earthly with a heavenly attachment. Her love even for Abelard sublimates after their separation. Her affection had been womanly and human; she labours more and more to render it inert, and deplores at times her ill-success, when an image so beloved as that of Abelard rushes upon her sight, and makes her forget her duties to God in her recollections of her past happiness. She chides herself, declares how she strives with her heart to impress a brighter image there, and how unavailing she feels the effort to be. Her letters are full of beauty, feeling, love, devotion, hope, and resignation. The love of the sex, and the desire of fulfilling her duty

to her religious sisterhood, strive in unequalled eloquence of description for the mastery. Now she is feeble, and with all the clinging fondness that dwells upon the past time, she touches the dearest chords of the human heart. Then she chides herself, and tears away the illusion that would snatch her from her God. The contest is vehement, and in no language is there such another example of the breaking up of the deep things of the soul, and the placing them so near the truth before other eyes. It is an invaluable picture of humanity, laid open in all the anguish of virtuous struggling with master passions. We read the soul in it, as we read it in no other instance, and we marvel at the mystery of our human constitution more than we had ever done before.

There is something inexpressible in the effect produced upon the mind in visiting scenes so long renowned as the Paraclete and its calm vale. Independently of the loves of Abelard and Heloise, the renown of Peter Abelard as a scholar is sufficient to hallow the locality. How an attaching event consecrates things little interesting in themselves! Abelard's reputation for learning seems to have been a great trouble to him. Numbers of scholars flocked to his instructions, and thus the envy of the rival churchmen was raised. They whose profession bids them to forgive are the most unforgiving

of mankind; their hatred is become a proverb. They accused him of heresy, would not hear his defence, and had his books burned by the common hangman at Soissons—the summary mode of argument adopted, by way of convincing him and the world of the audacity of his assertion, that “no one ought to believe that for which he could not give a reason!” They endeavoured to get him and his scholars stoned, in order by that means to settle to the public satisfaction the mystery of the Trinity! A second charge was that he did not believe that St. Denis, who walked about with his head under his arm, was the Areopagite mentioned in scripture, and that there was no proof, if he was, of his ever having been in France—a dispute worthy of the middle ages. He was obliged to fly, and take shelter in a cloister in Champagne. His principal enemy dying at a lucky moment, he was enabled to go free, and soon after built a chapel to the Paraclete, or Comforter, where scholars flocked to him. This chapel and appendages became the nunnery of the Paraclete under Heloise. I need not say more of a story so well known, the particulars of which display, in plain truth, the ignorant character of the middle ages, the degradation of the human mind, and the unredeemed history of their barbarity.

To another love tragedy fifty years ago—A man whose connections had sufficient influence to

keep the sad story from travelling far out of the department, paid his attentions to Mademoiselle V——, a young and lively girl of great personal beauty, and talents of no ordinary kind. She had been carefully educated, and possessing a high sense of honour herself, was too confiding in that of another from that very circumstance, her own incapacity for evil preventing any doubts of it in another towards whom her feelings were honourably pledged. She furnished another example to the sex of no small moment in a country like our own, where the virtue of a woman is valued as merchandise, and the wounds of a husband or parent are balanced by cash payments! The most cruel and infamous seducer has only to pay a sum of money for adultery or seduction. In France, which country it is the custom to charge with female levity, the law, in all cases of adultery and similar offences, is highly penal on the offending parties. It is probable that the omission of any law to the same effect in England originated in the old feudal licences freely sanctioning adultery with the wives of tenants. A similar prejudice exists in favour of the game laws, which cause so much misery, in place of repealing them, and placing game on the footing of other property.

The father of Mademoiselle V—— was of ancient family, but not in affluent circumstances. Still, he

had lived respected, and had left his daughter under the care of a mother, with a sufficiency for her independence. In disposition she was open, candid, and somewhat sanguine. She had been courted for more than a year, and had known the man who addressed her for four or five years preceding his offer. The day of their marriage was about to be settled, when, in an unfortunate moment, her lover availed himself of an affection that never harboured a doubt of his fidelity, and obtained an advantage in a season of that weakness to which human nature is sometimes too prone to yield. In fact, having given her heart, she felt, too erringly, that she had no more to give ; nor, indeed, had she more to give to one who was honourable, or possessed humanity above the brute beast of the wild. Her lover evaded leading the girl he had thus betrayed to the altar, as we too often see done in England, by reference to the law courts.

Mademoiselle V—— became broken-hearted. The perfidiousness with which she had been treated brought her to the brink of the grave. She lay in of a dead child, and it was feared that her mind was utterly gone. By great care on the part of her mother, she rallied, but her former liveliness and gaiety never returned. She brooded over the wrong she had suffered. She felt that she must be an out-cast from society, and she dwelt upon the forlorn

idea that she could no more hold up her head among those with whom she had once associated. Yet the affair was not known beyond two or three bosom friends, who kept the secret religiously.

Amidst all, she was pitied more than blamed ; and so strongly did the feeling prevail, that an enthusiastic and interesting young man was touched with her melancholy and that beauty which even in sorrow is apt to captivate, so that he paid his addresses to her, and thus placed her in a situation still more painful. At first she tried to evade his attentions. She told him she had no heart to give, and urged him to abandon all idea of her becoming his wife. It was in vain ; he persevered ; and then, with the resolution of one worthy a better position than that into which she had been brought, she related her painful tale to him—that secret which for her sake had been so faithfully kept by the few who were acquainted with it. After a short absence, he returned to Mademoiselle V——, told her he had thought over the incident regarding herself with which she had made him acquainted, and that her truly noble conduct under the circumstances only rendered his attachment to her more strong. He would take no refusal, and finally Mademoiselle V—— consented to be his wife. Thus her injury would have been recompensed as far as it was possible, and that in a manner wholly unlooked for on her part. Still she

did not feel satisfied, and low spirits oppressed her. A settled despondency seemed about to fix itself permanently upon her. One winter's evening, when the trees were destitute of foliage, and the cold wind rustled through the sickly dry grass, she had crossed the churchyard on her way home from the dwelling of a neighbour, and passing her father's grave, by which she had planted a young cypress a year or two before, which seemed in a flourishing condition, as she told her mother afterwards, it crossed her mind how her position would have affected him had he survived—she, his favourite, and once so beloved, now dishonoured and disgraced. Her reflection that it would have broken his heart that she was now an outcast to herself, and might soon be so in the sight of the world, became insufferable. She felt the injury she had received tenfold increased. She plucked a bit of the cypress from the young tree she had planted, put it into her bosom, and hastened home. Her social disgrace now appeared inevitable in her fancy, and he who had so basely treated her seemed a greater monster in her eyes than before. She shut herself in her chamber on reaching her house, and felt all at once a thirst of vengeance take possession of her soul. Her previous feminine softness seemed to leave her, and an equability of bearing, which her mother imagined had arisen from her feelings having

become more subdued by the prospect of her union, was observed in her conduct. In person she was rather under the middle size of woman, feminine, and gentle, with a light figure, and a sweet expressive countenance. It would have been thought impossible that the strong affection she had borne for him who had injured her could have changed into the most inveterate hatred, mingled with a withering scorn at his very name. This at times broke through her customary bearing.

She married him who had so generously addressed her, and he found her mind elevated, and what might be styled something like genius in her manner and actions, as if she rose above the ordinary modes of thinking upon many subjects; but this was only visible at times when she appeared to forget her wrongs. He who had inflicted them upon her married another woman possessed of a considerable fortune. Here, it is probable, all would have terminated, but the scoundrel who had wronged Mademoiselle V——, either in boastfulness, or out of sheer baseness of character, on some allusion being made to the circumstance of her marriage to another man, observed he was well out of the affair, for the child Mademoiselle V—— had borne was not his child, but that of an Egyptian servant, whom he had brought over when he returned from the expedition sixteen or seventeen years before. How

this reached the ear of the unfortunate woman is unknown, but from that moment she became wholly changed. The villain who so maligned her, in addition to his former perfidiousness, had planted a barbed arrow in her heart which could never be withdrawn. Her former feeling of indignant womanly sorrow was now altered into the desire of vengeance, for which end she seemed determined either to live or die. Her nature appeared to change, and vengeance to occupy her whole soul—nothing but vengeance.

It must be admitted that she had received the greatest provocation it was possible for mortal to receive. It was far worse than any attempt made upon life by the dagger of the assassin, or the dose of the concealed poisoner. She said her eyes could weep blood. They flashed vengeance when she reasoned, "what is life in value compared to the injury thus inflicted? it is nothing. I may take life in my own defence—assuredly I may take it in vengeance for that which is of tenfold its value?"

From the moment that her nature changed, she thought, she heard, she saw nothing, but the gratification of the vengeance before her, as she said, "even in my dreams." Her health began to suffer, and her husband observing it with deep concern, drew from her at last the fact before stated. His indignation was quickened in sympathy with

her whom he loved better than before, out of pity for her suffering, and he soon joined in the same desire to revenge her upon the miscreant who had been the wanton cause of all her woe. It was not the work of a moment to write a challenge to the villain who had so cruelly wronged his wife. She would not consent to his meeting her enemy in that way, and exposing his own life. It was giving him a chance only due to a man of honor and character in the world. She became completely altered, and stimulated her husband, who did not want excitement, to avenge her cause upon the author of it, by making him the certain victim of his cruelty. She spoke of the consequences that must follow, with much calmness, pledged herself not to survive him, and inoculated him with her own enthusiastic desire to punish the miscreant who had so cruelly treated her.

Soon afterwards an opportunity occurred for carrying out his design; he met his wife's slanderer at a spot where no witness was present. The calling him to account for his conduct only provoked a sneer in reply, and a congratulation on his marriage with "one so worthy of him." At once he drew a pistol from his breast pocket and shot the offender through the heart, then hastened home and informed his wife of what he had done. She burst into tears, actually knelt down, and thanked God

she was avenged upon the monster who had wronged her. She afterwards seemed to relent when it was too late, but recovering herself, said, "You will pay for this with your life, my dear, but I will die with you. Fly, fly, I will follow you over sea, lose no time." Her husband kissed her, but made no reply, except that he would not leave her.

It is needless to say that justice sought out and found its victim, after vengeance had done what may be called its own peculiar justice upon a delinquent, I was going to write the more guilty of the two. The jury recommended the prisoner to mercy, but the recommendation was not admitted.

His wife now became calm and self-possessed. She sought and obtained a delay of a week or two in the execution of a sentence accorded to her perhaps in consequence of the treatment she had received, and the suffering she had undergone exciting official pity. As her visits were permitted to her husband she had not much difficulty in conveying to him a knife which he secreted under a tile in the floor of his cell. A small quantity of a powerful poison she gave him and also carried about with her, as it occupied no space that would attract attention, the smallest quantity being effective. She had been admitted for an hour or two every day to see her husband, to whom she seemed more devoted than ever, as if out of gratitude for his sacrifice of

himself in her behalf. He felt deeply and bitterly for her and her wrongs. He knew that her peace of mind could never be restored, and that her sufferings had been terrible, and it is probable he counted upon the end of the tragedy as it actually occurred. At times, when she appeared calm, he would endeavour to get her to conquer her feelings, and refer her to the conquest of her grief by time. It was in vain, she declared there was no happiness in life for her, that her bare abandonment by one to whom she had given all her love was sufficient to break her heart, but that the subsequent slander lessened all that, as if to render her indignation, her burning hatred of him, more intense. She would then rise above the woman, her eyes flashing fire, until she sank down from exhaustion.

When the day previous to her husband's execution had arrived, she told him she would die with him. "What shall I do in the world alone, blasted with such calumnies and you gone—no, no, it shall not be, you shall not die on my account, and alone." The execution was to take place at seven in the morning, and his wife was told she must take leave of him before the usual hour of excluding persons from the prisons the night before. She took a heart-breaking leave of him deluged in tears, parting with the word "remember," in reference to which the keepers of the prison had no clue.

The unhappy woman returned home and employed the best part of the night in writing, in prayer, and in tears. Some of her remarks are said to have betrayed a singular degree of enthusiasm and strong passion, alternating with feminine weaknesses. She took a remarkable farewell of her mother on retiring to rest, kissing her again and again, in a way she had never before done, on wishing her good night. She left a statement behind her that she had determined not to survive her husband, and that they had agreed to quit the world together, a world of sorrow to both, and that it was saving him from the pain and disgrace of a public execution. To spare herself the grief of surviving one who had devoted himself for her would be an ill-return. She added, that at the arrival of the midnight hour, and at the minute agreed upon between themselves, they had determined to end their miserable existences by some means which they had previously provided. They were successful, and in death were not divided. She had conveyed the means to her husband. Being pitied, his guardians were careless in the communications they held together.

All that has long passed away! How the things which are past sadden the mind by the unconscious sympathy they have with our own doom! It is nearly half a century ago since that tale was told me. Every one has felt the sensation when place and

time have conjoined to produce from such sad incidents that which, perhaps, may be designated like an autumnal sensation after a departed summer. Some of our poets have felt and described this very admirably. The "Lang syne" of Burns, and several passages in Moore, touch the same string.

By the bye, Moore behaved oddly sometimes from carelessness, but not always without a suspicion of design. There is a singular note added by him to a letter of Byron, dated Ravenna, Marzo, 1821. Moore affects to account for the omission of a passage in "The Doge," fifth act, sent to Murray, in these words:—"Ask Mr. Gifford if, in the fifth act of 'The Doge,' you could not contrive (where the sentence of the *Veil* is passed) to insert the following lines in Marino Faliero's answer:—

"But let it be so. It will be in vain:
The veil which blackens o'er this blighted name,
And hides, or seems to hide, these lineaments,
Shall draw more gazers than the thousand portraits
Which glitter round it in their painted trappings,
Your delegated slaves—the people's tyrants."

Moore meets the difficulty by a note:—"These lines—*perhaps from some difficulty in introducing them*—were never inserted in the tragedy!" In my "Recollections,"* the conduct of Gifford in mutilating Byron is stated, and the poet's resistance to

* Vol. I., page 71, Second Edition

it when it became "too bad." Any passage not consonant with Gifford's political, horse-racing, or religious notions, he altered or struck out. Now the line applied to the Venetian aristocracy, and thus denouncing them being most unsavoury to Gifford, and, *of course*, could not be got in by Murray. They ought to have been added in future editions, but were omitted. Moore could not venture, of course, to throw the blame on Murray's man of all work, and, therefore, had recourse to the "difficulty" which did not exist, as will be seen if the reader will insert the passage for himself. True, this is surmise, but surmise may be truth, and there is little doubt about the matter. Byron said himself Gifford "did not take" to his dramas. No, nor to anything not as vulgar and starched and croaking as himself, might be added.

William Henry Curran, the eldest son of John Philpot Curran, master of the Rolls in Ireland, died in Dublin, in September, 1858. An intimacy of more than thirty-six years makes his loss the more striking. Probabilities in such cases are not brought into account. He was a man with none of his father's wit, but with talents of no mean order, and universally respected. Ill-treated by his father, who sent him to India in early life, he was thus marked by that parental neglect which originated, it was pretended, in the idea that he was not his

own son because long subsequently to his birth, stung by the ill-usage of her husband, his wife flung herself into the arms of another man. There was no mistaking the paternity, as the resemblance of the son to the father spoke it. Then the career of the son was high and honourable, and unmarked by that looseness in morals in the sire, which his splendid eloquence as an advocate, daring as a politician, and consummate wit, could not obliterate. Thus though he had a jest for everything, even for his own dishonour as a husband, here his son had the advantage of him. William Curran had been judge of the insolvent court in Dublin, a place given him by the Marquis of Anglesea during his viceroyship, and he was in most cases his Excellency's political adviser in private. He had retired from his court some time, and latterly had become infirm. In conjunction with Shiel he wrote among others those papers upon the Irish bar, that made so considerable a noise between 1820 and 1830, and the authors of which great pains were taken to discover at the time of their appearance. He also published many articles on Irish affairs, all marked by good scholarship, a knowledge of the world, and considerable reading. He was not suspected of the authorship, and he was solicitous it should be kept secret. Even O'Connell at last was roused by some of his writings, and sent a friend to

Curran himself to try and fish out the writer, by saying he wished to be enabled from himself to deny he (Curran) was the author. In a letter to the present writer, he said, "I am glad the articles answer. They have made no little bustle here—suspicion has fallen heavily on me. Shiel is still unsuspected on this side the water, and is, I know, desirous to continue so. Don't you think you might give out that the writer of the first two or three has discontinued, and that the continuation will be by other hands? A very tall young man from Cork (known there by the name of the Long Orator), and now a student in the Temple, has, with the modesty of his country, and his future profession, announced that he is the author, and many of the bar here believe this to be the fact. Can't you make some use of this? The notice of O'Connell you allude to shall not prevent my taking him up."

The contrast between Ireland now and just before the anti-emancipation act may be judged from the following extract of a letter from Curran *—

"I am not surprised at your despondency upon public matters, but you can have little conception of our condition, to which the rest of Europe is a paradise. This country is becoming absolutely uninhabitable, and yet our bigots are as

* To the present writer.

clamorous as ever for a continuance of the old system, and the worst of all is that Irish grievances are so complicated, and involve so many upon whom the ministry depend (the Liverpool administration), that we can scarcely ever hope to see them honestly investigated. I am on circuit, and shall be in Kilkenny soon, where I indulge the pleasure of seeing you. *

He wrote a letter descriptive of society in Dublin in which he described the celebrated Luke White a millionaire. Mr. White took offence. Curran wrote † regarding that letter: "It has been generally attributed to me. One of the Orange papers has furiously libelled me on suspicion!" (the article supported Lord Wellesley strongly, and exhibited in true colours the Orange toast given by a peer—"the Pope in the pillory, pelted by the devil with the brains of priests") "*that* I don't care much about; but one particular person, not connected with that party, Mr. L. White, has taken it into his head to be extremely angry with the terms in which he is mentioned, and has declared his intention of calling on the publishers for the author's name. I hear he is on his way to London, but not for that sole purpose, he will hardly have the weakness to make the de-

* On my intention to go and visit Mr. Wyse, at St. John's manor, near Waterford, our late envoy at Athens.

† To C. B., to whom Colburn was instructed to send him.

mand. I must tell you he is eighty years of age, piques himself upon his courage, and has intimated that his object in searching for the author was to call him out." Thus put on guard there could be no surprise. Mr. White cooled upon it; he never called. Had he, the secret would have been kept.

Curran reviewed the autobiography of Wolf Tone, in which there was an anecdote of Napoleon highly honourable to him in his conduct to Wolf Tone's widow and children, and one equally so to Charles Stuart, the British ambassador in Paris. Sir Charles' recommendation was refused with his customary narrow-mindedness by Lord Castlereagh. Mr. Tone made some remark by letter on the anecdote,* which was communicated to Curran, and he wrote: "I hope no offence has been taken. The facts about her son I know of my own knowledge, for they acted under my advice in the business. The scene with Napoleon I had from Mr. Wardlaw, the American consul, and I rather think from Mrs. Tone herself." Many of these things are now become absorbed in history, being of the bye-gone. Ireland is astonishingly changed for the better. The lands acquired in past time by almost every species of crime have passed through the court appointed as a remedy. I had missed a letter which might have betrayed the authorship. "Don't," said he, "write

* See vol. ii., N.M.M., p. 557.

me through Cumming ; he is obstinately and incurably negligent. I should not have got your note at all, if Shiel had not accidentally called at the shop, when they were pleased to make him the bearer of it. I am much obliged by the facility you gave me in gratifying the friends of Sir J. F—s. I ordered the paper containing the address to be sent you. Upon calling at the newspaper office to remonstrate, the people asserted they had done so, but they looked at the same time so like Irish witnesses that I am certain they lied.”

Curran negotiated an arrangement with M. Beyle in Paris, as a contributor to the *New Monthly Magazine*. It was arranged, in 1827, that he should spend a couple of days with Wyse (since Sir Thomas) at the manor of St. Johns, Waterford, coming from Kilkenny to meet me, and, as he good-naturedly worded it, “to contribute in putting you in as good humour with us as possible.” If I recollect rightly, Sir Emerson Tenant was expected to have been of the party. He was an old contributor of very interesting letters from Greece.

When I returned once more to town, after an absence continued almost for seven years, I called one morning at Uxbridge House ; when I was going away, Lord A. Paget told me that a man I knew had dined there with his father the day before, and on asking his name, found it was Curran. On

leaving, I asked the porter for Curran's address, and called upon him, leaving my own on finding him out; I got a note from him:

"MY DEAR REDDING,

"I am unfortunately to start to-morrow morning for Ireland. I went a few days ago in search of you, at your former quarters, but the people there could not give me your address; and I was equally unfortunate at the office. I expect to be over again in a couple of months, when I trust we shall meet.

"Believe me ever, truly yours,

"W. H. CURRAN."

He came, we adjourned to the Piazza Coffee House, and dining there together, we met no more. The inexorable laws of time and change did not however close our correspondence, for his last letter was dated at the end of January, 1858. I was surprised and shocked to see that every letter in the communication zigzagged like that of a writer under a stroke of the palsy.

"Dublin; 5, Fitzwilliam Place.

"Jan. 28, 1858.

"MY DEAR REDDING,

"Your last kind letter has found me prostrated by a malignant epidemic (called influenza) that has been raging here; and although it is now

five weeks since I was seized with it, I am still as feeble that it is with difficulty and pain that I can manage a pen. I must not any longer delay to thank you for your recollection of me, and for your books, from a glance at which I can see I have a mass of most interesting reading before me.

“Believe me, my dear Redding,

“Most truly yours,

“W. H. CURRAN.

“I have not forgotten our beefsteaks and port wine at Chalk Farm!”

He appears never to have recovered, though he lingered until the end of the summer, dying early in September. He was one of the truest-hearted men I ever knew, with some of the finest qualities.

“*Sic abit nostræ comedia vitæ.*” We do not make new acquaintance when we get into years—it would be wise to do so, but they who do, never find the new fill the place of the old. When I used to walk down Regent Street, I did not fail to meet in a forenoon, half-a-dozen individuals I knew. I pass up and down now ten times, and not a single fellow being is recognized, but the highway appears re-peopled. Is there, since then, a generation already entombed?

The publications of William Henry Curran are

few, the principal being the life of his celebrated father, who treated him so harshly, but of which his filial piety and good spirit forbade even the remembrance, and his collected papers in the "New Monthly." The Marquis of Anglesea reposed in him the greatest confidence, and that at a time of much trouble in Ireland, respecting which he said in a letter now before me ; Lord Wellesley was then Lord-Lieutenant:—

"I am not surprised at your despondency upon public matters, but you can have no conception of our condition, to which the rest of Europe is a paradise. This country is becoming absolutely uninhabitable, and yet our Orange bigots are as clamorous as ever, for the continuance of the system that has made it so, and the worst of all is that Irish grievances are so complicated, and involve so many upon whom the ministry depend, that we can scarcely hope to see them honestly encountered. I expect to see you in about a month."

Curran had a sister, whose history was truly tragical. It was known but to few that she was his relative, although many had read the tale with deep emotion, not aware to whom it alluded. She was attached to counsellor Emmet, who was executed for treason in the sad rebellion to which the bad government of Ireland had driven the

people. To quote from a very distinguished writer across the Atlantic, with whom also the present writer was well acquainted, the sad story of the hapless girl, it will not be amiss to repeat in this place.

“ During the troubles in Ireland, he was tried, condemned, and executed, on a charge of treason. His fate made a deep impression on public sympathy. He was so young—so intelligent—so generous—so brave—so everything that we are apt to like in a young man. His conduct under trial, too, was so lofty and intrepid. The noble indignation with which he repelled the charge of treason against his country—the eloquent vindication of his name—and his pathetic appeal to posterity in the hopeless hour of condemnation—all these entered deeply into every generous bosom; and even his enemies lamented the stern policy that dictated his execution.

“ There was one heart whose anguish it would be impossible to describe. In happier days and fairer fortunes, he had won the affections of a beautiful and interesting girl, the daughter of a late celebrated Irish barrister. She loved him with the disinterested fervour of a woman's first and early love. When every worldly maxim arrayed itself against him—when blasted in fortune, and disgrace and danger darkened around his name—she loved him the more ardently for his very sufferings. If

then, his fate could awaken the sympathy even of his foes, what must have been the agony of her whose whole soul was occupied by his image! Let those tell who have had the portals of the tomb suddenly closed between them and the being they most loved on earth—who have sat at its threshold as one shut out in a cold and lonely world, from whence all that was most lovely and loving had departed. But then the horrors of such a grave! so frightful, so dishonoured! There was nothing for memory to dwell on that could soothe the pang of separation—none of those tender though melancholy circumstances that endear the parting scene—nothing to melt sorrow into those blessed tears, sent, like the dews of heaven, to revive the heart in the parching hour of anguish.

“To render her widowed situation more desolate, she had incurred her father’s displeasure by her unfortunate attachment, and was an exile from the parental roof. But could the sympathy and kind offices of friends have reached a spirit so shocked and driven in by horror, she would have experienced no want of consolation, for the Irish are a people of quick and generous sensibilities. The most delicate and cherishing attentions were paid her by families of wealth and distinction. She was led into society, and they tried all kinds of occupation and amuse-

ment to dissipate her grief, and wean her from the tragical story of her lover. But all in vain. There are some strokes of calamity that scathe and scorch the soul—that penetrate to the vital seat of happiness, and blast it, never again to put forth bud or blossom. She never objected to frequent the haunts of pleasure, but she was as much alone there as in the depths of solitude. She walked about in a sad reverie, apparently unconscious of the world around her. She carried with her an inward woe, that mocked at all the blandishments of friendship, and ‘heeded not the song of the charmer, charm he never so wisely.’

“The person who told me her story had seen her at a masquerade. There can be no exhibition of far-gone wretchedness more striking and painful than to meet it in such a scene; to find it wandering like a spectre, lonely and joyless, where all around is gay; to see it dressed out in the trappings of mirth, and looking so wan and woe-begone, as if it had tried in vain to cheat the poor heart into a momentary forgetfulness of sorrow. After strolling through the splendid rooms and giddy crowd with an air of utter abstraction, she sat herself down on the steps of an orchestra, and looking about for some time with a vacant air, that showed her insensibility to the garish scene, she began, with the capriciousness of a sickly heart, to warble a little plaintive air. She

had an exquisite voice, but on this occasion it was so simple, so touching—it breathed forth such a soul of wretchedness—that she drew a crowd mute and silent around her, and melted every one into tears.

“The story of one so true and tender could not but excite great interest in a country remarkable for enthusiasm. It completely won the heart of a brave officer, who paid his addresses to her, and thought that one so true to the dead could not but prove affectionate to the living. She declined his attentions, for her thoughts were irrevocably engrossed by the memory of her former lover. He, however, persisted in his suit. He solicited not her tenderness, but her esteem. He was assisted by her conviction of his worth, and her sense of her own destitute and dependent situation, for she was existing on the kindness of friends. In a word, he at length succeeded in gaining her hand, though with the solemn assurance that her heart was unalterably another’s.

“He took her with him to Sicily, hoping that a change of scene might wear out the remembrance of early woes. She was an amiable and exemplary wife, and made an effort to be a happy one; but nothing could cure the silent and devouring melancholy that had entered into her very soul. She wasted away in a slow, but hopeless, decline, and at

length sunk into the grave the victim of a broken heart."

It was upon her that Tom Moore composed the lines beginning—

"She is far from the land where her young hero sleeps!"

In a letter subsequent to our literary correspondence, Curran wrote, "You have got the cholera in London at last, and there is an end of all the nonsense about parallels of latitude. Do not suffer yourself to be hipped. We shall have it in Dublin. Tell me about Fletcher, the Polish historian—'tis a melancholy business.* Lord Grey to the devil, say what he may on the matter! Tithes are dead and gone, and He who raised Lazarus could alone resuscitate them. We have Cobbett here just arrived; what to do? O'Connell's paper has begun to attack him already:—

'Nor can one Ireland brook the double reign,
Of Cobbett, and the Prince of Derrinane!'

"Lord Grey is thought to have spoken under the inspiration of your old friend Plunket. Right, Menenius, ever right!! I am just dressing for

* He shot himself in consequence of accepting payment of a book-seller, by a bill which was dishonoured."

court, *i.e.*, like a true patriot, without the hope of being paid for my trouble!"

His letters have lost their public interest through time. Few had more to bear, and bore it with more magnanimity; and few passed through life having higher mental endowments or possessing greater integrity. He was not formed, as his father was, for stormy times. The metaphors of the elder Curran are not seen in the son's declamations—that daring eloquence in which he was never perhaps excelled. The son wrote well, without exaggeration, on the whole, superior to Shiel, with more equability, and not without equal force. On circuit, his addresses were to the point, solid, directed to the reason, and by no means imaginative, after the father's model. He could not have fought with such keen weapons drawn from every forensic resource, as his father did, that government of which Lord Clare was more the head than Lord Camden. But he would have fought the battle as doggedly, with the weapons of humanity and reason only, but these are not admissible where might is above right, and where the crimes of the rulers surpass the crimes of the governed. Rabid judges, infamous witnesses, one of whom was sufficient to convict, in defiance of English law; juries carefully selected by the crown—these would have led the advocate of reason and law

alone, into hopelessness of success, where the ruling agent selected his victims, and fixed their fate. Here the son would have failed. The father called up the most terrific images to designate the venal agents of the corrupt Irish government, and defied it. He laid bare its stealthy assassins, civil and military, and by terrible imagery deterred from the farther provocation of an excited people, what no moral tie would have withheld. When hireling miscreants in the witness-box trembled in the height of their audacity, judge, jury, court, all certainly known to be their friends—when even such miscreants recoiled thus backed, the effect of the eloquence applied to the excitable Irish must have been astounding. Of one hireling villain who was a witness, whom Curran cross-examined and exposed, he wound up describing his sanguinary audacity, “He was a wretch who would dip the Evangelists in blood.” Of Reynolds, whom he proved a thief, on a cross-examination, he said, “He measures his own value by the coffins of his victims; and in the field of evidence appreciates his fame as the Indian warrior does in fight—by the number of scalps with which he can swell his triumphs. He calls upon you, by the solemn league of eternal justice, to accredit the purity of a conscience washed in his own atrocities.” In Ireland, men in those wretched times were judged before they were

tried, and the witnesses were some of them the most perjured miscreants that ever existed. The government of Ireland seemed to take a pride in the hackneyed villains it employed in evidence, having itself goaded the country into rebellion. The effects of its rule, and the character of its aristocracy at that time, may be seen in the misfortunes of its successors in the present court for the sale of estates in Ireland. The crown witnesses were all kept in good trim, and well rewarded; they came into court against their victims, from "those catacombs of living death, where the wretch that is buried a *man* lies till his heart has time to *fester* and *dissolve*, and is then dug up an *informer*!" But this respects the eloquence of the father.

One day, W. H. Curran called upon the writer, coming post haste from Paris. "I am come, Redding," said he, "to expose at home the most impudent scoundrel for whom the Irish government ever provided. In Ireland we knew nothing of his whereabouts for a score of years. He could not live there; his person I well knew. I was going to a party at Sir Charles Stuart's, about a week or ten days ago; I encountered a handsome equipage, out of which stepped blood-money Reynolds, the infamous silk-mercator of Dublin, that perjured wretch. I found several who were present, and some of my countrymen, too, who knew nothing of his person,

though aware of his character. I at once went round to all with whom I was acquainted, and pointed him out. He had been, I know not how long, in Paris—perhaps been employed there, after 1814, by Lord Castlereagh. I have done the scoundrel's business there, now you must make the fact known here, as far as you can. I am off to Dublin to-morrow. How amply he is provided for at the public expense, and where he has been recently sojourning, must be known. I will take care of the matter in Ireland. Everyone supposed Reynolds to be where the wretch will be some day—where only such men can finally go." Curran proceeded to Dublin, and the present writer was not slow to make the circumstance known in the London circles.

I was subpoenaed once in the court where Lord Wynford presided, being a witness for the crown. Wynford was the least pleasing judge I ever saw on the bench, except "false as hell" Ellenborough, who outvied Rhadamanthus. Even when overflowing with loyalty and wine, Wynford was ill-tempered and arbitrary. Ellenborough was not a *bon vivant*. Wynford was sometimes eloquent when silence would have better become him, and taciturn when it would have become him to speak, but he feared being serviceable to common sense. He ought never to have been a judge, except where Cerberus keeps his court. He had strong political preju-

dices; used to drink and swear hard. Dining with the Prince of Wales on one occasion, he lost a document of importance out of his pocket, as he was zig-zagging home at night, or rather morning, from Carlton House. The elder Curran said a good thing of him which I never saw in print: "He is the best-worst man about the court; for even if I prove him the worst, he will still be the *best*."

Another saying of Curran's, about a fashionable demirep who had been kept by two or three men and then married a peer to become still more notorious: "Poor Lady B——, I very much pity her anxiety about her virtues; other ladies don't complain of them, but hers are always in difficulties."

Lord Londonderry, when Castlereagh, having made one of his speeches in parliament, for unless he was stung to the quick and was thus raised by excitement above the natural man, he blundered on in the oddest way, a member having followed on the same side of the question, I forget the point, but he did no more than repeat his lordship's statement. Mr. Ponsonby, in reply, said that as the speech of the honourable member who spoke last was only an echo of his lordship's, he should pass it over. "Did you read it, Grattan?" some one said. "Yes, my dear boy, and it was the most successful attempt I ever knew at bothering an echo!" This recalls a witty reply of Curran's, at

Brighton, which I remember. His wit was always ready, and on that account, perhaps, the more delightful. He was never one of those the knowledge of whom personally disappoints us. He died, just afterwards. His conversation was most attractive, though his person was ordinary, and he would sometimes pun in the lowest way. He met a friend who, limping along, complained of having a sore leg. He had just been soliciting a place under government, and all his hopes had ended in disappointment.

“You are certain of a place,” said Curran, “under the India company; they will be glad of an alliance with the sovereign of Mysore.”

The appearance of a comet has been announced, while I am writing. The detection of comets in our system has multiplied of late years. The most remarkable and largest I ever remember was that of 1811. It was singular that, although Newton and Halley had published remarks respecting these luminous bodies, and had very clearly explained perhaps all we shall ever know regarding them, they continued for a century after that time to fill the larger part of the public with fear, a proof how slowly reason and truth make way among the masses, and how closely they hug to their bosoms the crookednesses of error in place of straightforward evidence. The terrors of a comet

even since Newton's decease, were described with some humour in a work published about the middle of the last century. I do not know whether the stolidity of the masses in the most civilised nations in regard to the plainest phenomena of nature, when year after year they are unfolded to them, their want of interest in them, and preference of prejudice to reason upon all occasions, are not the strongest of the arguments that can be used against a future state. Of what worth can such animals be in a territory where wisdom and holiness rule? The clown who guides the plough in the midst of nature, whose thoughts might, by the observation of what he sees around him, become expanded, for his simple labour leaves his thoughts free for exercise, this same animal, for he is little more, goes through his routine of mechanical labour for his bread, and cherishes no associations that tend to elevate his understanding. He never thinks, and what above an animal is the man without thought, whether seated on a throne or driving a muck cart? and how high as the heaven above, both the reflective spirit that often, amid labours which extort fatigue from it in the way of toil, finds still some moments to expand itself beyond this visible, diurnal sphere, with sky-aspiring associations. The world seems to grow little wiser, ever hugging closely its prejudices and superstitions.

"Look how the world's poor people are amazed
At apparitions, signs, and prodigies,"

wrote a great poet three centuries ago. It is little better now, only superstition is in other forms.

The description to which I allude says that the effect on London people at first remained much as usual, being absorbed in Mammon worship. In the city it was seen that even Mammon had not yet overcome superstition. All the majesty of Cheapside turned out in fear. Thousands congregated in the streets, and no less than seventeen were counted there upon their knees, seemingly moved by great devotion. Eleven of them were women of fourscore, and six men of about seventy; for it was confidently predicted that the comet would destroy the city. One hundred and twenty-three clergymen went over to Lambeth to beseech the archbishop to pen an order for a short prayer, they being wholly destitute of one in relation to comets. The request, it was declared, after due deliberation, should be considered in convocation to be called for the purpose. Many went to church who had not been there for years on a week-day. The governor of the Bank secured the services of all the fire-engines, and placed the bonds, books, and bills in a secure place, and then betook himself to his devotions, from which he did not cease, except once or twice to

anathematize those Jacobites who had caused a run upon the Bank at such a critical moment. Our statesmen were low-spirited and confused. One of them, the minister for foreign affairs, desired absolution for innumerable breaches of the ninth commandment; another read much in Job, and seemed penitent in everything but charity to his neighbours. Three maids of honour countermanded their ball dresses, and two, burning all their "sensation" novels and romances, bought Taylor's "Holy Living and Dying." The birthday suits countermanded caused the dismissal of numbers of workpeople. A well-read maiden lady of the court declared how shocking it was that she had soon to appear naked before all the world, and mankind naked before her, which she feared would confuse her answers when called to her account. The maids of honour said they could not think the sight so very disagreeable. One of them declared she should like to see it, for there could be no indecency where all were alike, and they had time to prepare, so they ordered bathing tubs at once, and looking glasses to be placed by them. The lawyers were in inexpressible alarm, with all the weapons for defence at command. They thanked heaven there had been no recent state trials. They could not, amid all, be induced to return the fees, even for work not done. The judges were happy; they had left the bar for years. The barristers

rejoiced they were not attorneys, and the attorneys that they were not pettifoggers and scriveners, or other dregs of the law. The army officers were unshaken, nor were their oaths at the Horse Guards lessened in number, while the army chaplains could not be found. The physicians generally seemed, as usual, to be unbelievers, and yet thought the comet might render the air malignant, and so they got receipts ready to meet fees. As the comet got brighter, they had, for the first time in their lives, more thought of their souls than their bodies. In the church, the charge of souls was felt heavily; but it was remarked that the terror of the event was great in proportion to the hierarchal degrees. The higher the ecclesiastical rank, the greater the fear. The bishops looked pale as ashes. The only joy expressed was by three men ordered for execution, and by a great churchgoing man who was at the point of death. On 'Change they were all sellers, and no buyers. Seven thousand two hundred and forty-five persons in London and Westminster married their kept mistresses by declaration, for there was not time to go through the ceremony with all. Unbelievers suddenly recanted—many belonging to the Temple Chambers and Physicians' College. The comedians and clowns, to get as large a stock of faith as they could, turned catholics. One man of fortune bought a boat for himself and

family, thinking the river the safest place in the conflagration. Only one lord and two commoners threw up their pensions in haste ; all the others were quieted and absolved by the clergy. Some of the richest tradesmen gave away shillings and sixpences to beggars at the church doors—a thing never before observed. One rich churchwarden himself distributed fifty twelpenny loaves at his own cost !

In this way literary men jested with the popular ignorance in its fears a century ago.

Sir John Milley Doyle is no more, and that grave Quixotic countenance, so expressive of adventure and of the absence of evil feeling, marked, too, with a certain innate simplicity of nature ! No more will he be seen in cheerful conversation, with his pallid features and expression of something deeper in intellect than was really concealed beneath his strongly delineated visage. “How are you, Sir John ? Have you been long up ?” referring to Windsor. “I am going back ; only getting a hasty dinner. I have run up for medical advice. I have been living very low, and the doctors tell me I am wrong—that I must live high. I was afraid of apoplexy. They tell me I have no reason to fear that disease from fulness, but from the opposite course. In place of dining, as we used to do, in a generous way, at our friends at Kensington, and with Dr. G—— in the city, I have been as

spare as possible. I have not felt well for some time. I shall go back to my quarters. I am the first K.C.B. that was ever made a poor knight of Windsor, after all my wanderings." He continued upon the same breath, "Can you tell me how many millreas go to the pound at the present rate of exchange?" A negative was the result, without going into the city to inquire. An adjournment to a restaurateur's took place, and a moderate repast, soon after which Doyle departed. We took leave of each other; he was to see London no more. His treatment by the Portuguese was perfectly in character. He lost all he possessed by too great a reliance upon their honour. Sir John showed great zeal in all he undertook, and exhibited some little but harmless vanities. He was kind-hearted, fond of the society of his friends, and ready to do good offices for any. Too speculative and sanguine, although he had lived long in the world—for he must have numbered threescore years and ten, or nearly—he seemed not to have been as cautious as might be expected of those with whom he dealt. He was the most cheerful of companions, and in his private circle would sing a comic song with no little zest. Of his talents as a soldier, beyond activity and a high sense of duty, nothing can be said, because he was not in any high command where he had the opportunity of distinction by a display of

his military talents. No one was more amusing in conversation when the dessert came upon the table. He would occasionally reason upon an unreasonable thing, as his countrymen sometimes do, and with that happy good humour which accompanied him in all his misfortunes. He indulged in the hope of receiving justice from Portugal, when any other man would have given it up in despair. "Well, Doyle, how go things now in the South? You hope against hope." "It is better to do so than not hope at all. I am like the maiden lady who hoped to seventy, and getting a wig and a new set of teeth, hoped on still." "You are of a felicitous temper, Sir John." "If I am, it is not from the felicity of fortune." Poor Doyle! he was Quixotic and melancholy-looking to the last.

A word more of Croker*—how well-known names have been rapidly departing from amongst us! It is natural to us all, it may be replied, and must be felt by those who have the largest circle of acquaintance. I had often met Croker, who was one of a certain circle of which the Smiths, Withers, Hook, and Hill were a part. I do not think Croker ever had a friend beyond the common measure of usage of that abused term. One of his first literary engagements was on the Pic Nic Paper, in which Sir J. B. Burgess, Colonel Greville, and Cumber-

* See *Recollections*, Vol. iii., p. 306, second edition.

land wrote. Combe also was concerned as editor. Croker was introduced by Greville as a young Irishman of talent, who would edit the whole paper prose and verse, for two guineas a week. Croker at once made a show of his powers in conversation, full of Irish ardour. When he went away—the story has been before promulgated—Greville asked Cumberland what he thought of the young man. “Thought? why he talks enough; he is a talking potatoe.” Greville engaged the young Irishman, for he was the principal proprietor. It need scarcely be said that the paper, as the ‘*Pic Nic*’ and ‘The Cabinet,’ to which latter name it was changed, did not succeed even under the Talking Potatoe; it expired in 1803. Some of the articles had considerable merit. Cumberland, Bland Burgess, Peltier, J. C. Herries, James and Horace Smith, Combe, Rogers, and Croker were all contributors. No publication will succeed in England without puffing. Formerly the Monthly, Critical, Edinburgh, and Quarterly, decided for a time in turn the fate of books, then came Colburn’s system of puffing, and since that the newspaper critical paragraphs and articles.

A lady who was, or pretended to be, a great admirer of John Wilson Croker, then Secretary of the Admiralty, affecting to know more of him than she really did of his papers in the Quarterly Review, was

supporting his opinion with some warmth. "I believe," said she, "Croker has a capacity for anything to which he chooses to apply himself." "I do not deny what you state in regard to things in general," said Lady L——, "but I know he has a great incapacity for blushing."

This was not bad, as those must confess who were acquainted with Croker. The same ladies were alone in company one day when Lady L—— said "The men are perfidious creatures, there is no relying upon them. I regard them, my dear, as our merchants regard the Turkish intercourse, as a commercial necessity."

The same ladies used to try and get from me the names of certain anonymous writers, and I confess obtained her end often by taking me off my guard. I have observed that women have a way of concealing secrets they do not know, and of trying to obtain the knowledge they want by the show knowledge they do not possess. "So George was at Hampstead yesterday, I hear. I saw him this morning, I am up to the secret." "Why, then it is useless for me to keep my promise any longer," replied the visitor. "Yes, the matter was as you might expect. The parties met at the intended spot. They were about to separate when the lady's father came up, and the poor swain walked away with no little mortification to find their attachment was de-

tected." "You don't say so, I am sorry to hear it. I had no idea of such a scene having taken place until now." "What then did you mean by saying you were up to the secret?" "Oh, nothing!" She had an Irish servant, who denied being at home when I called, or "his mistress either." "The last time I had called, my good fellow, can you tell me when it was, can you remember?" "The last time, your honor, the last time, why it might be at Tib's Eve. I can't tell your honor other ways." I did not know that Tib's Eve in Irish parlance meant no time at all, until his mistress explained it. I once called, and the same man said "There's not a soul in the house, your honor, except it's I and the cat."

The same lady who read much, but never wrote, was an excellent critic. She would never dine later than six o'clock, and when invitations were issued for half-past seven, she declared she would never comply with the fashion. "But you will, Lady L——." "You will see," she replied. I believe she kept her word to the last. I once sat down at nine at the table of Senor Goristiza, the Mexican Minister—how absurd! But the usage of the time, if it be changed hourly, is the law of fashion. In the year 1470, people of rank and fashion breakfasted at seven a.m.; dined at ten, and supped at four p.m., and at eight or nine went to bed. Shopkeepers, mechanics, and labourers breakfasted at

eight, and supped at six p.m. In 1858, people of rank breakfasted from nine to eleven a.m., and dined at eight p.m. Such are the variations of manners. What is now called dinner, the principal meal, should be supper, and lunch dinner. The great Roman meal was supper at three o'clock, at one period of that people's history, and afterwards a little before sunset. The previous eating was only lunching, taken before or about noon. The Greeks had three meals, breakfast, dinner, and supper. The dinner was a stay-stomach; the supper as with the Romans, taken at sunset, was the principal meal, and answered to the modern dinner, which is the supper of our English forefathers. Such are the fluctuations in fashion's senselessness, and thus its votaries complete a cycle and return again to the mode in which in earlier times they exhibited the same changeful and irrational rule of action.

CHAPTER VIII.

Sir A. Johnstone and Ceylon—Brahminism—Indian Officers—Tradition of the Deluge—Sir James Mackintosh—Rosetti's anti-papal spirit—the papal sovereignty over animals—remarks on the Minstrel.

I MADE an acquaintance with Sir Alexander Johnstone and had several interesting conversations with him regarding the people of Ceylon, which Sir Emerson Tennant has made known so well of late in his excellent work, where he said the measures thus adopted had met with considerable success, particularly the introduction of the trial by jury. I had been told that the natives of India were not to be trusted. Sir Alexander said that the trustworthiness of the people was according to the ratio of respect in which they were held. The people of Ceylon did not differ so much from those on the mainland as some pretended. He had had no fault to find with them in the working of the measure. It gave the

people a respect in their own eyes, as well as in that of their neighbours, and it increased the native confidence in the government. He had seen the jurymen question the witnesses themselves with good judgment, and more than once they had thus developed truths little suspected to be lurking in perjured witnesses. The choice of the jury was managed in such a manner that it was impossible there could be any collusion with the prisoner or his friends. In the fifteenth and sixteenth chapters of the Report of the Directors of the African Institution, and from page 93 to 100 of the appendix to that report the particulars in the mode of carrying out the measure may be seen. A singular circumstance connected with this measure may be found in the Asiatic Journal for 1827. Soon after the introduction of the trial by jury into the island, a wealthy Brahmin, of an unpopular character, was accused of murdering his nephew. The evidence was strong, and twelve out of thirteen jurymen were for finding him guilty. The jurymen who dissented was a young Brahmin, who said he was persuaded the accused man was the victim of a conspiracy, and he requested the witnesses might be re-called. He then examined them with wonderful skill and acuteness, and succeeded in getting from them such proofs of their perjury that the prisoner was acquitted. He, Sir A. Johnstone, then chief justice, sent for the juror after the

trial was over, and complimented him upon the talent he displayed. The young Brahmin said that any skill he possessed he owed to the study of a book which he called "A strengthener of the mind." He had procured it from some pilgrims, who said they brought it from Persia, and he had got it translated from the Persian into Sanscrit. Sir A. Johnstone expressing a wish to see the work, the young Brahmin brought him a Tamul MS. on palm leaves, which, to his great astonishment, he found was a copy of the "Dialectics of Aristotle." The East India company never imitated Johnstone in their courts, yet the character of the Ceylon people is very similar to that on the mainland. The jury measure gives an importance to the natives which must lead to sentiments of higher rectitude than they at present exhibit.

I could not help reflecting upon the high character of that science which the great and rich in the world affect to be a low thing compared to their ignorant assumptions, only because it is beyond the narrow sphere of their common-place knowledge. In this remote Island of Ceylon, appears in a court of justice by an accident, among a strange people, the work of a writer who flourished nearly four centuries before Christ, in a far distant country, and in a different language. How many mighty Kings and Conquerors have lived and passed away, still nameless, save a few, and most utterly forgotten, while the

little treatise of a philosopher who could boast only of his pen and study for a few short years, survived all, and will survive as long as the frame of the world holds together—while the “great” things of the superficial multitude are forgotten!

In his work published at Brussels, entitled “Equisse Politique sur l’Action des Forces Sociales, &c., 1827,” my old acquaintance, M. Bozzelli, paid Sir Alexander Johnstone this compliment:—“L’Institution des Juries que l’Angleterre a dernièrement établi parmi les habitans de Ceylon, n’a pas eu pour but de leur apporter plus de liberté; parce que les gouvernemens, en général, ne sont pas trop enclins à donner la liberté à leurs colonies; mais de leur apporter les mœurs et des moyens de perfectionement social: et, sous ce rapport, les effets bienfaisans en ont été aussi rapides que gigantesques. Et l’on doit s’étonner que ce soit un magistrat, residant dans cette île, qui ait provoqué cet mesure, en se dépouillant lui-même des attributions de juge, au faveur de la morale et de l’humanité. Puisse cet exemple d’un cœur magnanime, et d’un esprit élevé enflammer d’émulation tous les magistrats de la terre! Puisse la postérité, à laquelle, tout vivant encore, ce jurisconsulte Anglais appartient déjà, offrir sa statue à l’adoration des peuples!”

This disinterestedness of Sir Alexander, it is, indeed, difficult for the magistrates of the continent to

comprehend. I never had an opportunity of introducing the Neapolitan 'jurisconsulte' to Sir Alexander, M. Bozzelli never re-visited England after I first met Sir Alexander. The latter had, no doubt, the proud consciousness, that he had performed a magnanimous action, and was well repaid by the good it was likely to produce. The nature of the act is well characterised by the amiable writer and old friend, who I have reason to believe is no longer of the living.

Among other Anglo-East-Indians, I knew Sir John Malcolm, but he was neither so agreeable a man, nor did he impart information in the way of Sir Alexander Johnstone, who was always pleased to answer any inquiries regarding what had come under his notice in the East. He was a less pretending man than Malcolm, while, perhaps, really more useful to humanity. There are naturally great differences between the manners and tempers of men who are possessed of considerable talents, natural or acquired. Those who are close and reserved are by no means benefactors in dividing the mental stores they possess among such as are most likely to benefit by them. Some are impatient of the dulness of the many, and despair of the good they endeavour to effect, while others have no talent for communicating knowledge. Yet may England be proud of the scholars she has nurtured from the

East, and the light they have thrown upon the past by their labours out of their seclusion! It is to be lamented that the studies which would be so useful to mankind, and of which we possess the key, are found of no moment by the people at large, for they only regard what interests themselves. The number of oriental scholars does not increase, and the substitution of the regular European army to so great an extent in place of the old forces of the company, the officers of which were all orientally educated, will cause a rapid diminution in the medium by which the stores of native information, both written and oral, can be increased. Officers who buy their commissions in the line, will add nothing to our knowledge nor strengthen our friendship with the natives, when they go out on duty for a few years. We fear we must be content with the knowledge we have acquired already, and that which a few persons in the civil service may pick up. In peaceful times in India, officers of the army have ample time for study, if they possess the means, but English army officers are not in general of the class from which much knowledge of an erudite kind is to be acquired.

We form a very erroneous opinion of the Hindoo Theology from what we hear people state of their present corrupt and grovelling modes of worship. All religions become corrupted by time. The reli-

gion of Christ, pure as it was delivered to the world, was corrupted by the time it reached the reign of Constantine. The same kind of corruption has followed the early worship of Brahma, which marks that of the Christians. In the middle ages the evil increased. The idea of the Deity or supreme Being, Brahma, the chief deity, absorbed in his own essence, from an impulse of divine love, resolving to create other beings to partake of his glory, and to be happy through all eternity, is no mean idea. He spoke and the angels rose into existence! He commanded and the host of heaven was formed! All were created free, and made partakers in the divine glory and blessedness, upon the easy condition of praising their benevolent creator, and of acknowledging him their superior Lord. Two thousand years before the birth of Christ, India appears to have been peopled. They have a tradition of a deluge, because such a tradition must exist wherever there are hills and mountains, with marine remains high up on their sides or on their summits. They could have no idea of land ascending above or through the water. The natural idea, therefore, was every where the same that the water had ascended over the hill tops. Noah built a ship, according to Moses, and so with Menu in India, only we learn that Noah anchored on the top of a mountain, and Menu was moored to the head of a fish. A vessel to hold the animals,

some in sevens, with provisions for so long a time, would require half-a-dozen arks, besides a miracle to secure the white bear of the frozen pole, and make it accommodate itself to the climate of Armenia or Persia. Moses, we presume, followed the tradition of his fathers or the Egyptians in the accounts of the flood, as he did in several other things, but we cannot be certain of the Pentateuch and books written before the captivity, as they were lost for a time, and collected seventy years afterwards and put together by Esdras, as they now stand; parts were thus unconnected and confused.

The memory of some youthful friends who had gone to India made me eager to learn what had become of them, but, unfortunately, I gained little information regarding any left—dead was nearly the uniform reply,—that inscrutable death! I scarcely got any pleasing intelligence regarding them, all closed with that monosyllable “dead.” Of one I had tidings unexpectedly after forty years’ absence, but he only came home to die. The difference in living or the medical treatment in India is now so much improved that I should imagine the mortality among Europeans must be at least one third lessened. Some distant relatives of mine must have died there, as must have been the case with many families, as records of them remain. Forty or fifty years ago it was extremely difficult to get

intelligence from remote corners of India. The time occupied in the transmission of letters or papers was a continual cause of anxiety.

Referring to India recalls Sir James Mackintosh,* in an impression he produced after no great personal knowledge of him. He must still figure among the remarkable men of the era in which he lived. Like a great number of his countrymen, he left his native land to seek his fortune, more endowed with the knowledge acquired by reading and study, than with pecuniary means, and with much less of that absorbing solicitude about self, that marks the generality of his countrymen. They sound his praises according to custom, more from the desire to enhance the fame of their northern land, than any regard for an individual whose principles, soon after setting out in life, were somewhat loose, having written his cleverest work, his *Vindiciæ Gallicæ*, acquired from it extensive fame, and afterwards lectured against the principles he had defended with so much ability. This was a consequence of his becoming acquainted with Burke, who had changed sides in a similar way; but the Irishman had against him the reputation of a reward, while the Scotchman, reversing the common order of things,

* See also "Recollections" Vol. iii., p. 23; Edition 2nd.

displayed at least motives beyond self-interest in his recantation. Here matters had better have rested. The change of Sir James might have been honestly ascribed to conviction, for who is master of those convictions which reason and reflection may generate as we grow older? Alas, for Sir James's consistency, he accepted an office in India, from the opponent party, remaining there seven years, and soon after his return, entering parliament, he returned to his first love, and supported the whigs again. He felt he could not conscientiously support the ministry against the humane alteration in the criminal code, the freedom of the Irish catholics, reform, and similar subjects. It was, therefore, most charitable to suppose that the aberration which took place from his early principles, and his return to them, were the result of a little self-up-braiding, in having gone astray, rather than the vulgar motive of self-interest. It was a momentary alienation of himself from his earlier and more generous principles. As regarded pecuniary matters, he was above any sordid views, and singularly free from the spirit of worldly men in general. His literary works have not taken that hold of the public mind which some expected; he was too dry and logical. In the House of Commons he was much above the calibre of those selected too often

by a kindred mediocrity of ability in judgment, to make a figure. Superior minds dwell upon truth, and there is nothing more hateful to a majority of senators whose votes are always settled in their minds before-hand. Some cannot understand a speaker of elevated views and lofty feelings; thus when Mackintosh, in the House of Commons, supported the honour of the English nation, in the case of the treaty by which Genoa was surrendered to the good Lord William Bentinck, Lord Castlereagh whose memory that transaction has so darkened, pretended not to understand him. He had not descended low enough to be comprehended by the worker of that iniquity. It is a painful consideration that the British senate should hold so low a place as it does in its tone of feeling, as well as in its oratory, for the latter of which it was once so justly celebrated. Burke was too theatrical for the house, and failed on that account. Mackintosh failed because he did not lower his subjects to the capacity of the majority of his audience, for he addressed the understanding, not the passions. His arguments were too rational, clear, and strong, too philosophically put, he was too methodical, and soon felt that his own sterling mental superiority was not as current there, as that alloyed currency in which the house is accustomed to carry on its transactions. Sir James had the good sense to per-

ceive this, and afterwards to direct his efforts more towards common-place, both in subject and language.

Perhaps there was no man who had read so extensively, retained what he read so well, as Sir James, or it was so delightful to hear. Coleridge was abstruse and whimsical. Mackintosh was ready to recal what he wanted for use out of the storehouse of a memory overloaded with knowledge. He was less original. His conversation was a continued flow of acquired information and illustration, but he struck out no new light. The "thoughts that breathe, and the words that burn," were not his; he shone without burning. Too philosophical, let the subject be what it would, he treated it in that mode, with an agreeable gentlemanly manner in carrying on the discussion. In literature, his performances were too artificial, and not equal to his promise, while it was the reverse with his conversational powers. To this his *Vindiciæ Gallicæ*, must be an exception—sparkling, vigorous, and effective. He wrote it in the generous part of existence, when principle is cherished too highly to be taken to market; when nature prompts, and energy seconds execution. All his after-works fall short of this, and do not display a tithe of similar excellencies, nor are his sentences so well managed as his choice of words. Such an individual cannot be expected to startle by flashes of genius, he is too

much under line and rule. All he produces seems to be the work of previous consideration of the point mooted, duly settled before-hand. He was, in short, formed more to delight society than to transmit anything to posterity, because, after all, he was no way original, dealing with the thoughts and labours of others rather than his own; all that belonged to him was the power of associating and delivering the fruits which he had collected and arranged with a degree of order, and a readiness superior to others around him. Campbell glossed over the political changes of Mackintosh, and his renunciation of his previously professed principles. This is the way Scotchmen act towards one another, either from notions of "kith and kin," or a peculiar patriotism. The poet declares (contradictory as the "Lectures on the Law of Nature and Nations" were, even to implied apostacy, of all Sir James's previous opinions, and of all by which he had attained a social name, and a triumph over Burke) that in those lectures so condemnatory of himself, he had taken a still higher flight. The truth was, those lectures were passages culled from writers old and new, and used for the given end by ingenious dovetailing. Campbell, most probably, knew little about the lectures, or in a most unreasoning moment stated what he did, to introduce Pitt's eulogy of their author, a thing in itself carrying a

conviction, that Pitt, and the author of the *Vindiciæ Gallicæ*, could hardly assort without some change grateful to the minister and injurious to the convert. This wilful over-riding the resilience of Mackintosh, at a most critical moment, showed a desire to slur over a step which Mackintosh had the good sense to retrieve, at the expense of an acknowledgment. But that was no excuse for Campbell's concealment of the fact of the dalliance of Mackintosh with all he had before decried.

In private life he was exceedingly amiable, and in person well-looking. His voice was not over good for a public man, being somewhat attenuated; and he had about him that peculiar character, or something which, in one form or another, always distinguishes the inhabitant of the northern part of the island from the southern, and is never obliterated. Meeting, one day, not a great while before his death, his tall person and sedate countenance, impressed with a feebleness that was evident at the first glance, it spoke that a crisis was approaching, although only in his sixty-sixth year. Soon afterwards, he was no more. He latterly carried in his waistcoat pocket a small bottle with, I presume, some kind of medicine, which he occasionally tasted. The last speech he made, where the writer was present, took place in the city, and was the first public meeting for the purpose of establishing a

university in London. Sir James spoke as a strong friend to the measure; but there was nothing in his speech at all calculated to support the general idea of the abilities of the man. These were most visible in private conversation, and mingled with his dialectics, which showed, from the manner of their delivery and arrangement, that they were the produce of northern culture in a Scotch seminary; dwelling too much on logical points, in place of moving the passions. The same thing pervaded most of his public addresses—a virtue, perhaps, if an auditory would be ruled by reason, but against the intended effect, as it is because reason is, and will long be, the exception in religion and politics, let their government be of what nature it may. If we would prevail over our kind, we must use the right key for the purpose. It is as vain to regret the prevalence of social contrarieties in the world as it is to regret that of evil itself. It is, after all, no unpleasing reflection to have known Sir James, and still more, to have heard one of the most delightful conversationalists this country ever produced.

Though the present is not an age of a pure literary taste, and the extravagance which excites at the expense of truth and nature is the admiration of the half-informed minds of the masses, there can be no doubt but the unwholesome excitement will pall on the appetite by and by, and a better taste be

preferred. Even the exiled Shakespeare may be understood and felt again, if in no other way but through the public nausea from the surfeit of works which, with the superficial and tasteless, have supplanted those more sterling. Upon this account, it is wrong to pay regard to the taste of the hour, or attempt to startle by improbabilities, or by travelling out of nature to select themes from dens of infamy, by exalting the worst of mankind, under pretence of a philanthropy born of venal hopes, or subterfuges of charity. A ticket-of-leave man, or a sympathetic description of his "one virtue to a thousand crimes," should never move the pen. We must, in regard to writers and their works, credit the result of time's judgment. I am not so conceited as to think I may not be mistaken ; but all have a right of free opinion as to preferences. To mingle with those who have dreamed that their new light is to dim the sun of time, and fructify the mind after a fashion not yet recorded, but which fashion is tending, through a certain portion of the literature of the day, to a corruption of morals, is not a worthy thing. I have, therefore, in days when the best writers in verse or prose are forgotten, still found pleasure in dwelling upon recognised works of genius after the long-established taste. By accident, the "Minstrel" of Beattie fell in my way, and was read the other day with renewed delight.

I love to go back to our older writers. I went over the poems, and fancied I had returned to the time when I first perused them in youth. The productions of the past excite notice anew as to their merits and defects, and constitute a high species of pleasure in the examination, when we have run pretty nearly through the vanities of life, and they come upon us again, as it were, by accident. I am not attempting to force others to my way of thinking; we are all free; but I have a right to state what my ideas are, because it is an object to do so in these desultory pages. The excellent Archbishop of Cambray said, if he were offered a throne to give up reading, he should at once reject it. There is not alone the pleasure in all stages of our existence in reading new and worthy books, but there is still a further gratification in later life of perusing those become time-sanctified—perused too in earlier days, and in examining and reconsidering them. It was with this view that I recently took up Beattie's "Minstrel." How different it read from the time when I opened it with youthful delight, and thought it faultless! In some cases there is a bliss in ignorance, and the later fastidiousness, through experience, diminishes enjoyment.

Beattie had been censured in company where I was present, and this induced a re-perusal. The work is only a fragment, though several portions of

it are good. It would not be unprofitable in these days to examine our middling writers of the past as an exercise to keep them in recollection. The conception of Edwin's boyish character is imaginative and beautiful, and expressed with elegance, lucidness, and harmony. The sentiments are amiable, chaste, virtuous, and energetic, and have a truth which is the essence of the best poetry. It is, therefore, strange that an author capable of such excellent composition should, after more than thirty years, leave a poem so well commenced, not only unfinished, but so little advanced—a poem of which the parts given to the world were so highly applauded. I had never, in this respect before it was reprehended by others, remarked its falling off. I was too well pleased with the poem to think of minutely considering it, had I been then qualified to do so.

Though the beginning seems so full of interest, there must have been something defective in the general conception of the design. It was either too wide for Beattie's powers, or too limited for the display of the peculiar turn of his talents. The fault of his mind was timidity. He lived in an age of which the taste increased this defect. Cold artifice and insipid polish too often usurped the place of vigorous, however irregular, thought. Beattie throws out spirited notes, in spite of the mechanism he attempted. The ebullitions of his

genius overcame his artifices : but the fire that is checked and blighted will not burn long.

We see, from the opening of the second canto, that the poet's strength and elasticity already begin to be exhausted. There is the same form of composition, but not the same soul. A great deal of commonplace moral is introduced, and the lines lag and are heavy. The author appears evidently working at a task. He draws from memory rather than from inspiration. It is not improbable that his philosophic and metaphysical studies had now overlaid his imagination and feeling, and that, in seeking truth underground, he forgot the surface of the earth and the beautiful skies above him.

It would be a narrow injustice to deny originality to one who had written such highly poetical stanzas as many in the first canto of the "Minstrel;" yet it is apparent that our author had but a few notes of true music. He never, or scarcely ever, expatiates in the spiritual world; he is more of a mere materialist in his description of the morning, so often praised, which is, indeed, very brilliant and happy, but yet somewhat confusing by its multiplicity of particular images. Grandeur lies in extent of grasp and distinctness.

The "Essay on Truth," as it tended to debase Hume, who was a national favourite with the Scotch, despite mother kirk, raised an active, powerful, and

vindictive faction against Beattie. He did not bear it with the calm fortitude which would have become him. He had with him the highest among the English in rank, and some in learning—the King, Gray, Johnson, Bishop Porteus; and others. He was admired, beloved, praised, entertained; yet there was a morbidness in his sensibility which could find no medicine against censure. Perhaps he was more vain than confident and proud, and had a secret consciousness of weakness, which, however ill-founded, made him more depressed by disapprobation than raised by applause.

Nothing great or eloquent can be done but in the fervour of self-confidence. Magnanimity is as necessary in writing as the sun to ripen fruit. Hope, joy, enthusiasm, defiance, are all essentials of genius. We cannot move a step out of the common road but a thousand doubts are set forth against us. How can we proceed without courage and firmness? No virtue, genius, or wisdom, will secure universal assent to merit. Sir Isaac Newton, in his most sublime and perfect discourses, had importunate cavillers and bitter and persevering opponents. Milton was pronounced by some critics a dull writer of harsh blank metre, which he had the tasteless presumption to call poetry. He was an old blind rhyming schoolmaster!

The world, the insolent, ignorant, and rash world

thus attacking, is a coward; it will yield to those who stand firm. Perseverance, provided it be free from absurdity, will succeed at last. To give way is to confirm and secure persecution. Why regard uncandid comments? If men know their intentions are good, they know in general, with tolerable accuracy, what is the degree of their strength; they know whether they draw from memory, or from deeper fountains of the mind. If they are conscious that all is right, why be silenced or fear? Airs of pretended superiority—critics in ambush, who cannot write themselves—all evaporate before an undaunted eye. Rank, honours, wealth, are nothing. All the supremacy lies in the mind. The scorn of the light-hearted, the dull, the foolish, and the ignorant, is but the signal of their own unworthiness. They who worship worldly success are the basest of mankind, because success is oftener the reward of cunning, perfidy, and wrong-doing, than of honour or honesty. A simple, calm independence of spirit is among the most admirable and elevated of mortal merits. It encourages the exertion of our faculties, without exhausting them, while a pusillanimous awe of those who endeavour to assume a jurisdiction over us which does not belong to them debilitates and paralyzes effort. It is the base part of man's nature that he will intimidate others if he dare, and that timidity draws on destruction in its

turn. Perhaps it is a mistake to apply these general observations to Beattie's disposition and genius, but the inference is drawn, not only from his leaving the "Minstrel" unfinished, but from the tone of his letters and the history of his life. In this respect, he was a contrast to Burns, whom opposition strengthened and inflamed, as it did Byron. In Beattie's prose there is extraordinary vigour and originality; now and then a tender sentiment or gentle description; but the general tone is dull and trite—always virtuous, but such as a man may make up from books, or may accrue to the mind without intensity of thinking. No grand workings of the spirit—no recondite distinctions—are brought forth. His Essays on Poetry are a sort of academic compilation, which seldom rise much above mediocrity. They weary the attention in place of satisfying it.

Of his smaller poems, no one has much merit, except the stanzas of the "Hermit," which are exquisitely tender, elegant, and harmonious. Something may be said in favour of the "Ode on Retirement;" but it is more the effect of labour than strength, and the subject is worn out. It seems strange that he who could write so elegantly and forcibly in the first canto of the "Minstrel" should have produced so little besides insipidity in his other poetry; for in the latter there is scarce a spark of invention.

Genius must be bold, and rely upon itself. Works that live long do not circulate rapidly, being generally before the time.

“No man,” says Pope, “ever rose to great perfection in writing but through obstinacy, and an inveterate resolution against the stream of mankind.” This is a great fact. There has been scarcely any book known of a lasting reputation that has not been declined by a dealer, and the public received slowly, at first with neglect. A novel title alarms dealers in such wares; I speak of new and original works. The new sample is not relished, because it is not like the last successful book. Few dealers have any idea of genius and its infinite variety. The dealer says, “If I could have something written like Mr. So and So’s book, that sells so well, it would be the thing for me.” He cannot be made aware that mental goods are not to be judged like pottery. “Robinson Crusoe” was refused; it was not sufficiently like other works that had gone before it. Yet he who writes, keeping in view to pamper the stream of mankind, will never be more than a lacquey. It is almost wholly upon this difference that all the mystery of the really great works of genius has turned. The misfortune is, that the dealer in thought—in the intangible and immaterial—is constrained to submit to the dealer in

vulgar, tangible material, in order to communicate with society, and too often to be subjected to a grossness to which it is, in every point of view, throughout its whole bearing, completely hostile.

When M. Rosetti published his work on the Antipapal spirit of the Classical Writers of Italy, he appeared to me to push his theory much too far. Upon this I ventured to publish, through Mr. Dilke's kindness, in his "Athenæum," that we surely ought not to abandon the palpable meaning of the larger portion of the works of the greater Italian poets, in order, by a theory of improbabilities, to render lucid certain obscure passages. These abound in all old writers, and in many of a later date than Dante or Petrarch; but their existence is no more a proof that the opinions of the professor are valid, than it is of the appearance of a comet. If the evidence of the existence of Laura be correct, or irrefutable in the way it has come to us, all that Rosetti advances falls to the ground. His best plan was to overturn existing opinions or the testimony which we have of this and similar facts, and then to build up his superstructure upon the ruins, instead of erecting a gay and elegant building upon a foundation of sand. It is impossible not to admire the ingenuity of Rosetti's work, and to pronounce him no common man. To borrow from Shakespeare, "he might as well go about to turn the sun to ice, by fanning in

his face with a peacock's feather," as prove the truth of his system by all he has yet advanced in its support.

The censures of the early writers of Italy, directed against the licentiousness of the times and the Pope, are no proof of their holding anti-catholic opinions? If history be consulted, we find the Guelfs and Ghibellines, the adherents of the Pope and the Emperor, with the sword constantly drawn, yet both parties thinking themselves zealous catholics, and the temporal and spiritual powers never confounded. Dante was a Ghibelline, and most of the minds then in advance of their time, saw the usurpation of the temporal crown by the Pope, and its consequences, as we should now, with justifiable indignation. Ecclesiastics were not spared when they became agents of papal ambition. Euzius did not hesitate to seize or drown the bishops who were going to arm the Christian world against Frederic. The Popes fomenting rebellions in states the princes of which were opposed to them, filled Europe with blood and slaughter. Such an ill use of spiritual influence was quite enough to array against them the censures of all wise and good men. If we were to argue that these Italian writers were not sound catholics because they opposed papal usurpation, we may equally call Chaucer a heretic because he beat a friar in Fleet Street. Why might we not engraft upon

the professor's plan, an illustration of the British poet? He was at Genoa, perhaps visited Arqua, in 1372, before Petrarch's death, and might easily have been united with this literary, or rather politico-amatory free-masonry, this grotesque *setta d'amore*.

There seem to be two kinds of obscurity in these Italian authors, the one confined to the mode of writing, arising out of the fashion of the Troubadours intermingling allegory and passion. Every knight had "a sovereign lady of his thoughts." The "love of God and the ladies," (says Velly, tom. iv. p. 9,) was one of the first lessons of chivalry. Hence the ladies figure foremost in the writings of these great poets; Beatrice, Mandetta di Tolosa, Laura, and others, are instances of this, so obvious that they need not be dwelt upon. Romantic love was the fashion, each poet having his mistress. In many cases "Love courts" were political clubs; such are the ideas of the professor. The writings of Dante commence a new era in the mystery, and so on. Beatrice is of course an ideal being in one sense, and the daughter of Portinari, flesh and blood, in another. Dante's beatification of his mistress, his idealities respecting her, and his allegorical mystery at the conclusion of the *Divina Commedia*, are enlisted as proofs of the professor's theory, and made pregnant with elucidations of the new system by which it is presumed the learned professor imagines

the flame of liberty has been kept unextinguished in the world. Our Elizabethan poets must have belonged to this society, Spenser in particular ; and how can we except the loveable and loving Sidney ?

It will be granted by the most dull apprehensions, that consider the historical circumstances which have been recorded respecting Dante, that the great poet (we are informed by a contemporary, he was, when young, of a most amorous disposition) fell in love with Beatrice, who was also very young, and saw in her, through his enthusiastic fancy, every ideal perfection. She was, in his eyes, the model of human virtues, almost of the divine. When she was dead, and Dante, by the advice of friends, whose advice in amatory matters is always injurious, married a Xantippe, his new situation served yet more to impress his mind with the excellencies of Beatrice—what is to limit the imagination of a great poet ? In his retired, meditative, and melancholy moments, she appeared an angel in his sight, and her image was rendered still more effective from her belonging to the “perished past.” Can it be wondered at, that he whose inventive powers could paint the *Inferno*, should embody in Beatrice things which relate to another and a better being in the manner he has done ? The cherished memory of Beatrice became the pole-star of his genius. Byron's love for Miss Chaworth was an

abstraction something like it in character. She was his earliest love, and the impression made by a first love is not easily erased in after-life, but rather deepens with time. Had Miss Chaworth not survived her "teens" she would have been more mingled with Byron's poetry than she is at present. We love past and old things more because they are beyond our reach, and brighten them in our recollection the further they retrograde. Dante's moody temperament and troubled life, connected with his mighty imagination, did the rest. This is an easy and natural mode of accounting for that which Professor Rosetti has, with so much pains, involved himself in a labyrinth of difficulties, by endeavouring to disentangle.

It would be a work of too much labour to compare passage with passage in these poets militating against the passages which the Professor so adroitly brings forward in favour of his theory. The writer of the "Remarks" has shown how easily this may be done even confining it to the proofs which are obvious from historical information, and from simple nature itself, against a theory so absurdly ingenious.

To Petrarch we see the same reasoning and simple inference may be applied. Laura was unattainable—the wife of another; Petrarch's was also a hopeless love. The author of the "Remarks" has indisputably shown that, to a woman who was earthborn,

many of the allusions of Dante could not belong—that they are applied to the Holy Virgin, unless, indeed, we admit a sort of blasphemy. Laura could not have existed as a mortal, if the theory of the Professor be correct; notwithstanding, he admits her existence, for Petrarch left proof enough of that in his own handwriting, as he recorded the day of the month and hour of her decease in the same book in which he afterwards entered the death of his son. His passion for Laura is so described, that affection or love of the most intense character was never so truly and naturally painted by any poet, making allowance for the sentiments of the romantic age in which he lived. Who, but the professor, would attempt to convince those who have read this ardent poet-lover, that all he has written was in *gergo*, a mystery or jargon, in which political sentiments were conveyed! It is impossible; reason revolts at it, and nature is outraged by the supposition. Duplicity, if so, must have been a most prevailing sin in those days, and reached a perfection of evil, scarcely equalled even in ours.

Dante says, Guido Guinicelli, who died when he, Dante, was but eleven years of age, was his father in the art of making *love verses*.* Could the great

* See the Purgatorio, Canto XXII. and the last eleven stanzas: How do they agree with the good Professor's theory? Is Guinicelli there a poet or a politician?

poet have intended by "love verses" the revelation of the "mysteries" of Rosetti? Again, there is exquisite purity and delicacy of thought in all which Dante and Petrarch have written of their mistresses, when the age and manners then prevalent are considered. This was not the case with Boccaccio and others, whose mystical language was part of the same system, as Professor Rosetti would make us believe, and their mysteries are anyway but delicately couched. How are the lines of Guido Cavalcanti, beginning—

"In un boschetto trovai pastorella,
Più che la stella bella al moi parere." &c.,

to be esteemed Platonic, when they are almost too broad for an Italian, as they are decidedly too gross for an English ear. Mandetta di Tolosa was another impersonation of the kind which the Professor imagines Laura and Beatrice to have been. Her praises are not very delicately sung. She is a being of clay—this is clear enough. Writing of Guido Cavalcanti, Foscolo observes, that his commentators—no less than seven in number—some in Latin and some in Italian, paraded their metaphysics upon his poem on the Nature of Love, and the more they wrote, the more unintelligible the text became!

Things in harmony with nature and probability, having the support of history, cannot be shaken; though surrounded with obscure allusions they

stand out in relief; while the obscurities may be taken in any sense by ingenious commentators. In the great writers alluded to, the obscurities are not primary, they form but a secondary part of their works.

Professor Rosetti's theory includes the earliest times, as well as our own, in his mysterious, political, love-disguised system. Long after Dante or Petrarch, Michael Angelo must be supposed to write in *gergo*, in the sonnet (which the writer once rendered for his friend Foscolo) beginning—

“Occhi miei siate certi”—

as well as the verses commencing—

“Ma non potea se non summa bellezza.”

Foscolo would certainly smile, were he alive, at Rosetti's theory, though he would extol his learning and labour; for learned and laborious is he and an honour to Italian literature, but too much imbued with speculative ideas. He adopts an opinion, makes it a *point d'appui* in a moment, strengthens it with materials of every kind, and forms the whole into a brilliant exhibition of his skill. No matter if his theory be erroneous, his support of it is characterised by the same diligence and learning. He never troubles himself with the thought, that it is all (to borrow from Grotius) but “laborious trifling;” and he leaves off after his

toil with the honest confession that his work is not proof against attack, or, as the lawyers say, "his case is not clear."

These observations arise out of objections plain to any one who is acquainted with the general bearing of the subject. From the professor's knowledge of his native literature, it may well be supposed few are so capable of discussing those points which turn upon the meaning of his own language, or upon the use of those stores of literary labour which Italy possesses. The general question is different. Petrarch and Laura, Dante and Beatrice, are cherished images of love even in this northern land. We cannot afford to lose our associations respecting them for any price save that of truth, and the more when they are historically correct, agreeing so exactly with inferences drawn from the impulses of our nature, the same in all ages.

Religion thus interfered with love and with everything. It was no wonder that princes were dissatisfied. It was in the reign of that crafty religious reformer, Henry VIII., that, in the fields of Valois, the Church of Rome controlled with the weapons of the faith even the animal creation, in order to show their supernatural potency! The rats presumed to devour the corn about Autun. They became so troublesome that the grand vicar of the diocese and the fulminations of the apostolic see

were marshalled against them. The grand vicar had recourse to excommunication, though the rats were all of them dissenters, if not heretics. It was necessary to proceed according to judicial forms. The complaint of the felonious conduct of the rats was heard in opening the cause, the animals being formally cited to enter an appearance within a given time. The time conceded by the grand vicar having expired, a decree was issued accordingly, and a definitive sentence demanded. The grand vicar appointed a counsel for the accused, M. Chassenée, who was afterwards first president of the Provence parliament. This advocate maintained that the rats, widely dispersed in the towns and villages, could not be expected to answer a single notice to appear. He insisted that they ought to have been served by a notice from the priest of each parish (*au prône*). By this means he obtained a considerable delay of the sentence of papal excommunication. When the parties were still contumacious, he prayed an excuse for his clients from the length and inconvenience of the journey that must be encountered, the danger of being destroyed by cats, their sworn enemies, who hid in ambush in every passage; there was a proscription of the young ones with the parents, the innocent with the culpable; and he appealed strongly to the laws of nature, and a natural right to subsistence, which he proved bore him out in his defence. His

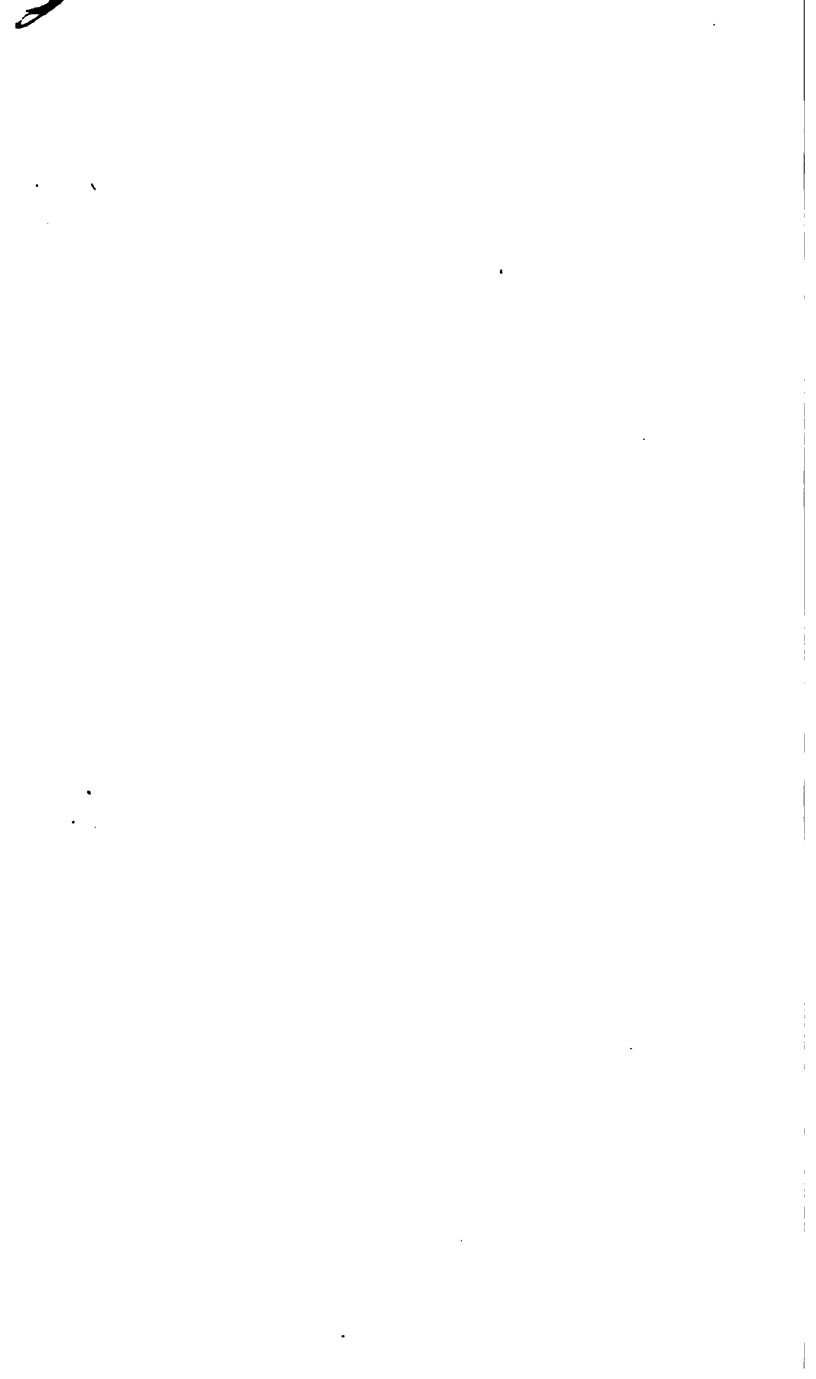
ability was so well exhibited in this cause, that it was the means of his after elevation in his profession, while the rats remained free of the sentence of excommunication from the holiest of churches, to the full benefit of their christian brotherhood.

Sometimes a happy scrap of poetry, or some interesting piece of information, falls into the hands of persons concerned with the press from an unknown quarter. This was recently the case from a pleasing poet, belonging to the land of all others the least poetical—the land which, it is true, boasted of the “Kisses of Joannes Secundus.” It bears the air of being better than Dutch productions of the like character in general. I think the reader cannot but be pleased with it, although it closes with what the Italians call a “conceit.” It is entitled “Twilight,” and was written by the late H. S. Vandyke :—

“This is the Twilight! and though, breathing bliss,
 She seemeth chaste as snows that robe the green;
 For see! the Daylight and the Night would kiss,
 But Twilight, deeply blushing, comes between.
 Mark! in her hands she takes the crimson reins,
 And moveth slowly in her purple car:
 The heavens have caught the blueness from her veins,
 And sily placed it round the evening star.
 The splendours of the Day are too intense;
 The Night is awful, even when she's fairest:
 But thou art (like the cheek of innocence)
 Far dearer for the modest blush thou bearest.
 Thou fliest from me!—darkness veils my sight!—
 Thou art not chaste!—thou'rt in the arms of Night!”

There is not a better exercise for the man of literature than a close examination of the beauties and defects of such poets. It would show how different is the course that modern critics should pursue in judging the merit of works of pretension in place of loose comments, and how little way towards infallibility is made even by the best writers. The imperfection of humanity is as visible here as in other things, and equally proves a lesson tending to offend human vanity.

END OF VOL. II.



YESTERDAY AND TO-DAY.

BY
CYRUS REDDING,

BEING A SEQUEL TO
"FIFTY YEARS' RECOLLECTIONS, LITERARY AND POLITICAL."

IN THREE VOLUMES.

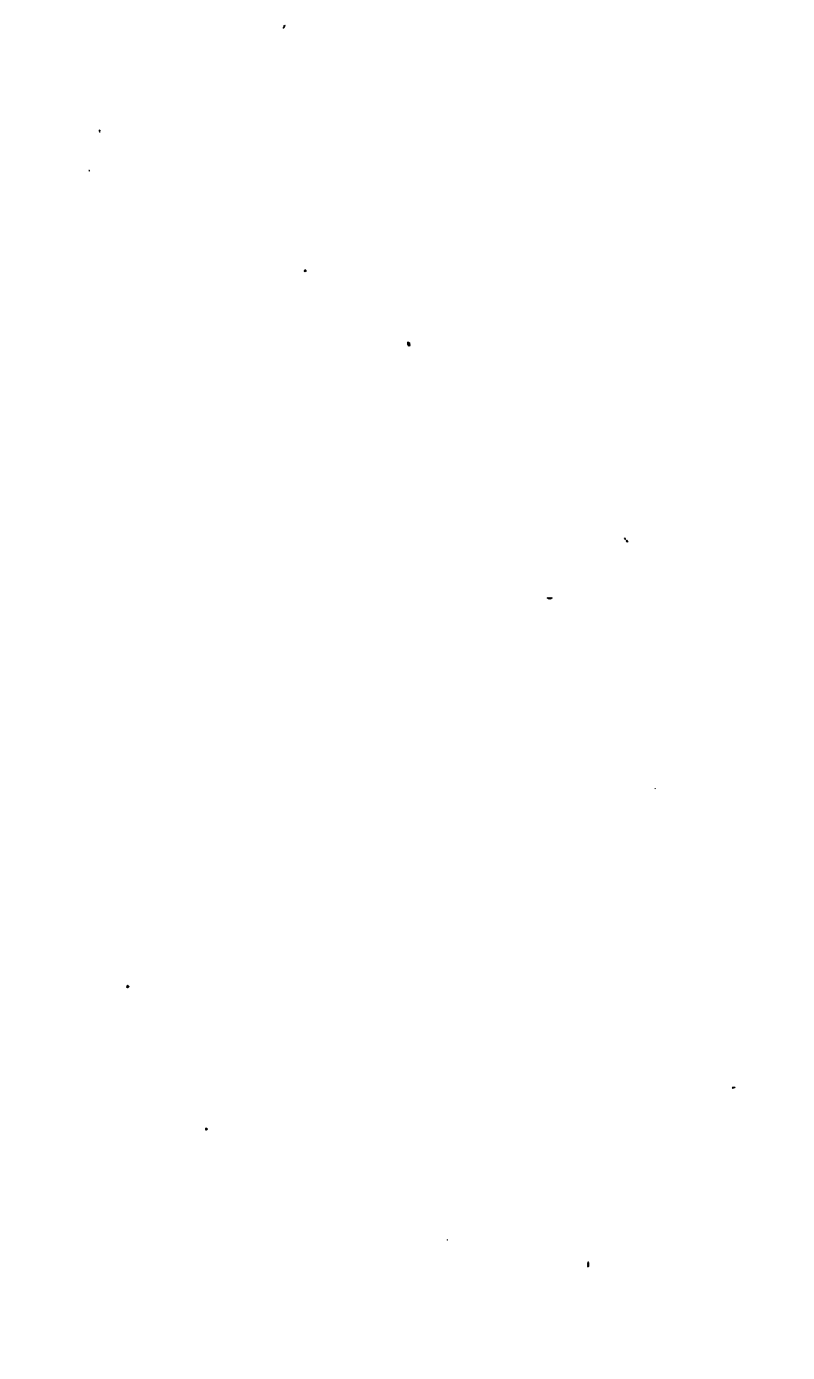
"If thou vouchsafe to read this treatise it shall seem no otherwise to thee than the way to an ordinary traveller; sometimes fair, sometimes foul, here champaign, there enclosed, barren in one place, better soil in another!"—BUNYON.

VOL. III.

London:
T. CAUTLEY NEWBY, PUBLISHER,
80, WELBECK STREET, CAVENDISH SQUARE.

1863.

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CHAPTER I.

Lady Morgan—Correspondence—St. Peter's Chair—Correspondence with Sir Charles Morgan.

My introduction to Sir Charles Morgan took place in 1821, in which year he sent articles to the "New Monthly Magazine." Time ripened our intimacy, and we corresponded for many years, up to the period of his settling in town. Although I was absent nearly seven years, during that interval we continued our correspondence. He was a man of considerable learning, good temper, and gentlemanly manners. I dined with him three weeks before his decease, and left him in as good health—at least to appearance—as I had ever before seen him enjoy. I did not call in William Street for some time after. I felt, as I always feel in such cases, a sort of shrinking when I approach a locality under similar

circumstances, from a desire to avoid the renewal of painful feelings. Before I could make up my mind to call upon his widowed lady, I was obliged to leave town for a considerable period, and four or five years or more elapsed before Lady Morgan and myself again met. I found her, when we did meet, much as before, except that age had made an exhibition of itself in her person much greater than I could have expected. I made occasional calls upon her; but I found continually with her new acquaintance, in whose presence conversation was constrained, and with whom I had not the slightest desire to make myself "at home." I had little time to spare for waste in morning calls of the general namby-pamby kind. There was a complete topsy-turvey exhibition in this respect after Sir Charles's death. He was accustomed, in matters in which he did not seem to exercise it, really to keep up a restraining power in regard to friends. Lady Morgan seemed to feel the necessity of company; for, as she used to say, she learned something from all. She seems to have been sometimes too lively, and in early life was apt, in her great overflow of spirits, to say many impolitic things. Lady Charleville, an excellent woman, once took her to task under this head. I was indebted to Lady Morgan for an introduction to Lady Charleville, as well as to Lady Talbot de Malahide, who invited me to

her residence, but I was unable to accept her invitation.

Lady Morgan, when young, read a novel and thought she could write one as good. She set at work, and completed it. Such was her statement to myself more than thirty years ago. When it was completed, she did not know what to do with it, or how to get it published; and being, at the same time, anxious not to be recognised, she borrowed some portion of the dress of a waiting maid in the family, for the sake of a better disguise, and called upon a bookseller with her manuscript—if I recollect rightly, in Dublin. There was commendation at least due to the spirit of a struggling young girl in making such an attempt.

She was a novice at a bargain with one of the "wily craft," and was induced to leave her manuscript with him. "He took it in his open hand," she told me, "and balanced it upon his palm, as if to judge by the weight, of its literary merit.* He then begged 'I would leave the manuscript, and he would consider of it.' That was, as the trade does still, to put the work into the hands of some self-wise *employé*, to decide upon the merit of what he often knows nothing about." The family then went into a distant part of Ireland. "One day I was

* See "Fifty Years' Recollections," vol. ii., p. 234, second edition.

astonished to find my story circulating in a library in the country. On our return to Dublin, I went at once to the biblioplist, and he admitted the publication, but I never got anything more from him than a few copies of my work." At that time she had seen little of life, and had never attempted those sketches of a certain class of fashionable society, which only served to display its inanity, and which, in her writings, supplied the place of erudition.

She was by nature imaginative, and wrote in a great measure from fancy, adding no little from what she saw around her in the circle of her country friends. The pictures which the locality presented where she resided she sketched faithfully. The great world she had not then seen.

In her first and earlier works, and into her "Wild Irish Girl," Lady Morgan threw much of that light originality of her own which she displayed in other productions, and which took greatly with the mass of the public, that ever hates depth of thinking, but luxuriates in the frivolous and lively. The sojourn of Lady Morgan in her youth in the wilder parts of her native land, the strange habits, superstitions, old customs, traditions, wild music (to which she put words), the picturesque people, and results of their revengeful feeling, had their effect on her earlier

compositions, to which her very want of discipline of mind imparted novelty.

She was a woman of ardour. Her ideas were lucid, and her affections warm, and she was pre-eminent for her love of her native island.

Among her other works her "Florence Macarthy" was published amid the grossest abuse by the political party opposed to her; the coarse invective and pitiful scurrility lavished by this party upon her book and herself for supporting principles now almost universally admitted, were her offence, not her writings, but her politics. She strenuously supported the interests of Ireland, and lived to witness the amendment produced by wise principles of government. She saw the descent of the faction which had disturbed the Island, and marked it pass into contempt—with few individual exceptions, Whig and Tory alike uniting to cultivate a more even-handed justice towards a country long desolated by intolerance and unjust government, and a population the most irrational and unmanageable that can be conceived. A mistake in judgment—and Lady Morgan had committed no mistake—is at worst a venial offence, not a justification in return of the foulest slanders. In "Florence Macarthy" she repaid some of her enemies with interest. Croker never forgave her for painting his likeness as Crawley.

Croker determined to have a sweeping revenge.

It happened that a captain in a sloop of war, at Holyhead, knighted in Ireland (I forget his name), having gone on shore, during his absence a boat came alongside, and hailed the vessel, which was about to sail over to Dublin. In the boat was an individual who said he had come to obtain a passage across, that he was a near relation of Mr. Croker, the secretary of the admiralty. At the mention of the latter name the officer on duty permitted him to come on board, with his luggage. When the Captain arrived and learned the fact (the Captain had unfortunately been knighted in Ireland) he demanded the admiralty order for the stranger's passage. It was not forthcoming. "I can't give you a passage without an order, sir; what is the secretary of the admiralty to me—you must go on shore. Man a boat there!" Mr. Croker's relative was at once put on the shore from whence he came. *Quelle indignité!* Here was a second motive for setting at work the crown lawyers to find out on what ground the Lord Lieutenant's right of conferring knighthood was founded. This arrested, for the time, all honors of the like kind, and Croker had his revenge in staying Irish knighthood, perhaps, for a century longer, by which time the question may be heard of as settled, if it be not so already. Croker had hoped to unknight those on whom the honor had been conferred—among them Lady

Morgan's connections. Here he failed, no doubt by the due estimate of the motive on the part of the minister.

Lady Morgan's "Italy," and her observations upon the garden of modern Europe, under the Austrian tyrant, Francis, aroused his anger; and as he could not chain her to the walls of his Spielberg dungeons, under his own personal supervision, he forbade her entering the imperial territory. What must be the state of that country, where a feeble and solitary woman could obtain such a mark of honor in the sight of free nations? Voltaire well remarked, "Tyrants never sleep!" They watch the very motes in the sunbeams. This was not all, for some time afterwards an Imperial order was issued, forbidding the "New Monthly Magazine" to pass the unenviable borders of Austria's dominion. I confess, at the prohibition I felt a sort of pride at the time from my connection with that publication.

In 1829, the only fortnight I was able to pass out of London for ten years, I crossed the channel to visit an old friend in the Chateau La Vallée, close to Amiens. Running over to Paris for two or three days, I found Sir Charles and Lady Morgan in an hotel in the Rue de Rivoli. I left them there, and went back to Amiens. They were on the eve of going down to the Chateau of Lafayette. Her

works, except those more essentially Irish, I found had got a considerable circulation in France.

The continual demands made upon me for autographs, principally by lady collectors, and the clearance of some thousand letters during the last few years, disposed of most of Lady Morgan's correspondence. I have only about half a dozen of her epistles left by me; they show her manner of writing, and sometimes a little "finessing." Her hand is difficult to decypher. Her husband was her amanuensis, and copied and corrected her works—even her magazine articles. So different was his style from that of his wife, that I could, and did, sometimes point out his interpolations. One of her slips came to me express from Colburn's: "The enclosed was written in a great hurry, as you will perceive; and my amanuensis is so occupied for himself, he would not copy it, and so cross! Pray have the goodness to attend to the printing, and to correct the proofs yourself, as you are well acquainted with my hieroglyphics!"

Of her letters, one or two were written as lately as when I was getting out the "Metropolitan," having made a clear portfolio of all connected with the "New Monthly" soon after I left it.

She wrote me from Kildare Street, under date March, 1831.

"DEAR MR. REDDING,

"I rejoice in the new "Hegira" of periodical literature, and trust its renovation will date from the first number of the "Metropolitan." I have myself been preaching this great mission for the last two years, with all the zeal of Peter the Hermit, and have for the last six months endeavoured to fanaticise all the authorial faith "militant here on earth," on this subject, with my Cassandra prophecy.* This is the moment, and remember all the honor, success, or failure depend upon the *propos* and the *mal-apropos*! The era of periodical Hackardism, with all its sins of corruption, venality, servility, and mediocrity, is over—it has no longer a public, and when we get reform, it will not even have a partizan, for it won't pay. If our Moses was but true to his own genius, and cut his demon indolence, a literary land of Canaan might be open to the faithful. For myself, I am devoted to the cause, with all my heart, soul, and strength, and besides being ready *de payer de ma personne*. I can be of infinite service to you, as I live between the two great worlds of fashion and literature, not only at home, but abroad. I am therefore more in the way of judging of the taste of the day, than most authors. Besides which, I command the 'whole army of

* That Colburn would decline in his trade after she left him, because his ill-usage of her.

martyrs'—the young aspirants of talent. I last night enlisted for you the Hon. Captain Phipps, brother of Lord Normanby, who promised something right *bon ton*. for your next number. He has his brother's talents, and has already contributed to some works. Whether he means to take money or not, I cannot yet tell, but an 'honourable' is always worth something, Colburn would tell us, who boasts that he 'pays by the Red Book!'

"The great fault found with the *New Monthly* was its 'frivolity'" (what a charge from Lady Morgan—most friends used to think it not light enough), "you should give something essential. Amusing biography, or natural or classical biography, or topography. Your lighter articles should mean something in point of fact, and be stamped with some philosophical inferences. Literary Gazettes, Court Journals, and eternal annuals, have done the business of petty nonsense. You must know that I have a *carte blanche* to write for such trash.

"I have written to Moore from myself, requesting him to send you something for your first number, which must appear with *éclat*. I have also written to Sheil and other able-bodied men,* to have a hand

* I declined her offer for the *Metropolitan Magazine* as proposed in this letter, which it was clear had been her main object here. Moore was with us before; with Sheil I had been for years intimate, and to show Lady Morgan's forgetfulness, Mr. Emerson, now Sir

in the launch. For myself, my recent journey to the continent has filled my portfolio pretty amply. I went to Belgium and Holland to study the Flemish and Dutch schools, to collect anecdotes of the great masters, their houses, gardens, &c. I spent an evening in Rubens' house in Antwerp, and the result is that I am in treaty with Murray for the lives of the Flemish artists for his library; but as yet I have determined upon nothing. This, however, is in strict confidence. He gives 500 guineas a volume.

"Now I think a series of such biography (a life in each number) done with the amusing coloring of the *Locale*, would add extremely well for the *Metropolitan*. The thing is, could the firm (the *Metropolitan*) afford to purchase the copyright. Alas! I could not afford to give it away," &c.

"I should be glad to have a few lines from you

Emerson Tennent, had written a number of excellent letters on Greece in the *New Monthly*, several years before, at the time she wrote for it. These were strange oversights, for if she had looked at the numbers of the *New Monthly* in which she wrote, she must have seen them. She well knew of my intimacy with Curran, Shiel, and others years before, but for the moment all was forgotten. In another letter she is indignant that the booksellers of the *Metropolitan* had puffed a Mr. Montgomery, of whom she had *never heard*! She had heard of Omnipresence Montgomery, or rather "Gomery," the parson, from town-talk! It was the excellent James Montgomery of Sheffield, whom all the papers had announced just before as giving lectures at the Royal Institution. She really knew little out of her "book circle," as she called it, meaning that of fashion. She stated that she got most of her subjects from the fashionable world.

upon that and other points as soon as you have a moment to spare. By-the-by, I have on my list of young authors a certain Mr. Emerson, who has written cleverly on Greece. Shall I apply to him—he is here.

“Yours most truly, in haste,

“SIDNEY MORGAN.”

“Mr. Stanley and others,” she said, “had taken the Metropolitan, and that Curran and Wyse would write,” but this was all superogatory, when both the last were on the list of my personal friends, and Moore and Montgomery were friends of Campbell. She wanted me to have her account of Rubens for the Metropolitan, but I again declined it, because I knew she had no real knowledge of art, and that several of her sex equally as little versed in it, were publishing catalogues and the like with remarks that only the ignorant in art could accept. Art in short was not her forte. Amid my heavy avocations I kept up a correspondence with her or Sir Charles as far as I could, to use her own words to put them “*à la hauteur des circonstances.*”

In another long letter she apologizes for not sending a promised notice by saying, “I am leading here a most vagabondizing life, making a course of villa and country house visits, a species of dissipation

more dissipated than my town life, which you vituperate so much as a waste of time. I preach up the Metropolitan as if I were a rider for the firm, puff my specimens, and take orders. The result is I never come without a new name to the subscription. We dined yesterday at the Lord Lieutenant's, and I spoke of it there. I heard some civil things said there of the "Graces in Ireland."* We are off tomorrow again to see the regatta, and then off for the country and your 'dissipations' once more. Direct as usual if you write. I leave this with Lady Clarke to forward to you."

In the following letter she wants me to prefer a request to Campbell, not being aware that when the "Metropolitan" was in being, he resided at St. Leonards, in Sussex, and only gave his name while I conducted it wholly.

"Dublin, Sept., 1831.

"MY DEAR MR. REDDING,—

"I have lots to say to you, and no time to say anything. I must, however, thank you a thousand times for your pleasant and interesting letter, the greatest possible treat in the "Shady blest retreat;" where I was ruralizing when I received it. I intend to answer it in detail, and so now proceed to

* An article so named.

business. There is number one of my Irish sketches; you will perceive I have taken up a hazardous position as far as my popularity with 'the great glorious, and free' men of Ireland are concerned, but I have told the truth—a startling truth and therefore original—to do so. What I have read for these three months is marvellous. £200 would not pay me for the time and labour given to this article, it is a *tour de force*, and a good set off against such bagatelles as the 'Macaw' and 'house of recovery.' Your mistaking it for Morgan's is amusing; observe he has the kindness to copy all and write upon my original MSS.; they would puzzle a Censor! They puzzle myself very often. I shall continue my sketches; there is a much more curious and extremely amusing letter to come; if you wish to extend this article to six or eight pages more, I can send them by return. 'The Macaw,' having been translated and published in '*The Revue de Paris*,' has taken so well in France, that the French publisher of my last romance has made me a proposition for a volume of such articles to be published in Paris this winter—thus you see I am of some little use to your Magazine abroad and at home. Sir Charles' last article occupies all the papers here—the whole has been nearly published with comments and observations *pour et contre*, that all serve the same purpose; they make 'the Metropolitan' a subject of con-

versation—pray write whenever you can, and all you can! Your letters are delightful! Tell Mr. Campbell I beseech him on the knees of my heart to send me a stanza or two to set to music. My eldest neice (who has a great talent for musical composition) is dying to set some of his beautiful verses to music. No matter whether it is old or new, provided he can secure the copyright of the words if she publishes it. I cannot recover Shiel's defalcation, it is but too true! Write by return to say you have received all right and what you think of the Irish sketches."

Lady Morgan and her *caro sposo* felt a wish, seeing great changes in Ireland, to quit Dublin for London. "We are oscillating between the bore of remaining and the expense of removal, but desire to approach the great capital, and live somewhere within a hundred miles of it."

To the great capital Lady Morgan came, as before stated, and, with Sir Charles, who died in 1843, took up her residence in 11, William Street, Albert Gate.

Subsequently to the death of Sir Charles, I called now and then at intervals, and found her much altered. She reminded me often of William Street aforetime, but my calls were not so often repeated. I saw painful changes, which those who were more in the habit of seeing her could not so well observe. I never found her good nature or her

manner much altered. In July, in the above-mentioned year, she told me she felt in very delicate health, and that her sight was weak. Twice or thrice she complained of it.

I got a note from her, in which she said, in reading some things I had written, they re-called old times, when "King Colburn" ruled the publishing throne. She still complained of being out of health, in fact of infirm age, in January, 1859.

We used to converse on religion sometimes when alone. She was possessed with the idea that God was a God of vengeance. She could neither reconcile the diversity of conditions, nor the scanty reward, and generally the suffering undergone by the more virtuous, with the beneficence of the Deity. The gifts of all earthly good to the vicious, and the sufferings of the worthy, startled her. It was in vain I pleaded that if the dispensation were as she imagined it to be, it was in the power of the Deity to have made all mankind miserable, and this beautiful world a second hell; and besides, the duration of our lives was but a comparative moment, even compared to the records we possess of our mortal history.

She did not wish to insist upon anything, but the idea had a deep root in her mind. The progression of the human race towards a higher destiny in this world she could not see; and if she could, what would

that concern solitary individuals passing away, whose years had been a concatenation of miseries?

When I remarked that we were in the hands of a Superior Power, and existed by the fiat of that Power to perform our destined part in life, and depart to some other region, in which the virtuous miserable would no doubt be recompensed—that might be, but she could not help feeling despondency upon the subject.

It was clear to me she had never thought deeply nor philosophically on the matter; for whether I put it upon reason or religion, or upon the right and power of the Supreme to do as He pleased with His creation, it seemed to make no impression, nor even an appeal to our limited vision upon the subject. Upon questions of far less moment and of the natural world she knew little.

No sooner had the Emperor of Austria ceased to abuse the boon of existence, than Prince Metternich, with all his faults, recalled many of the illustrious Italian exiles, and opened the prison doors to many of the victims of his master's despotism. Lady Morgan had been charged with indiscretion, and too truly, in thoughtlessly printing some innocent but not heinous conversations with individuals when she visited Lombardy, which are said to have got them into police surveillance. The Emperor had ordered, too, that no Austrian subject should print his own

works in Austria or abroad, without the censor first gave permission—engravings, maps, music, geography to be included, after he anathematized Lady Morgan and the “New Monthly.”

Her new monthly papers were sometimes amusing. She had no more reading than two or three books for the immediate object would supply. The rest was imagination. Her account of old Dublin, or the “Place of the Black Channel,” alias “The Ford of the Hurdles,” in the aboriginal tongue, was novel to the English public. The vanity of the “Golden Palace of Tara,” of “Emania,” and other superb edifices of the fancies of O’Halloran, and native writers, as wild as her fancy, had prepared us Saxons of recent times in comparison, for different things, especially as some of the sheep-skin clad heroes of the country discovered in bogs, antiseptically preserved, had often been invited to meet Moses at dinner, and drink whisky with him at the court of the Pharoahs. The Black Ford, and its huts of twigs, all under the patronage of St. Patrick, became a city of wonders. Lady Morgan was not like her friend Moore, of little faith in the legends of “ould Ireland.” Having touched upon the illusions of Irish history, she leaped across the channel to Strawberry Hill, in vindication of the best letter writer in the English language, an original novelist, and a critic of no common acumen,

who had ventured to delineate Oxford to the life and its "holy Martyr," King Charles.

"Ireland as it is," closed her monthly contributions. In one of her letters, not long before she broke off with her bookseller, she wrote me, "Your account of Colburn does not surprise us," (it related to the biblioplist having over-praised a work of little moment). "He will die in harness. He is the most ambitious of God's booksellers, but more likely to be the Robespierre than the Napoleon, for he murders his good writers by puffing his bad." To the last she insisted that time would prove the truth of her prophecy, that the biblioplist had reached the culminary point, and that she was his "Cassandra."

In one letter to myself she represented in idea the doings of a visitor from London to the Irish capital, during a parliamentary recess—a good man of the time of the Castlereagh school sent to reconnoitre.

"Would this island had been scuttled before Pope Adrian made it a present to the kings of England! Is it not enough that we shall be bored through a long session with the bewildering affairs of this country, in order that the ministry may boast of eighty nights given to discussion, as if the House were another Court of Chancery, to hear everything and decide nothing? But on the breaking up of

parliament, we must be compelled to visit the premises in person, and take a view of the body before we deliver our verdict. So it is. Brougham and some others of the opposition are for a voyage to Ireland on a roving commission after abuses, and we of the right party must back out our assertions with our eyes. Closeted a couple of days with the minister and Dr. Duigenan, and armed with two dozen letters to men of the right Orange colour, I was dispatched to get up matter for the ensuing session for six weeks among the savages. I shall drive half over the country, and thus get a perfect insight into its position against the House meets. The claret here is excellent, and the cookery tolerable, but the ladies are made so pious by Lord Roden and others, that the Sunday is insufferably dull. His lordship locks up his library on Sundays, so I had nothing to do between the services. I underwent two sermons duller than a speech from Leslie Foster, and had to subscribe to three charities, six balls, and two bazaars, which the Treasury must reimburse me. I find the Protestant fishing, hunting, and shooting, better than with us. Headed by Sir Harcourt Lees, the parsons lead off. You remember W—— at college. He was imported into Ould Ireland by a noble marquis, whose tutor he had been. He has a capital living, keeps hounds, is captain of a troop of yeomanry, and a justice of the

peace, all of the true Orange. The best of it is, he has no Protestant parishioners—not a cat to christen, nor a woman to church. He had a tithe-proctor shot last week, and has an unlucky action against him for committing a neighbour to gaol against the letter of the law. He is a glorious fellow, only a little too hasty, for he beat a Catholic priest the other day in a dispute about forcing children to read our version of the Bible. Our Orange friends will manage to get him off. Why could he not eat his pudding, and hold back his fist? Two of the best jesters here are chief justices. But I must close, begging you to compassionate an exile.”

Lady Morgan's hospitality, while resident in Dublin, was sometimes abused. She had invited many exiles to her house. Among those not exiles she received a conceited, self-sufficient character of German prince-ship, bearing the euphonous title of Prince Puckler Muskau, who offended her by gross falsehoods. Perhaps the man was a spy, and so some thought at the time. John Bull makes much of princes. He came to Ireland with letters of introduction from London, where he was a nine-days wonder to the infinity of toad-eaters. Lady Morgan, who was candid in her conversation and entertainments, treated him in her usual open manner. He returned to the land of princely absolutism, and published his tour, in which he libelled all who had

shown him hospitality. I must premise that these loose statements are put together in the order memory brings them up, and must be so understood from letters designedly or accidentally preserved, or something revived in the mind that may be styled a fragment of a conversation, recalled in or out of the order of dates, as it may happen. But to "our tale." She wrote, November 21, 1831:—

"Dear, Mr. Redding!—what an age since you and I gossiped together! Your last put me in a passion—out of temper with life—all about nothing at all! I wish you had some of my reasons for being so—the worst and most efficient of all reasons—the consciousness of the worthlessness of the species to which I belong, on the evidence of daily, hourly instances of ingratitude, or the return of evil for good. The last instance is the book of Prince Puckler Muskan. This person was recommended to my attention by a lady of high consideration in London. My house here is open to all strangers and foreigners of respectability. It is the only house that is so in Dublin, and never has any one benefited more largely by my humble hospitalities than this German prince. This, indeed, appears throughout his own book, as it is evident he visited nowhere else in Dublin, except such friends as I presented him to. You have by this read the return he has made me in every page. He invents conversations I never

uttered, describes scenes that never passed, and accuses me of talking infidelity in mixed societies, which I have never done even in the most private and intimate. It is a rule with me never to make religion a subject of conversation. Then, with respect to the anecdotes of Miss O'Neil, they are all false. I never knew Miss O'Neil but as one at the head of her profession, and never paid her a morning visit but when, as Mrs. Beecher, she was surrounded by rank and wealth. He begins by accusing me of falsehood and frivolity, &c., and yet at that very time that he details all these follies, it appears, on his own showing, he was daily partaking of Sir Charles's and my hospitalities and attentions. He describes these daily visits, his dining at our table, assisting at our soirées and small family parties, and even pursuing me to my little authorical study, where, if I was obliged to receive him, it must have been to my own great annoyance (though I forget all about him now). People here are indignant at this last act of social espionage, of which I have so often been the victim, and add that 'I intend to shut my house up in future against all foreigners and strangers, which would certainly be a loss to Dublin.' I put you in possession of these facts, to beg you will defend me from this specimen of fiend-like persecution. One of my reasons for being particularly civil to Prince P. was, that, being a subject of the Roman Empire,

and I being under the ban of that empire, I wished to show him that the illiberality of the Austrian government to me did not, and never should, influence my conduct towards individuals who come from that country to Ireland. His violating the delicacy of private life by mentioning my sister and her daughters, though with praise, is equally atrocious.

“Should you not be surprised if friend Colburn was jobbing something *in all this!* I see two or three little observations in brackets which look like interpolations! Now, when I was in London in 1829, on my return from France—then Colburn was every day at my feet negotiating for my new work on France (which I gave to Saunders and Otley). He told me one day that he had a book to publish in which I formed the principal subject, but that he would take care of me. Then he said it was by a German Prince, and all about Ireland.

“I said, ‘O! it is by the Prince of Puckler Muskau.’

“He confessed that it was, but begged I would not mention it! And not only I had not mentioned it, but never thought of it since. But I will not bore you any more on this subject. I know your love of truth—your hatred of oppression, and your indignation at the injustice and ingratitude of which I am unluckily the victim. I leave the rest to your dis-

cretion and friendship, only don't cite me. I am sure the paper you speak of is well disposed towards me.

“ We have never yet got the Bristol packet—the duplicates arrived. I do a good deal of good by the subscribers they have produced. Further they make the work talked of. Sally C——’s *jeu d’esprit* is greatly admired! Write soon, forgive this far-rago, and believe me ever yours,

“ SYDNEY MORGAN.”

Fortunately she outlived her slanderers, even the German prince, as she outlived her other enemies. Right hospitable, a sincere lover of freedom, most delightful and social in disposition, always cheerful, she felt the conduct of the German adventurer—for I believe he was not much otherwise—the more strongly. Her little parties at home she enlivened with her conversation, and an Irish welcome, the warmth of which need not be described, because it was after the dictates of her island nature. She uttered a true prophecy in a letter I received from her after the *démêlé* with her bookseller, at the close of 1830. I left the *New Monthly* in October or November, 1830. Lady Morgan abandoned it at the same time. Curran, Shiel, and Wyse followed, and Campbell, the only one bound by agreement, in

December, the same year, "Wyse I had a letter from; he will have no more to do with him. Curran and Shiel left him at the same time." She goes on saying: "With me began his prosperity, with me it will end—pay attention to this prophecy!" She speaks of Moore, Shiel, Curran, North, and others as being present at her musical party the very evening she wrote—where are they all now! She was then nervous about the success of her "France." In the same letter to myself, she said she began her known authorship in the regular way at seventeen (her first work has been already mentioned), and she fell into the hands of Sir Richard Phillips, "who had made a little fortune by my 'Novice of St. Dominick,' and engaged to take 'The Wild Irish Girl.' He was then the monopolist of the trade, and thought he had me so secure that he might play with my dependence. He offered me less for 'The Wild Irish Girl' than he had originally agreed upon. I sent it at once to Johnson, Miss Edgeworth's publisher, who gave me two hundred pounds more than Phillips' first offer. Phillips went to Johnson, and, urging his first right, repurchased the manuscript. I have a little more weight now than I had then, and the present work is, I think, beyond all, calculated for popularity."

Relating to an anonymous production of hers, of

which I was on no consideration to reveal the author, though I was then in possession of the secret, she wrote :

“Keep my secret till I choose to tell it. *You* will, of course, and well, as *I* never could keep a secret of my own in my life. When you write, if you think there is anything worth coming to see in London, let me know, as we may be tempted to a visit.”

In one of her communications she stated her intention before given of going to Belgium and Holland to study the Flemish and Dutch schools, and collect anecdotes of the artists of those countries, for a work which was on the carpet, to be published by Murray, and to be accompanied with the lives of the artists ; nothing was ever determined finally by Murray on the subject.

When Lady Morgan printed the article entitled “The Macaw,” Lady Cork was staying at Tonbridge, and she wrote over to Dublin a very long letter about “The Macaw,” which the antiquated lady seemed not to understand wore no feathers. She had heard Moore and Mr. Bulwer Lytton speaking of it—what could it be? She had never seen Lady Morgan’s “Macaw.” Pray send it for me to her house like a good soul, and her porter will forward it to Tonbridge. She will be surprised, make much of it, and circulate it everywhere!” It was done, and Lady

him, and indignant as the poet was, he could not break from him at once as I had done, because he owed him a balance of some hundreds of pounds, which it took him time to wipe off subsequently. I cannot remember all the conversation relating to the past relations of all of us with the biblioplist, but in reference to herself Lady Morgan told me that Colburn had called upon her, made a sort of *amende*, and that thinking it was wrong after so many long years to retain the recollections of past "disagreeables," she had become reconciled. She added she did not think she should so soon have had to repent it. I inquired in what way. She replied in having "without knowing it signed away all my copyrights—the copyright of all my works!"

Lady Morgan then said if Colburn had lived we must have gone into Chancery. I had no idea, often as writers have been deceived, of such a trick as he played myself, which, in like manner, only came to light after his decease.

As well as I can recollect, the statement was in substance that Colburn soon after the reconciliation above alluded to called upon Lady Morgan, and said that he was himself very solicitous in behalf of a young man going, or just gone, into business, named, I think, Price or Rice, who wished to have his name to one of her works as a publisher—that any one would do that should connect his name with

hers, no matter whether a selling work or not. If I recollect rightly, she told him he might publish an edition of her life of Salvator Rosa. In a few days Colburn called again of an evening, and said it was necessary to sign a paper which he brought with him, for the purpose of securing the right of the publisher to bring out the work. She happened to have an evening party, and not much regarding the document, she signed it, and Colburn took it away. On a subsequent inquiry she found she had not assigned away one, but the copyright in all her works, and she found she should be under the necessity, on the advice of an old friend and highly respectable counsel of the Dublin bar, well-known to me by name, and now alive, of proceeding at once to a chancery suit, which Colburn's death had alone prevented.

I could hardly have credited such a circumstance—though I well knew Colburn could play odd tricks. I have stated elsewhere the publication of a pamphlet called the “Key,” designed to make a stir in an underhand way about Mr. D’Israeli’s novel of Vivian Grey. I am told since that Mr. D’Israeli knew little of the matter, and now hope it was so. Since I published that statement, I have found among a large collection of letters, which I looked over for the purpose of destroying such as were of no moment, a note from the bibliopolist to myself, endeavouring to blind Campbell as well as be hoodwinked myself to

the trick. The bibliopolist little knew I had previously seized one of the contraband in the street from his messenger.* I found a copy of Vivian Grey had arrived at my house with a note to the following effect, and a proposed notice of the work in manuscript :

“ Dear Sir,

“ I have just sent Mr. C—— the vols. of Vivian Grey. I am certain he will agree with the reviewer. I have *almost accidentally* got this review from a *high* quarter, where I hope to get others hereafter. I am compelled to undertake for its insertion without being mangled, or I should not have got it at all, therefore I do hope it will read well and not be thought too long. I could make room under such circumstances for double the quantity ; † the extracts are very short. Should Mr. Campbell make any allusion to you about the Key, &c., do tell him the Key is a mere joke, for the characters are genuine.

“ Yours very truly,

“ H. COLBURN.

“ P.S.— Perhaps you can read it by Monday evening.”

* See Recollections, Vol. II., 2nd Edition, p. 313.

† Meaning he would print extra pages if needful, rather than omit it.

In this note I am wanted to be blind myself and to blind another, in order that the trick may be carried out, one of those small stratagems in which Colburn delighted. The foregoing compose altogether a prologue to a case which may be called the winding up of a comedy of this character more immediately concerning myself, terminating at his decease, one of those mysteries which to very common intelligences elucidate themselves.

In the *New Monthly* in 1844 or 1845 there appeared some anecdotes of Mr. Beckford, which terminated in that work in a few successive numbers. As far as I was concerned with the topic it had closed for ever. Calling upon Colburn just as the papers were completed, I must add that I made no secret in conversation of the different agents in the law, or otherwise connected with the affairs of that singular individual with whom so few were acquainted, and who was so much caluminated. One day requesting to see me, I called in Great Marlborough Street, and Colburn asked me whether I could not, with what materials I possessed and might procure, be able to give him a small biography of Mr. Beckford ; a couple of small volumes would be all he wished, because he thought there would not be materials for more. I must premise, that in speaking of the anecdotes in the Magazine, I had while they were publishing made no secret in con-

versation of the name of parties who had the management of certain affairs of the deceased, by which Colburn become "nominally" known to them; and I remember reading to him a letter from Bath, naming an individual who had been employed to stop from appearing, at any expence, a fictitious and scurrilous life of the deceased gentleman.

I closed with the offer made me on two conditions—one was that I should avail myself of what I had already written upon the subject; and, in the second place, that not a line should go to press without my supervision. This last reason was designed to prevent anything appearing which could possibly cause annoyance to the existing relatives of the deceased, particularly to Mr. Beckford's daughter, the Duchess of Hamilton, an amiable and excellent lady, for whom I had great respect. The manuscript was completed, and, as may be imagined, with not a word that could be obnoxious to any one in connection with the subject of it. I made continual inquiries for proofs, and I got for reply that the printing had not been begun. Year after year passed away, and Colburn retired from business, and finally died; and of the book nothing more was ever heard to this hour! There can be but one conclusion, that I, having communicated inadvertently, as any one might have done, situated as I was, and having unsuspectingly in conversation mentioned

the names of different agents of the deceased, the opportunity had been seized to make a bargain for a manuscript I was got to put together for no other purpose but to dispose of it where faith in the rectitude of its contents might not exist. It was a conviction of this disingenuousness which made me write a very similar work again, published by Mr. Skeet, of Charing Cross, in 1859. I did not affix my name to that work, but this was of no moment, because it was impossible that a line which would have been an annoyance to the Duchess could ever have fallen from my pen.

The foregoing instance of disingenuousness made an impression of a nature which did not tend to raise the resources of traffic in my estimation, while it tended to exhibit the hardship which men of letters undergo, while qualifications for labour, the labour itself, and its objects, are so much the reverse of that insatiate lust of gain which overleaps all other considerations—the one tending to depress and the other to elevate the mind. The work cannot be made known to the world except through the puddled medium of the lucre, which is the highest aspiration of the other, to which it is so inveterately antagonistic, and yet is forced to be in connection with, if not too often subjected to it.

I knew Lady Morgan long and intimately. I have stated why I did not visit her so often as before after

the death of her husband. I was aware of her weaknesses, but I was also aware of her merits, and it was not a slight proof of the latter to have been so virulently persecuted by the political faction to which she was opposed, the extinction of which she lived to see as far as its power for further mischief extended. She was indebted to herself for everything. She was the daughter of one whose course of life was naturally not very congenial to learning or mental pursuits. She made her own way in the world, but here she was deeply indebted to the attachment her husband formed for her, and which from his character was likely to be as permanent as it turned out.

He restrained her early wildnesses, he advised and sometimes overawed her, and her attachment for him proved strong. It was the happiest and most fortunate event of her life. As to those who decry her works, it is sufficient to observe that they were popular to an extraordinary degree, the criterion of light works it is true, and hers were light and amusing. Depth of research and learning she had none, but her style was her own. It made her acceptable to that large part of the public which had no claim to judge works of a recondite order.

I found always both Sir Charles and Lady Morgan pleasant and hospitable. Lady Morgan had a habit of saying things without reflection which

would not bear the test of examination. When writing for the "New Monthly Magazine," she told some of the good people in Dublin that the work was made up in Kildare Street there, when the fact was that for the ten years the labour of that remarkably successful work fell upon myself. Through one hundred and twenty monthly numbers, I query whether anything like an article per month came from the sister country, even for a solitary year. So Lady Morgan has groundlessly made a merit of introducing Shiel. He was introduced by Curran, and the latter by himself. It was Colburn first brought Lady Morgan's articles, and I met Sir Charles with him early in 1821. The idea of thirty volumes, of six hundred pages, being got out in Kildare Street, as I am told Lady M. said was the case, is droll enough. In truth, all Lady Morgan's "geese were swans," from Moore to the Metropolitan. She wrote me that she had urged Moore to join us, which he would never do in the "New Monthly," because in its early days it had been a Tory publication. Moore had already joined us! She was very forgetful at times, and made ludicrous mistakes, which no one more heartily laughed at than herself. She had quarreled with Colburn, and therefore came over to the "Metropolitan" heart and soul. In reality she had no reason to complain of the biblioplist, for he gave her prices no

one else would have given. It made her somewhat vain. It was the character of Colburn to pay a fashionable author, no matter what, even if he saw he should lose money, because he could not bear that another of the trade should reap in his field. I have no doubt he lost thousands of pounds that way. The real merit of a book weighed no more with him than with others of the trade—"would it go?"

I shall long remember Lady Morgan's little figure, her lively manners, a considerable flow of spirits and talents peculiarly her own. Her mind she kept continually occupied, and in her happy moods there was pleasantry, the fruit of knowledge of life. She drew her sketches from society, and observed character narrowly, so that her light works smelled little of the lamp. "It was twelve o'clock when I left the party the night before last, and you were there," I once observed to her. "Yes, I came away at three, and was out again last night." "How can you manage to support these vapid affairs night after night, they kill me." "Support them! I must visit. Where else shall I get my materials for writing when I go back to Ould Ireland? I collect at routs the knowledge I turn to account; they are my books."

She was an excellent story-teller, but did not aim at saying fine things. Her conversational powers, too, were agreeable, and not at all affected. How

governed we know not, for they were ruled by accident, she being not unfrequently taciturn, as it were without her being able to explain the reason. Her love of her native island was remarkably strong, which caused her to censure severely the conduct of the government before the Emancipation Act passed, and made her have enemies among the intolerant and bigoted on both sides of the Channel. The malevolent must have some objects to abuse, and Lady Morgan, who, according to them, had not a solitary merit, is abused out of all reason, because she can make no reply. I am willing to admit, that had her husband survived her, it had been more advantageous for her literary character; but we cannot shape our own destinies. She was one of those with whose names the world had been familiar for nearly sixty years. Regarding such individuals, we feel as if an old landmark is gone when they leave us. We turn to something that will remove the melancholy impression, and turn in vain. The remedies which only entertain the imagination will not do here, nor the resource of the vulgar under fear that their turn may be next—"the not thinking more about it," as Montaigne remarks. Lady Morgan seemed to treat it with no sort of fear. I do not think she was ever very philosophical, but was content to meet it because she must do so as the generality of persons are content to make up

their minds to do, when they see a matter is of universal concern and suffrance.

There are some remembrances of individuals which no term of protracted existence will weaken, and such was hers to the present writer. Now, more than ever, similar remembrances are with the few, and not with the world at large. With too many they are the imaginary houses drawn upon sand by the schoolboy, which the wave erases. Of late years we have had more frequently than before to lament how "star after star goes out" in the night of the past, and the hemisphere darkens upon us! The scenes of our earlier life pass away and leave only empty regrets, or as the brook flows onward from the spring receding further and further from its source. Our reminiscences of perished character flow on to oblivion before we follow them. It is well we do not see how we live, "*laterem lavare*," to quote school latin, or how "we labour in vain." It is fortunate ninety-nine in the hundred of mankind have no conviction of it, or the world would come to a stand-still.*

In 1850, I sent her some verses from the country entitled "The Cardinal and Lady," and the last laugh I had with her was upon that subject. Whether

* As a general truth, the remainder of Montaigne's observation above is exceedingly just; "mais quelle brutale stupidité lui peut venir un si grossier aveuglement? Il luy faut faire brider l'asne par la queue," to those who shut their eyes to that end.

she was aware or not of the delicate nature of such a subject for a lady to touch upon I cannot tell. I trust not!

It is not surprising that the Catholic people of Italy, and other parts of Europe out of Austria, are beginning to perceive that the rust of time must be removed from their church, as well as from other churches and mundane things, and that ecclesiastical infallibility is a chimera.

The Pope Joan chair might not have crossed her mind. We had a laugh afterwards over the lines, which were as follow:—

THE CARDINAL AND LADY.

FROM Rome a Cardinal lately came,
Newly dubb'd, with his robe and his stockings of flame,
His hat a huge penthouse, with pallium and sack,
A holy Confucius to England come back :
Soon mitre on head, and crozier in hand,
He strode round his see in merry England,
And while looking determined to make a great stir.
Gave his card—"The Lord Cardinal, W——!"

Celestibus iræ who would dream could be found,
In a mind apostolic, well-chastened, and sound ?
Alas ! even prelates with chins double-story,
On their bosoms reposing to do their church glory,
Though their plumpness makes groan, as o'er-pressed with their
woes,

The cushions of velvet on which they repose,
But touch the right chord, and with eyes flashing flame
They will spring from their down, and play Satan's own game !
Was the Vatican burned with Pio Nono ?
Had an earthquake demolished St. Angelo ?

These both were but Lilliput ills to compare
 To old insults new-born t'wards a holy chair ;
 For though twenty years bygone, yet that mattered not
 To a chair nineteen centuries could not make rot,
 In which cherubs and saints fain would sit, great and small,
 Save those with heads only, that can't sit at all,
 For lack of wherewith*—Was that seat to be
 Made a jest of by infidels, bondmen, or free ?
 So his chivalry moved in a course not yet common ;
 His inkshaft he sharpened to shoot at a woman !

“Madam,—

Reading your printed frivolities,
 Called Travels, I, own madam, much surprise—
 I've experienced great horror to find that you share
 A reverence so slight for our holy chair.
 You may think, madam, having religion in small,
 You keep not a soul to be cared for at all !
 What a gross unbelief ! what a sin you won't see
 To slight such a sanctified legacy !
 ‘There is but *one* God !’ Where's our holy Marie ?
 ‘And Mahomet His prophet ?’ Where's the Roman see ?
 How you harrow my soul up I dare not repeat ;
 You declared those words writ on our holy seat.
 Now, 'tis very well known that Easterns sit squat,
 Like a Bonze upon China, or else on a mat—
 A fact that all travellers acknowledge—so pray
 Compurge your unworthy heresy.
 If Denon or Champollion told you the story,
 Remember French infidels go not to glory.
 Go, seek absolution, my lady, I pray,
 For this horrible lapse into blasphemy.
 Even Bagshot bushes had bowed with awe,
 Had they seen the blest relic which you once saw !”

The Cardinal laid down his pen, heaved three sighs,
 His cambric he lifted three times to his eyes.

“Her slanders forgive, Holy Chair ! Stay my grief !”

The Holy Chair heard ; he had instant relief.

So he took out his snuff-box, once more at his ease,
 Inhaled a full pinch and exploded a sneeze !

* Il n'y a pas de quoi !

Next day *à bonne heure*, the letter-man came—
 Knightsbridge was the post-mark, location the same.
 "My dear good Lord Cardinal Westminster,
 On a subject so sacred I must not demur :
C'est vrai, that I went the famed relic to see,
 The chair of St. Peter's authority,
 As your Eminence tells me, bespangled with gold,
 A cloth covered the frame—they perhaps feared 'twould take
 cold !

I saw no inscription, that I own pos. and pat ;
 But they say there's a very good reason for that—
 The reason not true, the inscription aside,
 Why cover so close your antiquity's pride ?
 Some say there's a tale of one Lady Pope Joan,
 And precautions—I cannot—I must not go on ;
 Your Eminence knew all a long time ago,
 And have not now to learn a tale that's so so !

"Now, pray, my Lord Cardinal, all joking free,
 Is the chair not Honduras mahogany,
 By Phœnician vessels from Dublin conveyed
 To the East, sailing back in the pratie trade ? *
 That it's in old Vallancy I do not declare,
 Because I've not read him for many a year—
 Though he proves, with the clearness your chair tale discloses,
 That our Irish kings visited Pharoah and Moses
 To conclude, my Lord Cardinal, you must know best
 About chairs and old relics—now I think on't, *au resto*,
 Our Bishop of E—— may tell me some day
 (He's inclined, people say, to your Vatican way)
 How St. Peter oft sat in that chair, and that he
 Angled from it for salmon in Galilee's sea,
 With the fisher's rich ring on Tubal Cain to him sold,
 Made in old Jacob's time of Havilah gold,
 Which he left his successors, to show how folks lie,
 Coupling primitive churchmen and poverty.
Apropos of Mahomet—Turkish annals disclose
 That he spent ninety days walking up Allah's nose—
 Whence I now feel a confidence stronger and neater
 To believe in the Vatican chair of St. Peter.

* Irish for potato.

I read in the Talmud, too, yesterday,
Of that wonderful bird, called Barjuchné,
That dropped a bad egg from the Pleiades,
Crushing sixty whole cities and leagues square of trees.
With those marvels so close to your views, I declare
I feel my creed quake regarding your chair.
Conviction may come against all resolution.
And then? Why, my dear Lord, I will crave absolution."

Colburn had much small trickery in his composition. He could keep the newspapers in good humour towards his works by advertising largely, but he could not manage his friends that way. The Morgans were never in higher trim with him than when he wrote me the following note. I must observe that except in private letters by post to myself, all communications for the "New Monthly" were sent to the publisher, and he forwarded them to me. Sometimes he would clandestinely show them to a third person, if he knew what they were, get their judgment, and give hints as from himself. I have some of his letters of this character; one is enough as a sample.

"Saturday Evening.

"DEAR SIR,

"I have this evening returned Sir C. M.'s papers. * He seems to think that they have not been absolutely rejected, and intends to press their

* Perhaps not seen by me at all; an instance of this kind of trickery was one main reason of our final break-up.

insertion through you. I beg you will therefore be on your guard, and consider that the *interests of the Magazine* must be set above those of any private individual. I have stated that a moderately long and complete article on *Les Mondes* would be desirable, if done in a very popular way. I regret I have not had time to read the one sent, or the article on *Fame*, which last subject is perhaps the least objectionable among them all.

“Yours,

“In gt. haste,

“H.C.

“Please destroy this note.”

The postscript, “Please *destroy* this note,” tells its own tale of double dealing.

That Lady Morgan concealed her age was truly womanish. I never could get at it. She published her first novel, if I mistake not, in 1800 or 1801. One day I called upon her, and she told me the Countess of Morley was just gone. “I wish I had met her,” I observed; “I have dined at her table often, many years ago, when she was Lady Boringdon—the present Countess Flahaut used to be a friend of hers, I met both, and they must be, I suppose, about your age?”

“I don’t know their ages.”

“Older than you?”

"I don't know."

"The time I speak of was between 1811 and 1814."

"I don't know their ages."

I could take nothing by "my motion," as they say in the House of Commons. I knew the ages of those ladies, and hoped to have obtained a clue that way. However, Lady Morgan was only one of many of the fair sex I have found in a similar state of apprehension about her age. As to her having written "St. Clair," at fourteen, it is absurd, but she had to struggle through life, and it was to her credit she raised herself into notice so early, and became so popular.

That she met with such a man as Sir Charles Morgan, too, was fortunate, at setting out in life. She was thoughtless and precipitate in her early years. How should it be otherwise, when her parentage is recalled. Both Lady Morgan and her sister raised themselves to prominent positions in life, and they must have had some merit, though in these days money alone is the merit entitling an individual to notice in society. That Lady Morgan had faults, I admit; but she had talents, she loved her country, and she was abused because she was a liberal, by every sulky and low-minded scribbler of different politics.

A word on her memoirs which have just appeared.

She only put together one hundred and eighty pages out of eight hundred or nine hundred of which they consist. She therefore was answerable for no more. Incapacity from age, perhaps, made her break off. She left numerous letters from different people, and nothing else; many were only complimentary, some mere notes, printed as if they comprised the memoirs of her to whom they were addressed! The compiler, even with only these for a guide, might have done the work more satisfactorily. They are not Lady Morgan's letters, but those of her friend's without her replies. A judicious selection even then might have made sufficient for one volume. The present is enough to bring Sir Charles out of his grave. There is a superfluity of useless notes, many of them from common-place people. The proper names are continually spelled wrong. The French is very incorrect; the particle put for the verb, with numerous errors in spelling, which, if owing to Lady Morgan's bad writing, should have been rectified, for she both wrote and spoke French correctly. The same proper names are spelled different ways. French prefixes are put to Italian names, while English titles lead off. Articles written by Lady Morgan in the "Metropolitan," purport to be brought out in the "New Monthly" five or six years before, though never appearing there at all, as if a reference to those works in

case of doubt were not a duty. We are told that Sir C. and Lady Morgan, as if reluctant from its being protracted for years, contributed at *last*, in 1824, to the "New Monthly," from "Colburn's anxiety!" One or the other had contributed from 1821! "Absenteeism," was no doubt written for the magazine in 1824. In the same year Lady Morgan describes the "incidents of her life," to her sister in writing, whom she had it seems just quitted! Her memoirs of a Macaw were published in the "New Monthly," it appears! These, and many such glaring errors, were not Lady Morgan's. The larger part is more a collection of letters to Lady Morgan, than any account of the incidents of her life.

The half-a-story about Croker at the pavilion, in 1827, Lady Morgan had from myself. It is sadly mangled, and put into Lady Cork's mouth.* I recollect stating it to Sir Charles and herself, but Lady Morgan, it is true, was an ill-narrator of a story, and made great mistakes. I think it was in 1827 that both Lady Morgan and Sir Charles wrote to me that they were distressed for lodgings in London, if they came up—it might be 1829. I procured them some against their arrival, and I well remember relating the story there.

* See Fifty Years Recollections, Vol. II, p. 208, Ed. 2, 1858. The covers were laid for six. Croker himself told the story to Smith soon afterwards, having got to town from Brighton too late for dinner.

Campbell and myself left the Metropolitan at the end of 1832. The poet would not submit his name for Marryat's use, nor I my labour, no one would dream of its being otherwise, but in this work we find it was so! Marryat knew nothing of general literature. Even parties named as contributors did not contribute to the Metropolitan as asserted unless it was after we quitted it. Now a moment's reference to the volumes themselves would have set those points right, for none of them appear to be Lady Morgan's errors. Telesforo Trueba was no contributor to the Metropolitan in my time. These are ¹⁸²¹⁻⁷ hardly Lady Morgan's errors, for, as before observed, she put together only about a fifth of the work. But I must pause, or I shall extend these pages too far. I can only state for myself that from 1821 to 1843, I was in continual intercourse with Sir Charles and Lady Morgan, that it was my fault I saw her seldomer after Sir Charles' death, and that I never observed any reason to disparage her talents, or to arraign the coldness of her heart. Age, it was true, had greatly altered her appearance and manner; she became infirm. Vanity she had, but not more than many of her sex. She was not a woman of extensive reading, nor did she sparkle in society like some others. The females who were her correspondents were too ordinary in talent for record, at least the greater part. Lady Caroline Lamb was always

thought not a little crack-brained ; why print all her nonsense? Mrs. Bonaparte Pattison was nobody but for her name, and of such letters the volumes are composed, not of Lady Morgan's. The immortal Lady Cork was only remarkable for her ill temper and antiquity, yet there was always something in the latter interesting because she had seen a former age, and long perished generations. She had seen those of whom we have only read the biographies. Lady Morgan should, I repeat it, have died before Sir Charles, and her little weaknesses and vanities would not have been so marked by those who can find in her career so much to censure and nothing worthy of praise. Letters to Lady Morgan of anybody with a title have been thus published, no matter how frivolous, but very little that is her own.

Sir Charles Morgan was a man of gentlemanly manners, who had read much and thought deeply. He was a widower, and had a daughter, one of the sweetest girls I ever knew. She married Colonel Blacker, in 1826, and died (I forget in what year) leaving behind her a recollection of the most grateful character to every survivor who knew her. At the death of her father his income, about fifteen hundred a-year (so Lady Morgan once told me), went to his daughter or her husband. In the two volumes lately put forth, it is said to be five hun-

dred pounds only. This discrepancy I cannot reconcile, as Lady Morgan assured me that she had saved up all the money she had received for her works, because, in case of Sir Charles' death, she had nothing else to depend upon. At that time she had no pension. It would have been very difficult for them to have lived in the style they did even in Ireland, upon five hundred per annum.

I have said it was Colburn who introduced me to Sir Charles, just forty-two years ago. From that time, whether he was in Ireland or in London, and wherever I might be, there was an interchange of correspondence, down to the period of his decease. I had dined with him about three weeks before his death. He was a man of handsome person and gentlemanly manners, a good scholar, and exceedingly well-informed. I can easily fancy his falling in love with Sidney Owenson; though she had no symmetry of figure nor beauty of countenance, she must have been an arch, animated, attractive, lively little person—attractive, I mean, to some men's fancies.* There is at times a something in the

* There was a good likeness of Lady Morgan in Colburn's first series of the *New Monthly*, about 1816 or 1817. It greatly resembled her, until later age altered her appearance. That engraving in the work published since her death bears not the remotest resemblance to her during the forty years and upwards that I was acquainted with her. The engraving of Sir Charles Morgan in the second volume is no likeness, though it has something of the character of the man, and even of that but little.

manner and bearing of the sex that where it is present many men prefer to beauty. A part of Sir Charles' correspondence reserved from autograph solicitude is at present in my hands, about fifty letters, in all, of which I give an extract or two; the Irish politics of that time are strange now.

He had a strong friendship for Moore, but the latter making a great profession of religion, no matter for "Thomas Little," they used to dispute warmly on the subject. I had been all my life cautious of writing letters to anybody. I disliked it, but Sir Charles drew me into it. In an allusion to Moore he wrote me, "Have you seen or heard anything of Moore's religious Irishman? If he takes my advice, but he won't, he should turn Jew; for the Christians, here at least, have become such rabid bigots, no honest man would have to do with any of them. In whichever way he turns his subject he will hardly get out of the scrape. Whichever sect he takes up will think he has not promised it enough, and all the others will be ready to stone him for a heretic. Then there is Sir Andrew Aguecheek or Agnew with his Sunday bill. Had he not been so unreasonable he might have succeeded. It is high time the true principle of religious freedom were established. All restraint upon opinion is tyranny, so is all preference of sects, that place any under tangible disadvantages."

A communication from Sir Charles, in Dublin, Oct. 5, 1824, is painfully interesting—

“ My dear R.—Poor Maturin is ill, severely ill ; we (the Drs.) have sent him into the country, I fear, to die. Not contented with drawing the ‘saints’ down upon him, he has attacked the ‘papishes,’ and is now in the condition somewhat of a nut between the two blades of a nutcracker. If the poor fellow should live, and the two parties abuse him into a good living, there might be some good for it, for he has a family of fine children. I fear, however, there is little chance of either.

“ Have you seen the Byron conversations, and what are they like? I saw one passage about the “fearless and excellent work,” in which Lord B. is made to say that he was *obliged* to be complimentary. This is not very flattering to either party, and the whole passage the most nonsensical stuff in nature. It is not very fair to take down careless and idle conversations, even when taken faithfully ; and give them to the world as settled opinions. But poor Byron is doomed to be gibbeted. Everything that can injure him comes out ; and the best justification, the letters, are prohibited ! Who is R. N., that has ‘written him down,’ in the London magazine? I wish if you have not seen the passage I allude to, you would make Colburn show you the

work, and give me your opinion about it. For both their sakes I would wish this 'ridicule de plus' spared; not to mention C., who, after making the panegyric the motto of all his puffs, now publishes a refutation of it!!! Make him feel this.

"I have been trying to raise money for the Italians here, and had three advertisements of their case inserted in the papers without getting one farthing by the motion. I wrote to Colburn, desiring him to pay £10 Irish currency, which Lord Cloncurry sent to me to forward, together with our own two trifles; and C., as usual, has not answered my letter. Pray endeavour to let me know what he has done in the business. I fear the subscription will not succeed even in subscription England. Canning has come and gone without exciting even a sensation! If he had any business at all in view in this visit, it was not Irish. I should like to believe that it was to negotiate Lord Wellesley's introduction into the ministry, *vice* Lord Liverpool. The catholic question might then be carried. We are *trocapé* with our Italian friends, who are ruling the Italian professorship in the Dublin College. Porro has only recommended two to us, I suppose with the view that both should be appointed; and Maurice Fitzgerald has sent us a third. They are all good men, and true, and I wish they could all

succeed. How gloriously the Greeks get on, in spite of their European co-religionists.

“If you see Curran in town, salute him from me, and ask him if he got my letter with Godwin’s memoranda in it?

“Yours, &c., C. M.”

The following is a sort of pumping to discover the author of certain articles which were written in Ireland:—

“Dublin, Oct. 9th, 1826.

“MY DEAR REDDING,

“Having a corner in a frank to spare, I avail myself of it to ask you how you do, and to thank you for the notice of Lady Clarke’s music. I have just seen your last number, and do not like it. You are not in a good vein of communications, with the sole exception of Curran’s (?) (no, of Curran’s, without a question!) on the Cavan election, which is admirable and by far the best thing he ever did. ‘Sismondi’s Corn Law’ is feebly done, both in thought and matter, and much below himself. Your ‘Walks in Rome’ are fatiguing. I suppose Colburn has purchased the Pedestrian in the lump.* I do not like ‘Boswell redivivus;’ it is

* They were by Wyse; I kept his secret.

rather Boswell somnabulans, upon raw pork and heavy wet. This, however, is all for your private ear ; so do not commit me.

* * * * *

“ Shiel is sorry for his speech about the Duke of York, and with reason ? Why not let him die and slumber in peace ? I have been spending a few weeks in the North with Brownlow. There never was a finer fellow—such candour, *naïveté*, and freshness. The Northerners are still ready to eat him without salt for his change of opinion. They absolutely stood up in church to apply the lesson on Judas to him, by shouting his name when the passage was read!!! They are an unmitigated essence of John Knox and Burley, to a man.”

These letters touch a little upon times in Ireland of which at present it is hard to conceive.

The secret of the composition of the papers from Ireland, composed by Curran, Shiel, and Wyse, was only known to myself. Colburn did not know until called upon for payment. Secresy was necessary as to the identification of the author of any particular paper, because at that time gunpowder was still the “reason” among many of the Irish upon what was deemed disagreeable. Even Sir C. Morgan could not, while intimate with Curran and Shiel, fix the authorship of any paper upon its writer. Thus, the following communication was a sort of feeler :

"Monday, January 10, 1825.

"MY DEAR REDDING,

* * * * *

"Would you like an article on Ireland, its parties, their hopes and expectations, and a review of the last winter?

"We are full of the most visionary alarms, and the poor protestant old women, male and female, cannot sleep in their bed for Pastorini and other air-drawn daggers of their own creation. This is *literally* true as regards the county of Wicklow more especially. Julius Cæsar Dan, imperator et Cons. bears his ovation meekly, and I think the association have got a hint by which they will profit. If good words butters no parsnips, neither do big ones, and the low habit of talking sub-treason is well checked, however ill-judged the instance on which the effort was made. What the devil Plunkett was dreaming about I cannot imagine, but never did a man break down so unnecessarily. He might have been certain that choosing between himself and O'Connell, the orange-men would not hesitate which to sacrifice. Shiel has read him a lecture on the association, in a speech of great eloquence, even in my estimation, who profess an hatred for all eloquence, more especially that in the harp and shamrock style peculiar to the Emerald isle.

"That Cobbett is the most double distilled 'very

considerable, particular' rascal that ever wrote, he has printed on his covers the most fulsome eulogy upon a work by an Irish priest against usury, you ever saw, as a book, 'replete with useful knowledge.' I chanced to dip into it, and found it a tissue of mere priestcraft, grossly abusing the French revolution, and laying all the evils of it to the prevalence of usury in France during the preceding reigns! When does he read his incantation? What is his policy? Does he feel himself *done* in England, and is he opening a new vein in Ireland as a desperate resource? The acknowledgment of the South American states is a most important step gained for the cause of liberty. In this age men are nothing, and things all in all. Political economy will be the death of politics, and the whole philosophy of government be reduced to Cocker's arithmetic. I suppose we shall soon run a steam coach from Holyhead to London in twenty-four hours, which will be a great gain to us who are constantly looking 'towards the great city,' without being able to attain to it. If the German who finds cities in the moon should discover a short cut to it, we shall have a railroad laid down in no time, that will put the *via lactea* to the blush, and Charles' Wain, fitted up with a Perkins' tea kettle, will run as regularly as a Brentford stage. By this advantage we shall get rid of all the lunatics, from Eldon

to Sir Harcourt Lees, inclusive, and the devil's in it if we can import a worse set from head quarters.

"There has been a meeting held here for a mechanics' institution, but I cannot learn how this present thing is going on.

"Yours, most truly (in a devil of a hurry),

"J. C. M."

The bustle both in Ireland and England, and Plunket's failure in the objects he had in view, are now become subjects of history. The opinion entertained at the time of the steps Plunket took, by the liberal inhabitants of Dublin, is here shown clearly. The touch at Cobbett, Eldon and Co., recalls the bygone. What a different time from the year of our Lord, 1863!

"Having the opportunity of a frank, I beg to inclose a few lines to thank you for your friendly communication. If procrastination be the thief of time, Colburn cannot be less than a government defaulter, his thefts are so wholesale; and your taking me out of his hands was a genuine act of kindness. I thought it more than possible that you might have made some such agreement with your Bar men,* but presumed on our conversation perhaps too far. Pray give the article to Sir A. Clarke, to bring back to me, and I will revise it hereafter,

* Irish Bar Articles.

if you wish to use it. I will shorten my articles at your desire, but think you should avoid being too scrappy in your magazine. You are, in my judgment, and I do not stand alone, sometimes too light in your compilings; but, after all, you are the best judge. You do not mention an article of mine on "Sismondi," written at Colburn's express desire, but which has never appeared. I should wish very much to know whether you received it, and, if so, what was the objection to it. Perhaps you will have the kindness to send a note with any unserviceable paper you have of mine, by Sir A. Clarke, who is to return, in a few days, to Dublin. The last article of "the bar" has amused the public. An opinion is gone abroad that the author did not write the passage concerning the parliamentary prevarication, but Goold himself, or some one paid for it. I have heard two or three folk say this; of course I denied it stoutly, on the general merits of the magazine, and the personal respectability of the conductors.

"Apropos to the subject, I beg you will accept my best thanks for the care you promised to take of 'Salvator.' If you have a spare pistol lying about, present it to Colburn's throat, and demand a copy, otherwise you will not get one.

"I am glad you have some throes of conscience touching poor Billy Murphy—that was quite a Thur-

tell business, and on a good man and true. Remember me affectionately to Porro, who by this time must be returned, and beg of him to write to us his news from Milan. It is too much to ask you for more of the favour of your correspondence, but if ever you have half an hour to devote to a little literary chit chat in the service of the "exiles of Erin," they will prize such an attention at its full value. What is the new 'Westminster Review?'

"Believe me, dear Redding,

"Most sincerely yours,

"T. C. MORGAN.

"35, Kildare St., Dublin,

"Feb. 13th."

An extract from a letter dated in 1827, March 10th :

"I read with pleasure the article on Gifford; which at least, March, 1827, is not unworthy a *bonne Volonté*. Nothing is discreditable now-a-days that does not bring a man to the gallows or the treadmill; so, that a literary assassin may lie under a marble monument which may lie on him; and generations hence, he may pass for an honest man. *Mais il en a tant!* Curran and Shiel are both on circuit. I delivered your greetings to the former, who dined with me on Sunday, previously to his leaving town. Shiel I think and fear is in a bad scrape, notwithstanding Plunkett's claim for the "*ira Leonum*

vincla recusantium:" That cold-blooded machine for executing the duties of an attorney general will continue the prosecution, if the Orange part of the Cabinet insist. I agree with what you say concerning him, and will keep your secret. If he was my own brother I could not forgive him his admission that England and Ireland together are to be subservient to a law-church. The English church is mischievous; but the Irish, the worst. The two latter are the peyor and pessimus in the scale of comparison. Apropos to Plunkett's attachment to the church—Norbury said "a good one." Some one observes, "I wonder how it is that so sensible a man as P. cannot see the imperfections in the tithe compensation act." "Pooh! pooh!" said Norbury; "the reason's plain enough; he had the sun (son) in his eye." Young Plunkett, you must know, is an aspiring clergyman. Certain it is, that by admitting that the interests of a metaphysical entity are paramount to those of seven millions of human beings, P. has at once betrayed the cause of humanity, and that which he was especially advocating.

"Alas, for poor Copley! what a mauling Canning gave him; it was perfectly ferocious, and I trust argues a greater alienation from the Eldon faction than ever. Peel was wise but poor; they should have forced him to speak out as to *his* scheme for ameliorating Ireland. The party should not have

been allowed to hint at executions, military and judicial; they should have been compelled to avow their odious politics in the face of the nation. How the matter will be taken here I don't know; but I think the catholics too conscious of their own strength to yield tamely. The saints, too! how finely they lied! The priests are too clever to be guilty of such foolish offences as those of which they are charged. Talking of saints, I heard a good anecdote of Wolfe, from Lord Strangford. His servant travelled with W. as an interpreter. "How came it," said his lordship, "that he escaped with his head, if he really preached against the Turks?" "Why," replied his servant, "I always interpreted his speeches in my own way, and concluded with declaring him out of his mind; when the Turks immediately treated him with that respect which they always pay to insanity, and which he mistook for approval of his doctrine."

* * * *

"I am very glad that Campbell is getting the better of his loss: His letters are excellent—far too good, I should imagine, for our readers. I have at length read L. Hunt's book. There are touches of nature and feeling in it, but what the world calls cockneyism leads him into frequent errors of taste. He has fully made out what we all must have more than suspected, that Byron was wayward and ca-

precious. But even now Hunt is not cured of his love of a lord, or at least, his astonishment at that prodigy. How strangely simple he must have been to expect that B. could forgive him, his wife, and children, or could even comprehend the principles on which he felt or acted. He has served as a beacon for Moore, who, I am *certain sure*, 'liked not a bone in Byron's skin,' though he knew the value of seeming on good terms with him. This, I think, was their reciprocal condition, and, as folks say, there was no love lost. I see some puffing scribe advances that the M.S. that was burned left a copy of itself behind; *cela peut-être*. Byron might have trusted a duplicate to some third party; it would have been like him to do so.

"From yours very faithfully and truly,

"T. C. MORGAN."

At a later period, in the year 1827, Sir Charles refers to the death of Mrs. Campbell. The anecdotes in the letter of March 10th are amusing. The disappointment of Leigh Hunt, at which no one who knew the parties concerned wondered, will be recollected. It was altogether a piece of ill-assortment of habits and minds, of manners and diverse breeding, and gave the enemies of both a handle for their malice, much to be regretted.

“ Dublin, July 9th, 1828.

“ MY DEAR REDDING,

“ We duly received your manna in the desert, which is hereby gratefully acknowledged. We are all in these parts in a state of wonderment and puzzle at the question of Dan's taking his seat. That the law should permit it seems strange; but, as it is contrary to common sense, the case may probably be so. At all events, the catholics have made a terrible demonstration of their power; and the man “ must be mad ” indeed who will rest contented with things as they are. It seems to me that the ministry have but the choice of emancipation or disfranchising the 40s. freeholders; and is the last possible? The steadiness and discipline of the peasantry are no less wonderful than their disinterestedness. Would to God that our English ragamuffins would so far forget their only god, Mammon, and vote for their country, the knaves! When I think of the barefaced corruption of the House of Incurables, and the apathy of their constituents, I am tempted to commit a larceny, in order to get rid of them all, and join the less rogues of New South Wales. For my own part, I am satisfied the catholics acted wisely; for first, they have acted justly; next, they have gone out of the beaten track, and given the world a sensation; thirdly, they will show Europe the rotten-

ness of the oath, which moral Englishmen take without scruple, as they would take the wafer itself if they could make a guinea a-head by the change. They will besides force their enemies to a new penal act, for as the law stands catholics will be returned again and again; but, above all, they have shown their irresistible force, and force is the *cheville ouvrière* of the Tories. Per contra, Vesey Fitzgerald was a vote, but then the example will stimulate the fainting valour of the Irish representatives, and these are no times for trusting to trimmers.

“I have little to tell you of Mrs. W —, more than you know. She was talked about with V. S —, but most unjustly. I have every faith in her innocence, and more in V. S.’s. The fact is she is very, very silly, and more violent-tempered and dogged than any other female I ever knew. W.’s situation is most difficult. If he takes her back, it will be but to reiterate the same scenes, with an additional debt of £400 or £500, and yet ——— ! what is to become of her? I have not learned what W. means to do, but I daresay he will step between her and fate once more, in some way or other. Certainly, a large allowance is to be made for a woman so situated; and the poor creature cannot help the defects with which nature and education have cursed her. I have long thought this variety of insanity more fatal than what ordinarily passes by that name.

"Lady M. is much obliged by your good advice, but I doubt your prophecy about Colburn. The chance of his writing is among *les infiniments petits*. Your account of B. tallied with my preconceptions. I do all I can for him. Tell him I sent a copy of his paper to Lord Dungarvon, who has subscribed. He trusts too much to third and fourth-rate Irish writers, who are one and all bad politicians, and they give occasionally great inconsistency to his paper.

"Curran is well and thrives. He attends closely to business. Shiel is I know not where, but all well.

"Yours,

"T. C. M."

"Dublin, February 13, 1830.

"MY DEAR REDDING,

Having the opportunity of a frank yesterday, I forwarded, through Colburn, some copy.

* * * * *

I don't know whether you will agree with me in the lines in the album on the village with the hard name, where Lord B—— is buried. If you use them, let it be without any signature. When Lord Graves's death was announced in Dublin, a Catholic bishop is reported to have said, 'that it was not the throat he ought to have cut.' You will doubtless

see at once he was an *arch*-bishop. Curran is just returned from his circuit; Shiel over head and ears in 'parliamentearing'. If he gets in, for truth, he will be out for you in the 'New Monthly.' Lord Ellenborough's elephant was nearly trotted out. Ministers are very unlucky. That phrase, and the 'in some parts' in the speech, were the devil. Eventually, the Duke will get through, and find his majorities increase; but I do not think his friends have hitherto fought his battle well. We have no scandal here; and since the Catholic question is at rest, we are become as dull as if we were the most prosperous people on earth. Even the Methodist chapels do not thrive as they did.

* * * * *

"T. C. M."

"Kildare St., November 22nd, 1830.

"MY DEAR REDDING,

"I should have written to you long ago, but I have been ill (for a few hours in danger), and this is my first attempt at a scrawl for nearly a fortnight. Of all the ill-luck I ever heard of, yours is the worst.

* * * * *

What will you do? Will you continue? and if so, upon what plan? I hope your pecuniary interests

will not be injured; but I know not on what to found that hope. If you have a moment to spare, let me hear from you. What an unexpected change! and how foolishly brought on! If Wellington had put himself at the head of the nation, and done by reform what he did by emancipation, he would have been the greatest statesman England ever saw; and his own friends agree in this. What will be the result? I have no great faith in the stability of a Whig administration. Are we to go on floundering from cabinet to cabinet till we sink in the mire of a revolution? *If you have your ill-luck, we are not much better off. You saw that false, calumnious, and diabolical attack on Lady M.'s book in the 'Times.'* Tell me candidly your opinion. Has it excited attention? Is it wise or prudent to answer it, or to let it alone? I confess I do not understand it. Four columns in the 'Times!' at such a moment too! Could it have been purchased? and if so, by Colburn, or by a political party? Does your new connection enable you to solve this riddle? Living, as we do, at the back of God's speed, I am sadly helpless, from want of a proper knowledge of the real situation of circumstances. Your opinion will very much guide me, and will be of the greatest use. In the meantime, have you abandoned all idea of a magazine? The 'New Monthly' is not the better for its change. Shiel is annoyed greatly at the pros-

titution of his name without leave by Colburn, when he has left him. Owing to my illness, I have not, however, seen him.

“Yours, &c.,

“T. C. M.”

In reply, I advised him to take no notice of the “Times.” It was not wise. There was a hostile spirit in that quarter, the cause of which I said I could not conjecture, but a contest would do more harm than good.

It happened at the time that with Barnes and Murray, the leading men there, I was on very intimate terms. Murray and myself used to dine together once or twice a week. Barnes I had known through John Hunt, before he had anything to do with the “Times,” and while he was its editor I gave him, between 1820 and 1830, a number of articles for the paper, generally of a light character.* I ventured to ask one day why the “Times” was so hard upon Lady Morgan, but Murray told me it was a matter left entirely to their literary critic. Knowing that the question was delicate, and that, having had so much to do with newspapers myself, it was hardly fair at not doing what one would be done by, I said no more. I believe, however, that

* I have several times endeavoured to recollect those trifles, some of which I should not now know if I saw them. I can remember of them only—“A Dialogue between Carlton House and Brandenburg House,” a “Parody on the Duke of Newcastle’s Letter,” and “The Cumberland Revel”—a hit at the Orange faction of Ireland.

Barnes had a great antipathy to Lady Morgan. It is melancholy to reflect that, about two years ago, I fell into the company of an individual who had been in the employ of that renowned paper, and he assured me that there was not now one person in the establishment that was there at the time to which I had made reference by asking if he had known Captain Sterling! I know not how it is, but there is a sadness I cannot express when I am told that establishments and men—all that seemed but yesterday familiar from the breathing men connected with them, have so rapidly changed upon our existence. Barnes and Murray, it is true, were cut off prematurely, but such changes touch the mind, because the lapsed time seems as brief as “a watch in the night.”

“Dublin, Sunday, 24th April, 1831.

“DEAR FRIEND, .

“I write in great haste on receipt of yours. Curran has been on his sessions business, and Shiel has been—in Parliament. This will explain your disappointment.

* * * * *

Our position is ill-understood in England, and the events of the winter will afford abundant matter. I think I could get information, too, from headquarters, but should not like to apply without being

certain that it would be inserted next month. The times are stirring, and I think you should take your political tone frankly and at once. I agree with much that you say about the Whigs ; but the moment requires that they should be supported, with all their faults, and the bill passed, though every third word were a contradiction. Now or never is the time for laying the corner-stone of reform. If the occasion slips by, we are tied and bound to the triumphant chariot of Tory fraud, till released by a violent and bloody revolution, that will not be long in coming. The dissolution is a glorious event, and the King a jolly old cock. I only fear he is too good for his people, and that the mass of the middle classes are as corrupt as their taskmasters.

* * * * *

“ Yours, &c.,

“ T. C. M.”

We had heard of Colburn's marriage, but the lady was invisible—at least I never saw her before we all cut the bibliopolist's connection, at the close of 1830. This occasioned the epigram in the following letter :—

“ June 9th, 1831.

“ Enlighten our darkness, we beseech thee, good

Redding. Lady Morgan's health is too frail to trust to the heats of a London July; and for the present, I fear, our journey is adjourned, though we both stand in much need of a little friendly intercourse with that good city. I must tell you a bit of news, and that is, that it is going to rain—at least the weather is much overcast; but it has played us that trick so often lately, without a drop falling, that I would not swear. I dined yesterday in company with Wyse, and spent a delightful hour. He was full of much interesting information of the *dessous des cartes* of Irish agitation, as usual, and gave me a 'wrinkle' on the subject, for which, though living in Dublin, I was not prepared. The condition of parts of Ireland is dreadful; but if a reformed Parliament were allowed time, there must be the elements of a better order somewhere awaiting development. But, then, that d——d O'Connell! Greet Campbell for me, but make the dog work! His last poem shows that the spirit has not left him, if the flesh be willing. Your sale of 3,000 *Metropolitans* was wonderful, considering the state of the public mind. It must have been a severe blow to the rival. Colburn must be demented to quarrel as he has done with all his old supporters. He is literally quarrelling with his bread and butter. Your account of his marriage amused me greatly.—
Ecce signum.

"EPIGRAM.

"When Colburn wedded the tenth muse,
 Who lends out novels, plays, reviews,
 He could not, for his little life,
 Select more cunningly his wife.
 He rightly judged his situation,
 His own books wanting circulation
 And placed a dame at his devotion
 Whose books are in perpetual motion."*

I was in Bath when I received the following :—

"Kildare Street,

"Sept. 25, 1836.

"MY DEAR REDDING,

"It is an age since I wrote to you; but I have been busy, ill, and idle, in the interim—busy as Lady Morgan's amanuensis, and idle in spirit, through indisposition.

"In consequence, I believe, of over confinement towards the summer, I got my digestion out of order, and was seized with a nephritic attack, which, for a long time, was very painful and annoying; and as I thought at the time, a regular notice to quit. But country air has at length brought me round; and except being a little out of condition, I believe, not much the worse of the wear. Still, I am not altogether satisfied with the prospects of the ensuing winter, and think of shifting the scene, for the sake of change. Lady Morgan has drawn her Belgian novel

* The lady kept a circulating library near Oxford Street, and died, it was said, in Paris, some time afterwards—not long, I believe.

very nearly to a conclusion, and we should have been off for London, to try the market there, in person, before this ; but that we are detained by the illness of her second niece (the one who paints in oils). The poor girl is labouring under a fever (a precious consequence of this precious season), and will not leave her bed for some weeks. We are all, therefore, properly out of spirits.

“ From all I can learn, the literary market is still very bad.

“ So many unfortunate mistakes never occurred to any ministry as the last sessions produced. Fortunately for the whigs, there is absolutely nothing for the country to adopt in their place ; and the ‘ naughty varlets will be allowed to continue,’ for want of successors. Brougham, too, what is he about ? Every one says he has been intriguing ; but for what ? I cannot believe that he has played Lord Grey false ; but I do think that he has overworked his brain, and perhaps is a little upset by success. We are poor creatures ; and few of us can bear prosperity. (I should like to try it though !)

The force of events in the mean time (and no thanks to any one) is carrying things on, in spite of spite, towards improvement. I cannot but look forward to better measures, especially as far as Ireland’s concerned. The ministry cannot but have discovered,

at length, that they have nothing to expect from the Orange party, and as little to fear. The House of Commons must pass a definitive tithe bill, more favourable to the people, than even the last; and the Lords (who shied at the first) will probably walk quietly up to the last, and leap it; or, to change the metaphor, 'gulp it down, Johnny.' Never was anything so mad as their rejection of the former bill, nor anything so completely a failure, a miserable, hopeless failure, as the orange attempt at a reaction here. It was all *vox et præterea nihil*; and they are heartily ashamed of themselves, those, at least, who are open to shame. Meanwhile, O'Connell is quiet; and, of consequence, so is Ireland. We have Cobbett here lecturing, but he will take little by his motion. O'Connell has palavered him, but evidently has done nothing serious, to give him a lift. One Ireland 'cannot brook the double reign,' and I should imagine the word has been privately given to let him down easily.

"Poor Campbell! what a dressing he has had from the eternal and infernal quarterly. I never augured well of that undertaking. I knew the lady herself, and knew there was not the stuff in her mere actress's life to make a good book of. Even if Boaden had left the subject virgin, what could there be in it to meet Campbell's liberal and philosophical

mind, or touch his poetical chord? and without these how could he possibly execute the work in any other way than carelessly and with disgust? When I look at him, and Moore, and so many other of our literary veterans, and see them toiling for subsistence and that subsistence coming in a niggardly stream, in return for so much desperate labour, I lose patience. The whigs have done nothing for their literary friends. Is this contempt of fame (*contemptu famæ contemni virtutis*) aristocratic indifference or pre-occupation with the d——d rascally and useless attempt to conciliate enemies?

“ Pray write me a few lines of your whereabouts, health, spirits, prospects, &c., &c. I don't expect to get away from Dublin for a fortnight or three weeks, if, indeed, I go at all, for I am in a tolerable state of fluctuation and uncertainty in my views.

“ Curran is thriving with the present men; is much employed, and has set up his carriage. Wyse is not in Ireland, I believe, at least not in Dublin. Neither is Shiel, who has bedevilled himself with all parties. Let me know if you have anything new to say about booksellers and their ways.

“ Colburn said something in his unsatisfactory way to my lawyer about sorrow for the past and his having no desire to continue war, but I took no notice of it.

“ What is to become of Blackwood now that he

(the man) is dead? Will he (the book) follow the fate of its editor? Periodical literature seems to be following the fate of the non-periodical. School books, diffusion books, and religious books seem alone to answer.

“I hope things are on the turn here too. This church is fairly on its road *ad omnes diabólos*; and it is to be hoped that the people will at last grow tired of making the other world a locality for all the rogues and vagabonds of this.

“If they discover that it is not worth their while to pay men for leading them by the nose they will have made some progress, and I believe, that as far as the working classes are concerned, they have discovered something of the sort.

“Were you not astonished to see poor Lafayette go out so quietly? What is France about?

“I begin to be aweary of the sun; and if I could afford to retire to some agreeable and cheerful part of another planet I should be well contented to leave the old ball to take care of itself.

“Adieu,

“Ever most faithfully yours,

“TH. CHS. MORGAN.

“P.S.—Mr. and Mrs. Crew, aged relations of mine, live in a short street to the right as you go up to the public gardens. If you are passing that way, pray find them out and send up your card with my

love, and that I am very anxious to know how they do, and let me know what you can hear of them. Adieu!"

Colburn paid Lady Morgan high prices for her works, and gained little by several of them; but he would never suffer another trader in literature to get a fashionable writer from him if he could avoid it. In this way, to keep certain authors to himself, he paid largely, and often made nothing. Many of them were of a very indifferent character; some were a loss; but no matter. This rivalry with brother traders, combined with his not liking to "leave well alone," prevented his dying rich. In judging of the merit of a work, he only considered fashion and the tendency to the work going down at the West End of town. I was going down to Brighton one day, and I told him I should see Horace Smith, who had a month or two before published "Brambletye House"—had he any commands? He replied that he only begged me to ask my friend when the next novel which he had just begun—"The Tor Hill"—would be ready. I did so, and Smith replied, "What the devil do these booksellers mean? It is not three months since he published 'Brambletye House.' I can't spin novels." I told the bibliopolist of this when I came back to town.

"Nonsense, Mr. Redding; he can get out his

MS. in another month or so, I dare say. If it is not quite as good as 'Brambletye House,' the public won't find out the difference. I can make the book go off with a hundred pounds well laid out in advertisements." He realised the remark already made here of the French writer regarding the craft, that they were the only traders who knew nothing of the articles in which they dealt.

Murray and Colburn were the two stars of the western hemisphere in their own walk in life at this time. Murray was the prince of bibliopolists; Colburn, "the man on 'Change." I remember the former in business in Fleet Street. He deserved his success. Though not without obvious faults, he had great merits, and raised the character of the trade. He drew around him talent of no ordinary kind, and attracted general esteem. He was obstinate, often to his own disadvantage; still he was, in every sense, a public loss.

Colburn was a very different personage; a small man in a perpetual turmoil. Never knowing how to give a direct answer, he put off and evaded questions addressed to him. He was a dealer in petty arts and small stratagems. He had no grasp of mind; and scarcely ever knowing what to do first, was delayed by it, affecting nothing, until the accumulation became so heavy, he would fall into a sort of despair about completing anything. I have

called upon him, and found an individual in each of half-a-dozen rooms in his house, he not knowing whom to see first. "Mr. This and Lady That—God bless me! what shall I do?" I generally contrived, in the midst of his dilemma, to catch from him a reply to all I wanted. Then, instead of dispatching first one and then another of his urgent visitors, titled and untitled, he would walk about his room, fussing and complaining he did not know what to do, yet still remaining, like a certain animal between two bundles of hay, equally attracted, and not able to feed in consequence.

There was no "small" art he did not practise in the way of drawing attention, for he had no enlarged views upon any point. No connection in business with him, however long, attached him to any one individual more than to a stranger. He was of a fickle temper, and loved trickery. His publishing arts were not always worthy arts, but he saw the gullibility of his "majesty," the public, and made a profit of it. Puffing was the order of the day, and did irretrievable mischief. How true was the remark of Byron, in one of his later letters, speaking of the public, and how much more applicable now!—"Having the superficies of too many things presented to them (the public) at once, they come to lose by degrees their power of discrimination; and, in the same manner as the palate becomes con-

fused in trying various wines, so the public taste declines in proportion as the impressions to which it is exposed multiply." Moore prefixes a remark equally true regarding the obstructions and "distractions which are thrown across the path of men of talent by that swarm of minor writers, with whom the want of a vent in other professions crowd all the walks of literature." Not only writers of reading and education suffer by the uneducated writing about everything, authoritatively, whatever comes into their heads; but, what is worse, the reader becomes content with whatever is set before him, and all, good or bad, receive a similar welcome. Hence English literature declines, and its decadence will be more rapid as its offspring is more and more assimilated to the materials of common traffic, amidst the ignorance in judgment of the mass. It is a mistake to imagine that the more paper and ink sold, the loftier and more extensive is our literature; the result is diametrically opposed to such a course. The works of the mind that elevate a nation are not to be counted out, like hobnails, by the gross. Those which are really an honour to genius and the country will be stifled or run down by the swarm of venal pens around them, and the last will be as highly estimated by false taste and the multitudinous stolidity as the first. I quote only from memory:—"My notions I have long

entertained," said Moore, "respecting the ruinous effects to literature likely to arise from this wild diffusion of all kinds of works, in lowering the standard (or words to that effect) by extending the circle of incompetent judges; also from letting the mob in to vote, particularly at a period when the market is such an object to authors. Those who live to please must please to live. The majority will be tempted to write down to the lowest standard. All the great things in English literature have been achieved when the judges were select, and in the best days of English literature, though many read, a comparatively small but competent circle sat in judgment. In the Italian republics, and in old Greece, the dispensers of fame were a select body, and the consequence a high standard of taste."

CHAPTER II.

**Mentellé—The Labourer Mathematician—Singular Character—
Piscatory Amusements—Leigh Hunt's Decease—Hunt and
Byron—Moore and Hunt—Pope and the Trade—Literary
Men and the Public Service—Letter of Mr. Gordon.**

IN the "Recollections" of portions of my life, before published, at page 91, vol. ii., second edition, there is an account of an interview I once had with an Hungarian named Mentellé, or Mantellé, the most extraordinary linguist that perhaps the world has ever produced, whom I prevented from visiting England. It was about the month of May, 1817, that my interview took place. I was on a visit at Amiens in 1829, and ran up to Paris, but could not find any one who knew the whereabouts of Mentellé, though, in one instance, I heard a rumour of his death. As eleven years and more had elapsed since I saw him, this was not surprising, with the idea I then had that he could not be long-lived. That I should ever hear anything more of him was,

therefore, extremely improbable ; but, however much so, the fact is that I heard of his being alive as late as 1834, or seventeen years after I saw him, and that the following narrative should have reached me regarding him, and an interview with him somewhat similar to my own sought by the late Duke of Orleans, whose untimely fate everybody must remember, is equally singular. The lady who obligingly furnished me with the statement sent me the extract from her memorandum book, dated Dec. 22, 1834. The removal of Mentellé from his old residence in the summer-house to the Arsenal perhaps prevented my finding him in 1829, as the owner of the garden to which I alluded in my "Recollections" was no longer the same. The communication of which I am speaking only reached me in 1859.

"M. Eichoff gave us last night a long and interesting account of a man about sixty years of age,* living in a small room under the Arsenal library. This man, named Mentellé, without any Christian designation, is the son of a Bohemian woman (a Bohémienne, or gipsy—I think he told me he was an Hungarian). His first recollection of himself is of being under a tree in Hungary, with his mother spreading her little tent. They wandered together

* Perhaps his hard fare made him look much older than he was : I think he told me in 1817 he was only a little over thirty.

into Greece, and there his mother died. He was noticed by a priest, and was sent for a short time to a Greek school. He got fond of studying languages, and went to every library where he could gain access, living by charity. At this time, when he got a book, he learned it by heart. He became for a short time a servitor in a convent in Lombardy, and here he first acquired the faculty of conversing in various languages through the numerous strangers of all countries who visited the convent. Mentellé is a very extraordinary mathematician, besides being able to speak all the European languages, together with the Sanscrit, Hebrew, and partially Chinese. His favourite languages in conversing with strangers are the English and the Persian, and the former is always a passport to his notice. M. Eichoff, the German tutor to the children of Louis Philippe before 1830, was afterwards librarian to the queen, and travelled on foot with the late Duke of Orleans through Switzerland. He went with the duke to see this singular man, in a carriage, with two gentlemen attendants, whom M. Eichoff was obliged to beg to keep out of sight, as they were pressing forward to see where the prince and himself were going, and Mentellé, he thought, would shut his door and refuse to see them if he observed any strangers intruding upon him. M. Eichoff knocked,

and Mentellé opened the upper half of his door, having previously informed him he should call and bring a young friend with him, a student of medicine.

“‘ But is he a Frenchman?’ said Mentellé.

“‘ He speaks English.’

“‘ Oh, I am glad of that; Frenchmen have no respect for learning.’

“‘ At this time Mentellé was studying the history of medicine in books.

“‘ I have brought my young friend,’ said M. Eichoff.

“‘ I have come to beg you will give me your advice respecting my studies, as I hear you are very clever and learned,’ said the prince.

“‘ Have you studied astrology, nomeny,* astrology, and a long list of et ceteras, now exploded, as attaching to medical science?’ inquired Mentellé.

“‘ I think nomeny more difficult than astrology,’ replied the prince.

“‘ Yes, but it was quite as requisite.’

“‘ Have you heard of the new method of cure by the claw, or paw?’ said the prince.

“This was said, no doubt, to mystify Mentellé, the prince meaning mesmerism, and the passes made with the hand.

* Divination by names.

“ ‘The claw—the claw?’ said Mentellé, puzzled.

“ M. Eichoff seized this opportunity to get into the room, for they had been all the time standing at the door.

“ ‘My friend wishes to see some of your curious Arabic books.’

“ Fortunately, Mentellé had as yet observed none of the prince’s attendants, and the prince and M. Eichoff slipped in on the inhabitant turning round to look for a book. He pulled down an old worm-eaten one from a shelf, covering the party with dust, and while the prince was looking at it, one of the gentlemen, who had been in Greece, a general officer, came forward, and addressed a few words to Mentellé in modern Greek. He answered in such a flowing, easy manner, and with such rapidity of utterance, that the general was lost, or, as the prince observed, ‘Voilà le général enfoncé.’ The prince examined the room, and peeped into Mentellé’s water-pitcher, which, with coarse ammunition-bread of ten sous the loaf, an apple or two, and a few potatoes, formed his weekly provision.

“Some time afterwards, M. Eichoff informed Mentellé that his young friend, whom he had brought to see him, was the Duke of Orleans.

“ ‘Why did you not tell me so, that I might have prepared myself?’ said the recluse.

“ ‘It was not requisite to make any change in your dress ; no one would think of requiring it.’

“ ‘I do not speak of dress,’ replied Mentellé, ‘ but I might have ornamented my mind for the occasion.’

“ His dress was miserable ; no stockings, no shirt, wooden shoes, a very large beard, a cap on his head, and sometimes a few rags, for the sake of warmth, no fireplace, a lamp being the only means of cooking his potatoes. He went out at night to fill his pitcher from the river. He once gave lessons in the languages at the German Protestant minister’s, whose wife used to ask him to dine with the family, and as the clothes he wore were not fit for any one to appear in, she used to send him good ones, but he soon parted with them for books. On one of these occasions, when trying to dispose of a new pair of shoes, he was arrested, on suspicion of having stolen them. He told the police he was an *étudiant*, and he was ridiculed. He then spoke to them in several languages, to prove he was what he pretended to be, but it was of no use, and he was sent to prison ; but there they could make nothing of him, and reported him to the Prefet, who examined him, and finding him a poor innocent, not only set him at liberty, but recommended him to the government, and a room was given to him in the

Archives, with a small allowance of three hundred francs per annum, either then or on his removal to the Arsenal. He remained several years at the Archives, until one day, when deeply absorbed in his studies, he saw a shadow pass across his window, which opened on the roof, and, starting up, seized the object, which proved to be the leg of a mason, who screamed with terror, fancying the devil had got hold of him. Mentellé was nearly naked, and his long beard and enraged eyes made him frightful enough in appearance. He left the Archives that night, and lived two years in the northern part of Paris, nobody knew where, until his friends at last found him out. He then had the room under the Arsenal given to him. The porter had a key and locked him in, and he had a duplicate key to let himself out. M. Eichoff, asking a mason who was beating a lime-sack against his door-post, if M. Mentellé was within, replied, 'Qui? Comment donc? l'homme sauvage? Eh, oui, je crois.'

"Sir Francis Burdett was taken by M. Eichoff to see him, and after conversing with him for a quarter of an hour, turned to take leave. 'Ah! I see you are not accustomed to such a poor man as I am. I am much obliged to you for coming to see me.'

"M. Eichoff taking off his hat one day, the room being close and warm, and the air never changed, Mentellé said, 'Ah! I see you, too, are quite a

courtier, but you may keep on your hat when you come to see me.' Out of his three hundred francs a year he did not spend half, and might thus be considered rich, but he was a complete Diogenes. On Wednesday, he usually purchased his bread and apples. One day, on opening a book that lay upon his table, M. Eichoff found it was a Bible. 'When I have been out in the world and return home, I find nothing calms me so much as reading in that book. What is there in this world that can draw us from that beautiful heaven?' pointing to the tiny morsel of blue, which was all of the sky that could be seen from his dirty window. 'We must try to deserve a dwelling there, and cultivate our intellects as much as we can. There are two kinds of men in this world, the active and the contemplative: I am of the latter sort.'

"He would stop to read the advertisements and hand-bills in the streets, and was well known to the apple-mongers on the bridges, as by their means he supported himself for the passing day. He used to sleep in an arm-chair, but, during the visitation of the cholera, a bed was given to him, against his will, a mere bench, with a mattress upon it. As it was *pour la salubrité publique* he consented, though it reduced the dimensions of his little den."

The character of this individual and the singular recurrence of his story so long afterwards are among

those strange things which come across us in life. At the time of my interviews with him in 1817, he was a handsome man, with a brown beard, fresh complexion, and keen eye. He was an admirable sophist. In preventing his visiting England, I did him an essential service. He would not have come off as well here as with M. le Préfet in Paris, had he fallen in the way of one of our country Dogberrys, although no man in England, I would answer, had a more enlarged mind, or was possessed of more integrity.

While making the above reference to the communication of a lady, the promulgation of whose name I fear to publish without her consent, I cannot pass over another made some time before from a very different quarter, but equally authentic, which accident alone had prevented my giving to the public until now. It relates to Byron and his mother, both known to the lady writer. All which belongs to genius is precious, if not in these days, in those that are past, and will be again in those which are to come.

“Will you permit me to request your contradiction (if better authority, more ably expressed, does not previously reach you) of an assertion made in one of the daily prints, that Donna Inez, ridiculed in ‘Don Juan,’ was by Lord Byron intended for his mother. One more utterly unjust to his

feelings could not be invented. Mrs. Byron made no pretensions to learning, and though, perhaps, not wholly devoid of failings, which might produce momentary irritation in her son, never forfeited his affection, and partook not merely of his purse, which pride alone might have dictated, but of his society, and lived with him at Newstead from the moment he formed an establishment. His conduct she, perhaps, not always judiciously, might attempt to restrain; but his understanding she revered, even, perhaps, equal to its claims, and considered him born to the mental dictation of the world. I write neither to vindicate Lord Byron's frailties nor to 'draw them from their dread abode;' but that he was a heartless son I must utterly deny. The only part of his published works that appears to me influenced by any circumstance connected with his mother, is the exquisite comparison of his beloved Greece to a recently dead and beautiful corpse. Immediately previous to his going abroad, he had been hurried home from an excursion, to find his still beautiful parent suddenly deprived of life. The passage speaks for itself, and could have been conceived only by a soul imbued with the most sacred tenderness.

"I feel well assured that the gentlemen I address will contradict any false report injurious to departed genius. As a public character, Lord Byron's death

was the most honourable that his real friends could wish. He will live a tutelary spirit in the history and affections of a great people. At home, I trust there are among our exalted intellects those who will protect his memory from falsehoods, and not permit his enemies to drag the Juggernaut chariot of their puny intellects, laden with all their barbarously decorated idols, over the departed, until they crush out every appearance of humanity."

Genius, or that natural tendency of the immortal mind to some particular pursuit which leads to excellence in art or science unattainable by self-instruction in those who are not endowed with it, was exhibited in a very remarkable man, who was a common stone cutter, in the west of England, in my youth. He may not inappropriately be called a *Mentellé* of a different class. His singular abode remains, or did remain a few years ago, on and within a lofty hill; nor was it possible to look at it without interest. During the intervals of his labour he devoted himself to the acquirement of knowledge, by reading and study. Solitary and contemplative, he generally followed his task alone, among the granite masses that covered the lofty site where he worked. He acquired, without an instructor, no small stock of mathematical knowledge. He was a reserved man in disposition, but his acquirements did not fail to attract the notice of the inhabitants of

the parish of Linkinhorne, in which he resided, who viewed him as an oracle. Among the huge masses of granite on the hill where he was employed in shaping blocks for removal, he found one of large superficies, the upper surface a little sloping; under this block he excavated the earth to a sufficient extent to form a room of a tolerable size; he lined the sides with stone cemented with lime, and on one end, scooping out the earth beyond his cumbrous roof, he formed his chimney. Here he took up his abode until his death. The ground where this singular habitation was made stood nearly a thousand feet above the sea, and of the surface of the rock which constituted the roof of his dwelling he made his observatory. The prospect was vast, over sea and land, over beautiful and savage scenery. On this naked rock he watched the heavenly bodies for hours at night, and on that same rock he shaped his diagrams with his chissel, and engraved some of the more difficult problems of Euclid. There he passed his life, never descending into the lower country except on rare occasions. His dwelling was his study and his chapel. He communed with his own thoughts, there he meditated, he worshipped, alone, companionless; his meditations being upon things beyond the dim spot on which he lived and moved; and so he continued to the last, expiring in his subterranean habitation. While gazing on this

deserted and rude dwelling, the mind could not fail to be occupied with the mystery of our intellectual being, which seems in such cases to furnish argument irrefutable in favour of its immortality. To such a tendency as that of Gum, for such was the name of this self-instructed man, the bodily constitution could have contributed nothing. No instruction led him to his favorite study, step by step, under a tutor. He had neither seen nor heard anything to kindle the spark of ambition, or awake a preference to the science to which he was attached, from seeing the works of others, as Reynolds became a painter. The flame was self-kindled that burned so steadily, and, as far as others were concerned, without utility; yet who shall say that it was useless to himself, that its acquirements, though received through organs that are perishable, may not remain attached to his immortality, and be rendered available in some other sphere of being, to start from the ultimate point of its earthly advance? It cannot be deemed wrong to harbour such a supposition in regard to intellectual endowments. These not belonging to material organs, the vehicles to the sensorium, that receptacle of immaterial things, may be still attached to man's immortal part, and be enduring. Thus, useful beyond that meridian of change in which it is the law that all earthly should continually perish and be as constantly renewed out

of the elements to which they return, such acquirements in forms beyond human penetration to trace from one mutation to another, may still exist in a state of accelerating improvement.

It was not so much for the sake of the sport as the quietness which the angler enjoys in the bosom of nature that I followed the practice. It is pleasant to be able to do two things at once, surrounded by the most delightful objects upon which the eyes can repose. The pure air, the freshness, the trees, the flowers, the song of birds, are all enjoyed at the same time, while thought may be busy upon some subject which is far distant. I do not proclaim myself a fisherman for the sport; but angling is agreeable because, without mental idleness, we can revel in the bosom of nature, participating in that delicious peace, at the same time, which is so friendly to humanity. The yells and adjurations of foxhunters, tearing through hedges, and leaping ditches, whips smacking, huntsmen swearing, and red-jacketed squires and parsons on superb horses following a pack of hounds helter-skelter after a timid hare, are not to my taste; it is all much ado about nothing. How should such men ever think! They do not; they live by instinct. The calm stream; the bank of wild flowers; the wide-spreading tree, the gigantic arms of which stretch here and there over the stream, rising stately from the sod,

offer a grateful shade during noontide ; the hum of insects heard busy around ; and the clean-limbed cattle speckling the landscape. In times often have I stood by the Shakespeare Avon, and cast in my line, my eyes upon the stream, my thoughts haply far away, or busy in solving some knotty point that had arisen in my mind. Sometimes, seated upon the grassy bank, perfect stillness around, the dark pool from the dammed-up river deep and smooth, and partly overhung with foliage or fringed with rushes—there I have invoked the shadows of memory, and woven, even out of their insubstantialities, dreams of hope. I am not, therefore, a devotee of the rod, after all, in the sense of old Walton ; nor do I joy in running a hook into a bait gently, treating it “like a brother.” My piscatory amusement is an aid to thinking in the most delicious of situations for thought. The Avon, Severn, Tamar, Thames, the Seine and Epte, and I do not know how many rivers and brooks I have not thus haunted. The patience required for the piscatory art is unfelt when two things are performed together. I do not, therefore, defend it wholly upon the ground Walton took up—namely, “that, after study, angling was a rest to the mind, a cheerer of the spirits, a diverter of sadness, a calmer of unquiet thoughts, a moderator of passion, and a procurer of contentedness.” I took it, besides, because it enabled me to

study while I practised it, and, at the same time, gratified my senses by placing me in a scene of grateful tranquillity. I was no ichthyologist, and the want of success now and then did not disturb my philosophy, because, when I did not carry home game, I had had that portion of enjoyment—the more rational, perhaps—which depends upon pure air, the beauty of nature, and the conclusions I had reached upon the topics on which I had been ruminating.

Fish have few of the senses in perfection, because they do not want them. Sight seems to be that which they possess in the greatest degree. They are cold-blooded, without delicate nerves, and suffer little, compared to warm-blooded creatures differently constituted, when captured by man. There is no protracted suffering *in articulo mortis*. The hunting the hare to death, that most timid of animals with warm blood and a nervous system, is a species of torture not to be defended. I wonder Quevedo never found hare-hunters a suitable employment in the nether regions. He had them in view, no doubt, when he speaks of Nimrod, Esau, and others, who “were worth burning if it were only for their ashes,” and when he makes the devil wait upon such with a spare saddle horse, to take them to a certain nameless place, because, the devil informed him, it was a matter of decorum to take such

nobility to hell on horseback. There, peeping into a huge furnace, he saw Cain, Nimrod, Esau, and other of the like gentry, well secured, where this cruelty of the chase had no room to be re-enacted.

I have dropped in my line, a mackerel sky overhead, a soft western breeze wafting fragrance from every hedgerow, my heart delighted at the aspect of the landscape "able to drive all sadness but despair;" the hawthorn, honeysuckle, and rose, perfuming the fields; the willows and poplars just whispering things intelligible enough to the lovers of rural scenery; and all beautiful if temporary. And what is there beautiful and captivating that is not fated to be so? In such a scene, I have heard the bird of eve tune its nocturnal note before I have bent my steps homeward. Sometimes, I fear, to the horror of the Walton of the hour, my line has been neglected, and I have become lost in reverie by the stream, tinged brown with the peat ground through which it has flowed, seeming to impart its sober, serious hue to the scaly tribe that disported in it—not as in Dove Dale, where, too, I have wandered, more a disciple of nature than of the venerable Walton, and where the delicate pale blue of the river rock seems to impart greater delicacy to the fish. Nearly as fine is the habitant of the pebbly bottom, where the banks are hollow, and the roots of large trees overhang the water. As to baits, I was never an

adept in the art. I made no boast of my skill; for, though it may shock the sterling man of the rod, I must again state that my sport was only the means to the end of manual entertainment, while my thoughts were expatiating sometimes far away from my rod and line, even when the trout, lord of streams, and prince of gently circling waters, was anxious to betray itself into my hands. I remember Davy was fond of fishing, and ascribed his fondness, in a great degree, to its carrying him into the bosom of nature. As to pike, I never trolled for them, or spun a gudgeon to entrap the aldermen of deep waters, over which the bulrushes hang, right gluttons as they are. Colonel Thornton, of Thornville Royal, used to tell marvellous stories about pikes, but he seldom let fall a truth, except it was in his own despite. But I must say no more on a subject I can only treat unworthily, as not being an amateur professor of the art.—“Shade of Isaac Walton!” I hear the reader exclaim, “What profanity!”

It is not pleasant to visit thus the shores of our larger streams—at least, any of those made navigable. The Welsh rivers among the mountains are of that pleasing class which entice me, and those in our English counties which are beneath the objects of traffic. Hants and Devonshire abound in such waters. I much prefer those which meander through a well-wooded district, for I must have shade. I

have often taken a lad, with a basket of cold provisions and a few books, and thus idled away a summer's day in quiet. Never was I fond in any of my efforts at relaxation of visiting watering places on the sea-shore, when town-weary—haunts of a mixed multitude from the capital. Some of the more distant watering places, in Devon or Wales, are agreeable, from not wearing such suits of motley. They are never found crowded with those who look miserable, from not knowing how to kill the time, of which, when from home, such visitors have no mode of appreciating the value.

It sometimes appears as if the mortality of distinguished men took place by groups. Often, when an individual of celebrity passes off the stage of life, a number of others seem to follow almost immediately, and then there occurs a pause in the mortality.

Leigh Hunt, just now no more, I used to visit occasionally, when I chanced to be in town. I cannot recollect where I first called upon him, having been introduced to him by his brother John, about 1812 or 1813. I think he then lived in Lisson Grove, and soon after in Cumberland Place, New Road, where, on some particular evening in the week, I used to find him encircled with a few friends. On such occasions, it was not possible to meet a more pleasant man. He did not know much of the

great world, but in literature, and in that relish for what is agreeable and beautiful in books or the arts, I knew no one of that time who excelled him. His acquisitions were confined to the tasteful in the belles lettres, and none rendered the English, Italian, or Latin poets to more advantage, or understood them better. There was a certain affectedness about him at times, which exhibited itself in his writings. The latter were simple, smooth in style, and never obscure. His subjects, at least those on which he loved to expatiate, were of the simple kind, extremely pleasing, but never, that I remember, elevated. He loved to expatiate and make much of what he saw and liked within a limited circle, and that circle seemed to bound his views, and to attach him to a locality which grew upon his affection by his greater familiarity with it. The Vale of Health at Hampstead was his little world at one period. The Well Walk, the paths, the heath, he made as much of as if they were to others what they had been to him; scenes where they had ruminated and been busy

“In the quick forge and working house of thought.”

There was in this respect a circumscription about him somewhat marked after the school of Lamb, except that Lamb's “Paradise” was bounded by the Temple, and the dirty streets in its vicinity.

He cared not for the rest of the world besides. All men have their peculiar tastes, even kings for low company, and their ministers, often, as with Pitt, for any but intellectual men in their choice. It was otherwise with Hunt, who had much more poetical feeling and a better regulated imagination than Lamb, who was a sort of housewife in literature. Hunt loved green fields, and trees, and glimpses of nature, and most as she shows herself in the vicinity of the metropolis; and beautiful nature it is, if the works of man in tile and brick, which so mar its beauty, could be got to harmonize with its verdure and agreeableness. There was a want of usage in the modes of conduct and thinking, in certain classes of society, which Hunt never understood. This was the case in his intercourse with Byron. It is true he was above them; but that is no matter; man is called upon for some little personal sacrifice to fit into his place with all degrees and orders of his fellow beings. Either from habitual attachment to what became to him second nature, or from natural feeling, he had a tendency to be singular, at least when I knew him first, or about 1813, if I recollect rightly. He had a love at that time, too, for the early English poets, which he continually cited and exhibited to advantage. I imagine I once met Shelley at his house with others, but I forget most of their names. Michael Slegg, who was a friend

of Hunt's, got into conversation upon the nature of the imagination, one evening, and, at parting, put a small book into my hands upon the subject, which I still possess, that circumstance impressing him more strongly on my mind. I never saw him more; but heard that he became the inmate of a house for the insane. There, too, appeared, now and then, William Grenville Graham, of whose unhappy history I have given an account in the "Recollections." Politics ran high at that time; men in the literary world were judged by their side in politics, not by their literary merit or demerit. It was not a period when critical ability was honestly applied, although there were men capable of exercising the duty of the critic with an ability that I fully believe does not exist in the same class at present, while in the latter period, with far greater freedom of action, the feeling has become much more charitable. I speak only of the respectable part of our existing critical publications, for many are vile enough for any era. There is, in existence, no doubt, an exercise of what they call criticism in the scum of literature, duly practiced for the edification of the *canaille* that has faith in them, but this arises from the multiplication of such undertakings and duties bestowed on persons destitute of education beyond the writing school vernacular.

When I visited Hunt in Horsemonger Lane

prison, for his libel upon the Prince of Wales, and saw his late recollection of his prison, it surprised me; I found a room of a small size, as I recollect, on the ground floor, into which he had introduced some furniture, and on a side table stood a few flowers in a vase. The effect to me, though the place might have been well enough for a prison, was exceedingly painful. Hunt told me I had scarcely missed Byron* and Moore, who thought he was well off. I replied, "for a prison, I suppose. This is a vile, low, damp, villainous neighbourhood, and your health is not of the strongest. Your brother John is in a noble place for air; his window commands a wide prospect, and he walks two hours a day in the governor's garden. I think you should change places. Who allotted the prisons? I suppose our modern Jeffries sent you here as being more guilty than your brother, because you handled the quill." He could not answer that point.

Hunt was composing the tale which did his abilities so much credit. I refer to "Rimini," a poem of course bitterly abused by his enemies of the "Quarterly." When published, he sent me a

* It is singular that while I knew by person almost all the literary men of that time, and was acquainted with most of them, I never even saw Byron. I was continually away from London while he was in it, or until the end of 1814, and went to France soon after the battle of Waterloo. Byron came through Paris while I was living there, but he passed on rapidly to the southwards, and returned no more.

copy, with his name, which I retain as a memento of him to this hour. We met frequently after his release. The libel was a hasty reply to a most ridiculous article in a morning paper. As I remember, Ellenborough was more ferocious than usual upon that trial. I never looked in the face of his Lordship on the bench, but I thought of Rhadamanthus. He was imperious and ill-tempered. I thought too of the climax in "Junius," from "Tresillian to Jeffries, and from Jeffries to Mansfield," carrying it a step farther. In those days the juries were always "cooked of the right sort," and so continued to be till Sir Robert Peel changed the system. His lordship's summing-up was as bitter against the person charged as if he had been the prosecutor's counsel. He should have been born a century and a half earlier. I had a dispute once with a friend, a Lincoln's Inn lawyer, which terminated in estrangement about Lord Ellenborough's conduct. He spoke of his lordship as a "great luminary of the law;" I replied that if so, he was never seen but under an eclipse, except by the profession, whose light was obscurity to the rest of the world.

In one of Hunt's works, of which I was in some respect the originator, namely, "Lord Byron and some of his contemporaries," Hunt alludes, at page 318, Vol. I., to a debt to Shelley, of fourteen

hundred pounds, and that it did not extricate him, for he had not yet learned to be careful.

There was more in this than the above lines imply. There was a want of fulness in the statement.* One sum advanced was a thousand pounds, and Horace Smith paid half of it. I had it from his own lips. Hunt might, it is true, have borrowed of Shelley alone a couple of hundred more, but the sum of one thousand was advanced him on coming out of the prison in the borough, because, as Smith told me it was their intention (Shelley's and his own) that Hunt should start free of all claims. They asked him if all was clear, and he replied, "Yes," but, perhaps incidentally, forgot a sum of twenty or thirty pounds which was paid afterwards. Smith and Shelley were on the most intimate terms. Smith had a correspondence of some length with Shelley, which, when I wrote Shelley's memoir for Gallignani's Edition of the English poets, I wanted to have, but on inspection it was found so intermixed with private affairs that I could make no use of it, and was indebted to Mrs. Shelley for nearly all the matter I obtained.

When Hunt returned from the South, or just as he set out upon his return, he wrote me to ask

* See also Recollections, vol. 1, p. 200, Edition 2, Letter of H. Smith.

whether, besides contributing to the "New Monthly," I could not get Colburn to bargain with him for a volume or two respecting Italy. I did so accordingly, and from thence came two volumes of "Lord Byron and his contemporaries," which passed through two editions. There was much promised in Hunt's "Voyage to Italy," which was doomed to end in disappointment. Smith, who knew Shelley well, hoped things would have turned out differently. I had no thought that the scheme would succeed, for reasons unconnected with the men concerned in the literary part of the undertaking abroad, which, to state here, would not now be clearly comprehended by the generality of readers. In the next place, the moment I heard Hunt and his family were in the same house as Lord Byron, I remarked that it could never last long. Domestic habits, manners, familiar modes of expression, dissimilarity of feeling, between persons so differently educated, when in immediate contact and in social conduct so diverse, could never be brought to harmonise. Hunt was a man of unimpeachable morals, and in strictness a family man, who deemed his home in the midst of his labors his happiest position. No second person could participate in his feelings. Had his intercourse with Byron been that of friends meeting two or three times a week, and confined to literary subjects, it might have answered. Byron had been

spoiled by his latitudinarian education, and untrained intercourse with dissipated people before his marriage, the unhappy termination of which was all his own doing, though few knew or even now know the real cause, and as nearly all the parties concerned are gone to the last resting place of humanity, it had better be left, as it will be by me, to rest in peace,

“Masking the business from the common eye.”

The habits of Hunt had never been those, which had been acquired by the loose taste of a spoiled man of fashion, semi-reformed by study, persevered in for the love of fame. There is no doubt that with Byron's spoiled education, his fashionable habits, and his silly patrician notions, he would have lived a *roué* and spendthrift, and died as obscurely as nine tenths of his order do, if his genius had not to a great extent reclaimed him, and the desire of fame spurred him to a better course. This, however, did not prevent the taint of his early dissipation from affecting at times his manners and talk. Thus his jests, want of fixed judgment of things, and looseness of conversation were not shaken off, even when he was travelling in a track comparatively blameless, and winning an immortal name. Hunt had led the secluded life of a real student, and his manners were simple, and anything but formed on the model of fashionable and dissipated life. I confess

that the book to which I am referring does him no credit, because there runs through it the air of disappointment in side allusions and cool commendations, constantly neutralized by subsequent observations, but allowance must be made for all this. Hunt expected that all others should see with his eyes, and be moved with similar motives in regard to his family. He loved his family, and expected others to enter into his feelings regarding it, which no indifferent person could do, and in his case there was nothing particular to make an exception, or domestic and sober as it might be to attract more than that attention, which, under all circumstances, a man is bound to pay to the relatives of an acquaintance. Hunt imagined that in Byron the difference of their position had that effect upon his conduct, which was in reality only waywardness, and which had they lived the town's length apart would not most likely have occurred at all.

I had not seen Hunt for several years when I found him resident at Hammersmith, the last time I saw him, about two years before his decease. He looked well for his age. He pressed me to come over to him sometimes, and have some conversation about old times. The distances, however, are so great in London, and my toils unhappily increasing rather than reducing by time, I felt I could not call upon him as often as I desired, and as from other ac-

quaintance so from him, I was obliged to keep at home; time was and is doing his work with me only a little slower than with others.

An incident occurred after the return of Hunt from Italy, where he seems not to have been struck with the beauty of nature. I asked him what he thought of the Appenines and the Alpine scenery. He replied he did not much notice them; the towns and remarkable places, the scenes of great actions or the works of great men, pleased him better. The incident to which I allude was his estrangement from his brother, who retired into Somersetshire and died there. Leigh Hunt had been at home some time. There arrived from India, with a flourish of his own trumpet, by complainings which, when founded on fact, merit notice, Mr. James Silk Buckingham, who declared how hardly he had been used by the East India Company. He got a credit and sympathy from every body, as such lions do, until the truth comes out. He had a house in the Regent's Park, and it being remarked to him that he could not want pecuniary means when he lived in such an expensive house, he removed to one not much less so, in Grove End Road, St. John's Wood. I had believed all he said, and he having made my acquaintance, I did him all the good offices in my power. He seemed to know very few people, and again and again asked me to introduce him to the

brothers Hunt. He wished to have their company at dinner; would I invite them, as I had an invitation myself; he did not know them. I saw Mr. John Hunt at Maida Hill, and he said, "Has my brother an invitation?"

I replied, "I am going to ask him on behalf of Mr. B——, from whom I have a note to enclose."

"Then pray convey my thanks to Mr. Buckingham; I shall not be able to dine with him." He then added, to myself, in effect, "I cannot meet my brother. He has again broken his word with me. I agreed to pay him annually a certain sum from a consideration when he went abroad, and I did it on the condition that he should not alienate it, and his family might have the benefit of it also, in case anything happened to him. He has too often promised things to me, and not kept his promises. He agreed, and he broke his agreement. I will not meet him."

From Leigh Hunt I received the following letter, dated from Highgate, 1826. It is a letter which spoke for itself, and ingeniously leaves the main cause out of the question. Something must be said in reply, and yet of the fact which he was not aware I knew, he did not state a word, but evaded it. This was poor Hunt's failing, and a mutual acquaintance, Charles Ollier, of whom he spoke in terms of great kindness the last time I ever saw him, said to me,

to cure Hunt of this his failing, he must be born again :—

“ DEAR SIR,

“ I received last night the letter of invitation for this evening, written by Mr. Buckingham to my brother John, and kindly including myself. The letter was accompanied with an intimation that Mr. J. H. had replied to Mr. B. ‘that he was engaged, but would forward the invitation to Mr. Leigh Hunt.’ This, unfortunately, is my brother’s way. I do not wish to beg the question between us. I allow, for the sake of argument, that I may be the person to blame, and not he—mind, I do *not* think so. I think he is flagrantly in the wrong ; he also says that I am ; and here the matter at present stands. It is just going to arbitration. I think he did a very unjust thing unawares, and then has never had courage enough to confess it—not, perhaps, even to his own mind. But I always conceive what every man ought, that the fault may lie on my side, not his, and in this spirit I do so still. All that I lament in this unhappy dispute is, that, because he is offended, he should think he has a greater right than I have, who have been both offended and *ousted*, to refuse to remain in proper brotherly union, and leave the question itself to be settled by third parties. He does not refuse arbi-

tration ; but in quarrelling with a third person who took an interest in the question, he chose to quarrel with me on that person's account, and to remain inflexible to all offers of brotherliness for no other reason, while there is not a friend of his that has heard of it who does not think it, who does think (it) unwarrantable and lamentable.

“ Now, besides a general difference between my brother and myself as to reserve and open dealing, he thinks fit, it seems, not to say anything about the dispute to others, so that if they know it, and do not know the particulars, I, who have too justly incurred the reputation of being a careless fellow, have to undergo all the natural suspicion of being in the wrong, arising from his unexplained alienation ; or, if they do not know it, I have to blurt out the true state of the case, as well as I may, when circumstances come to a point that requires it. How he can bear all that this reserve implies, whether awkward or advantageous, I cannot understand. How he can go through the numerous implied falsehoods with which it must be mixed up when people talk of me to him, is to me incomprehensible ; but so has his whole conduct been since this most unhappy difference. I have never recognised my former, and, as I have tried hard to believe, my true brother John in it. But so it is. For my part, I have hampered myself enough in this world with my care-

lessness, and I will not hamper myself with suspicions, reserves, and implied untruths. I have no secret on the subject with my friends, nor can I have with the rest of the world if my brother goes on in this idle manner, and forces me to explain on all sides.

“ Pray say as much or as little of this matter to Mr. B. as you see occasion. I do not want to force third persons to speak, but no fear of reserve shall be charged upon me. My brother, who never finds anything but the handsomest version for what he chooses to do himself, may translate this part of his conduct into delicacy. To me it is anything but that, as I have already shown. But I need not take up your time further.

“ Be good enough to thank Mr. B. for his invitation. I should have been very glad to make his acquaintance, and to meet yourself, Mr. P—, and Major Hill; but you know I have been a great defaulter with Colburn this summer, seduced by my old friends and my old green fields; and the truth is, he has dealt with me so handsomely, that till I have made greater way with the book I am writing for him I dare not enjoy another evening out of doors, for it keeps me up late for the next morning. Tell Mr. B. this, and say I shall be happy to come on some future occasion—towards the spring, for instance—if he will allow me to think myself of im-

portance enough for so long an invitation. Tell him also about my summer's delay. I do not wish to be thought worse than I am; but I also wish to be thought better; and the more I see of the world every day, the more I hate reserves and half-reasons.

“Very truly yours,

“LEIGH HUNT.”

In this letter there are a great many words which explain nothing. Mr. John Hunt had told me the cause, and a man of greater probity I never knew. We had a long and intimate acquaintance. Leigh Hunt was impulsive, genial, gifted, a worthy man on most points, a delightful companion but, as his brother said, he could not rely upon him. He confessed himself he was careless. He was a writer of the school of Addison, in that middle taste, simple, clear, and elegant; never lofty, never depressed. His choice of subjects suited his equable style and the tranquil flow of his language. Some of his best writings are his criticisms on the drama at the time when England could boast of what is now unknown here in spirit and truth. He was far less dogmatical than Hazlitt, and therefore a pleasanter writer—a better classic and more amiable man. He did not want power sufficient for any occasion that happened to present itself in replication, but it was not so energetic as appellant to reason. He had a mode of

affecting unreservedness and pleading partially guilty to such charges as he could not escape; and what reply could be made to such a course of action with an amiable man? I never knew a man who seemed to feel more the beauties of English poetry—the sterling poetry of the school which the modern rhymers are going to cast for ever into shade in their own opinion. Without regard to merit or demerit, his best early efforts were crushed by the servile, and by the barking of the hounds that once hunted down every man and his works that happened to support a liberal opinion. Hunt was honest and staunch to his principles, but he had not the means of meeting his enemies with an energy that increased in proportion to their virulence. He had, perhaps, a better, though a more protracted, triumph in seeing reform principles prevail—outliving, too, most of his enemies and those who were behind their time in the advance of the age.

I remember not less than thirty, now removed from the cares of life, who were sufferers from the ruling power being a century behind its time. There was Gilbert Wakefield, the elegant scholar and truth-speaking divine; Burdett, Phillips, Ridgway, the Hunts; and how did it all end but in the permanent establishment of the principles then attempted to be put down by human suffering, accompanied by the elevation of England to an eminence in

power and wealth, under Queen Victoria, such as the most sanguine could never have anticipated. Hunt lived to see the old unconstitutional system of things perish, and his slanderers pass into oblivion. It would be curious to examine the publications of those times, and notice the number of names now forgotten, that were then great in their own estimation, expending their venom upon the advocates of truth and reason, some without having any defined principles themselves. The reformer then might be addressed—

“ You have many enemies, but know not
Why they are so ; but, like to village curs,
Bark when their fellows do.”

It will not be long before the remembrance of such feelings will be lost in the plumbless depths of the past, for there will be none left to partake in the remembrance of them. The names of the actors will grow stale to the coming generations, but to those who yet live in the twilight of life, they will continually be of the present. History, which lies in modern days with more assurance than ever, will not record them truly ; thus, their only register at present is a short one, in possession of aged and decaying natures, ever anxious to shape her figures in a new mould.

Hunt was justified in his conduct to Moore ; the latter behaved with that sensitiveness which was

alarmed lest he should be deemed a partaker in that want of respect which even a man of talent should show, so he fancied, to the accident of birth. Moore would not contribute to the "New Monthly," though he well knew that neither Campbell nor I would support the tory principles of the first series of the work. He was alarmed lest some whig of notoriety should frown upon him. It was the business of those who managed the literary part of a work which had been some years in existence to reverse its tone, but Moore was sensitive as to the name. Moore joined us in the "Metropolitan," but quitted, as we did, when Marryat became the proprietor, as it was but natural he should do. His attack upon poor Hunt was unjustifiable. Whatever were the faults of the latter, it was not for Moore to charge him with ill conduct towards Byron; for Moore had a secret jealousy of Byron, and kept it under with difficulty. There was no opponent of his own whom he did not openly satirize solely on party grounds, yet he acted against Hunt in an underhand way. All that was "fashionable" on his own side in politics was *couleur de rose*. All that reviewers can say only goes for reason and good sense when it is truth. The "Quarterly Review" in the present day would never dream of going the length it did under men of so little character and weight as Croker or Gifford, and others, when they were

ruled by party spirit alone, and had no sort of scruple about what they said when a political opponent was to be cut up. The conduct of Moore, a man of genius, was painful, and the more so for being carried on under the rose. He had known himself what it was to struggle in life. The family of Hunt was superior in all respects to his own, and the observations he made, as the writer of the lives of Sheridan and Byron, can add nothing to his fame. Sir Charles Morgan, who knew Moore (my knowledge of him was comparatively slight to his), said that Moore had not the slightest regard for Byron in reality. As to Moore, who left his biography to Lord John Russell, no doubt the best was made of it that his lordship was able to accomplish out of the materials. From his lordship's character it was more likely that he would adhere high-mindedly to the truth, than suppress or put additions to his work for the sake of "making the worse appear the better reason." Hunt properly showed that Moore ought not to have attacked an old acquaintance, struggling in the world on the same side of the question. That noble lord knows what a struggle the liberals had in the olden time. Most assuredly Byron was no "patron" of Hunt's; the latter could have walked off without the peer's nursing or guidance. Hunt had made a name before Byron knew him. It was unjust and un-

generous, and Moore would not have done it earlier in life, when, like a man, he cherished his own independence before everything else. I state this because it is the truth. John Hunt and myself were the more intimate friends in those days, but it was impossible to withhold from Leigh, his brother, those merits which were unquestionably his due, and which it was unworthy of Moore to attempt secretly to depress. Leigh Hunt was right when he charged Moore with a want of sincerity, but enough!

Hunt used to laugh at the utter want of any idea relative to the merit of literary works among traders in books, and quoted a letter of Pope I had forgotten. 'Pope left some diverting letters descriptive of the conversation of booksellers, with and about authors, perfectly graphic. Byron related that Murray was congratulated by a brother chip upon having such a *poet* as himself. As if, says the noble writer, one were 'a packhorse, or ass, or anything that was *his*;' or as Mrs. Packwood, who replied to some inquiry after 'Odes on Razors,' 'Lord, Sir, we keeps a poet.' 'Childe Harold and Cookeries is much wanted,' an Edinburgh biblioplist wrote to Murray. Pope's account of his ride, I think, to Oxford, with 'Lintot,' or 'Left-legged Jacob Tonson,' is delightful—so exactly in character. So Mr. Curl, dispatching his porter to *his* author, said 'go to the Tallow Chandlers in Petty France, and ask for my

historian; to Moorfields, to my translator; to the Friars, to my Pindarick writer in red stockings; to the three tobacco pipes, to one that has been my parson, my best writer against revealed religion; to the Farthing Pie House, Tooting, to the man who is writing my new pastoral; to the Hole in the Wall, in Cursitor's Alley, up three pair, to the author of my church history; and to the cook's wife in Buckingham Court, to bring her receipts for my new cookery book, &c." The idea of wares, of paper, writer, print, and binding go together, in the trader's head, just like a pound of soap and candles. As to mind, that is a thing not understood, so "my" mind does not come into the reckoning. What a bar to an author's pride and profit is all this! Yet the joke is worth a laugh, even amid moody madness from what it may involve. Hunt used to say that though the times had changed with authors, there were marks enough that the genius bibliopolic was unaltered. It was competition alone saved the author from being still treated with the same contempt under the like circumstances.

When the "London Magazine" was published, I do not know whether Hunt contributed; but though it had a number of clever men of a particular school attached to its columns, the work would not do. I do not remember many who contributed to it. I wrote some articles. It was singular, however, that

a number of clever men, the majority of the Lamb school, did do so, and I remember Talford was always, even to the last, a devotee to the mannerism of that school. Still, the school which laid itself out to criticise every other in a high tone, was never able, in any periodical, to make its mannerism succeed with the public—a mannerism that overweighed the unquestionable ability of many of the writers of the school now defunct. Some of them dogmatically criticised other works that had great success, in the teeth of which they could never comprehend the sentence, “Physician, heal thyself.” Mannerism did not suit the public and cockneyism; a leading feature with some of the writers was still less acceptable. I contributed anonymously, for I was busy about another periodical at the time, about half a dozen trivial papers, willing to aid one or two excellent friends, notwithstanding their literary prejudices, written as much in the tone of the magazine as I could make them. I remember one was called “The Malvern Hills,” so written; then another was “The Tea-garden,” and, a third, “My Father’s Home,” or “House;” I imagine about 1822 or 1823, for I do not possess a copy of the work, and am not certain of these titles being correct. The school to which I allude, and which Professor Wilson called the “cockney school,” left only the quaint, but truly natural pictures in the

papers of Elia stamped with durability. I am not clear at this distance of time, but I think I bore a proposal to Colburn to buy and incorporate the "London" with the "New Monthly." I have some idea of the offer having been made. Scott, who first edited the "London," and fell in a duel, was not exactly the man to lead off, but he was better adapted for it than some of its contributors. The fault was, they looked upon their own opinions, however *outré*, as the proper currency. The public, which may be coaxed, will not be commanded. With no little experience in periodical literature, I can assert that excellent men, and literati, as some of the old London Magazine men were, they had no tact for the conduct of such a work.

There was about Hunt a circumscription and a dwelling on trivialities sometimes, which here and there marred the effect of a detached piece of writing, but as a whole there has not existed a writer so neat in manner, and purely simple, since the days of Addison. Pressed to write, in the vigour of his years in order to live, he could not deliberately select his topics. In a knowledge of the world, in some respects, he would have proved inferior, but in the conduct of a series of papers like the "Spectator," deficient in the humour, his simple elegant English, much more accurate than that of Addison, would have constituted him no

mean rival in the same line of authorship. He never had full justice done to him. In his dramatic criticisms Hunt never had a cotemporary capable of meeting him upon equal terms. Had the British drama not been extinct, his criticisms would no doubt have well borne re-printing. As it is, with the stage a thing of the past, we must be content to see England in arrear in one of the most delightful displays of the poetical imagination.

In a discussion upon written prayers, Hunt once observed that Milton was opposed to forms, from a prayer being a petition which should come from the heart, and this seemed to be but natural, except in the case of children, who must be taught with a form. I agreed with him. Still the use of forms by grown up persons leads them to rely upon mere verbal repetition as if religion dealt out its virtue on such repetition alone, and thus the form is hurried over any how. The Roman catholic church multiplies prayers for no better end, as if crediting their efficacy solely thus applied. Our church has too many repetitions; some excellent. A child does not learn a form when it addresses its parent to fulfil its wishes. It is not a bad story told of the sailors of the three nations, in a storm; the Scotchman prayed extempore; the Irishman had his prayers by heart, to the Virgin, and the eleven thousand virgins, perhaps, into the bargain; but the Englishman went through

the ship, hunting for a prayer-book, and could not find one, until the storm was over. The John Bull no doubt feared that if he prayed out of book, he might have prayed against some of the thirty-nine articles, and thus have got into the hands of our excellent man, but grand Inquisitor, Dr. Lushington, and the odium theologicum of the bishops, for heresy.

The foregoing story recalls one told by Mr. Polwhele, in whose parish I once resided. The storms from the Atlantic break with great fury upon the coast of Cornwall. There was a solitary inn, upon a cold exposed spot in a hamlet on a cliff near the sea; one dark evening a tremendous storm of wind, thunder, and lightning, rocked the houses to their foundations; there was but one little inn, the mistress of which was the oracle of the hamlet. The frightened cottagers all left their own homes and ran to the inn, the walls of which were substantial, and with such an oracle as the landlady they could not but be safer there! The storm increased in fury, and terror was upon every face; at length it was proposed some one should read prayers, and a lad of all work, in the service of the landlady, was told to go up-stairs and fetch the prayer-book. He was the only one of the party who could read tolerably. The lad obeyed, and, on opening the book, all the party fell upon their knees. The boy began, and

read on for a little time uninterruptedly, until he came to the words, "and his man Friday," when the mistress called out—

"Why, Jan, thee art reading 'Robinson Crusoe!'"

Being piqued at the interruption, the boy replied—

"An' if I be, missis, I 'spose 'Robinson Crusoe' will keep away the thunder as well as the other book!"

There were but two books—the prayer-book, and De Foe's novel—in the house, and Jan, in his hurry, had brought the wrong one.

I remember, too, a discussion about the ability of literary men to fill public offices; some people arguing that they are not fit for the duties. How many cases may be cited to prove the contrary. It is true that they will not stoop, and cringe, and practice the unprincipled antics which many in the public service do practice. It must be seen whether the public service really gains most by the mean arts that are so continually used in some branches of diplomacy for example. This statement, too, has been held by ignorant and self-sufficient persons in office, as a taunt. It is not so; to borrow a coarse simile, a diplomatist of the old school had nothing to which he could be compared, except the custom-house negociator of forged papers, last war, to the truth of which the gentleman swore, "for

the good of his country," being attached to the court of the Custom House and Tower stairs, in place of the Treasury, or Foreign office in the shape of an envoy or ambassador. The diplomatic protocol man of the custom house, went by the name of the "damned soul," from the ability he displayed in making the worse appear the better reason, by a dexterous use of a certain diplomatic form of speech derived from a statesman-like license in the use of the ninth commandment.

The notion probably arose from the character of certain plodders in learning—bookworms who dwell for life in university chambers, or afterwards pass from college to country livings, where they are laid up for life, deeply imbued with the Christian faith by translating Horace and Anacreon, disserting on the Æolic digamma, or making Latin verses after Tibullus and Ovid, but never having dared an independent sentiment or idea of their own. The truth is, that no men are more fit for public service than those who, having received a good education, been well-read in history, have mingled with the great world, and studied men and things—individuals who possess well-stored minds and much general knowledge. It is true that there are too many in the present age styled "literary men" by themselves and friends who publish without knowing more than the use of the vernacular tongue, dis-

playing their own shallowness, and are applauded by the ignorant. "Define your terms," says Locke. By the term "literary man" is intended, under the proper definition, an educated individual—one who has studied ancient and modern history and literature, and something of other languages besides his own, and who has observed men as well as books—who has a mind enlarged by attention to the more important things he has heard and seen, both in books and in society, and can turn them to account. Most assuredly such an individual is more competent to the duties of office than a man who knows nothing at all beyond the pedigree of a hound and the slang of Bond Street; yet the latter, put into office, shall sustain himself *secundum artem*, and all go on swimmingly with, or rather without, a head. Let us suppose my Lord Protocol—Tory or Liberal, as it may happen—called by the crown to form an administration. His lordship is a man of eminent ability, while some whom he must make heads of offices are, he knows, Foodles and Doodles; but use them he must, because they have great family influences. Lord W. Poulet, says Horace Walpole, brought in a bill to naturalize "Jeremiah," Duchess of Kent, in place of Jemima; and when a gentleman offered him an "equivalent" for a horse, he replied he did not know what to do with an elephant. The newspapers would report Lord W. Poulet gra-

ciously receiving a cockney deputation, listening attentively, and bowing them out with the most perfect official grace. Place such an officer in a public department, therefore; nothing would be heard of his Jeremiahs or elephants—all dovetails admirably, the office making the man. The mode in which this was managed made Burke say, “Cut off the heads of all the chiefs of departments, and the public business would go on as well as before,” or words to that effect. Now, it would be strange if a literary man could not manage under so elastic a system as well as Lord Doodle or Mr. Foodle. The want of ability therefore, is a pretext; it is too much knowledge and independence that is feared in literary men, truly so called; and yet so fast is the good sense of the day prying into the exemplary system of “the good old times,” that examinations, such as have long existed in our glorious naval service and artillery, and made them what they are, so praised throughout Europe, are introducing into our civil and military services generally, a fatal stroke to those “cannie people” of whom the late Lord Melville used to tell the story, in the instance of a Scot, who applied to him prospectively for a place for his son (in case it proved a son), his wife being about to be brought to bed in the “gude burgh of Aberdeen!” Here it is that the shoe pinches; and yet what is to be done if the public discover how

much mental imbecility has reigned in public offices, and the system become bared? How easy, as Cardinal de Retz said, was it to govern a country! The truth is, the under-secretaries are life-standing officials—neutrals as to party feeling in regard to action. They receive the recruit who is to be their nominal commander, give him a little drilling, or “figging,” as the jockeys and horsedealers call it, do all the work themselves, and cram him for his exhibition in Parliament, if he can be got up to the mark for displaying his official duties. Many cannot do this in spite of all their instructions. The shoulders of the premier for the time being must, therefore, bear all. A friend in an ancient office, abolished some time ago, told me that the head of his department wanted a sketch of the history of the office—an old one as to date, from the period of its establishment. It was a work of no small labour and research. No one would volunteer so heavy a task, knowing he should have no thanks for it. At length, to oblige his superior, he agreed to try it. For week after week, he worked up until nearly twelve o'clock every night, without fee or reward, and this for between three and four months. He then handed over his labour to his chief, having nearly knocked himself up with the task, which was wholly a voluntary one. The document was taken to the House of Commons in due course, and

again and again was the chief applauded for the excellent, clear, and learned paper so drawn up. Not a word of thanks did he tender to the man on whose voluntary labour he thus plumed himself. His chief received high commendation, which he so generously got through the spontaneous tender of a man of tenfold his ability. "You will know better than to volunteer again," I observed. Soon after, the antique establishment was broken up, and the man who was thus kept in the background was packed off upon retired pay in the prime of his life! Here is a valid reason why literary men of character—for in these times this exception must be made—will not suit for public places. They are too independent, and will not be degraded to uphold incapable persons placed over them, to whom the credit of their labours, bodily or intellectual, is to be transferred. It is also because literary men are feared, from their being too apt to look into causes as well as effects. There is a distaste felt towards them, although it is well known that it is they who rule public opinion. It is fortunate that the shackles of patronage, which keep art in such a state of mediocrity, have been broken in regard to literature. The day of literary servility has ceased, and free thought is producing effects to the advantage of the community, which are of immeasurable benefit

both to the governors and governed. Independently of the persecution I endured for supporting Catholic emancipation, I can remember when a distinguished man was threatened with a government prosecution for publishing that General Mack did right to surrender to the French at Ulm, and prevent useless bloodshed! This would seem incredible now to those who censure the state of the French press. Let them go back a little to some of the press prosecutions in England!

One of the most painful things in life, as we grow old, is the loss of individuals who were either personal friends, or who had been so long before the public that we have become habituated to their names. The decease of Sir William Napier recalls an acquaintance with which I was honoured, and a correspondence which, owing to third parties being concerned, I cannot insert here. He was much the greater man of his family, and his name will be preserved the longest. I first visited him at Freshford, in 1835. The Napiers were all of a warm temperament, and Sir William, with a noble and comprehensive soul, partook of it. He applied to me for the purpose of information upon a matter in which he felt indignant, and I regretted I *could be* of little service to him in the affair. There was an uncompromising openness and manliness in his

nature which was certain to command respect in a world where selfishness and cowardly caution are so distinguishable.

A different character in every respect, but a hospitable and generous man, was the late Mr. Pryce Gordon. He had seen much of the world, and was the most open-hearted Scot whom I ever knew. He had none of that "prudent selfishness" which Dr. Chalmers extols as the prime virtue of the land of cakes. Mr. Gordon published (I speak from memory), "A tour in, or description of the state of Belgium," many years ago, and was a resident at Cheltenham. He knew many of the high leading men who were his contemporaries. I remember a statement he made regarding Porson, whom he had once invited to dinner, and the guest came by mistake the day before. Gordon insisted on his remaining that day, as it was the dinner hour. The great Grecian consented, sat up all night, took claret and spirits enough to drown himself, remained until dinner time the next day, and then, borrowing a neckcloth, sat out the dinner party, and quitted Gordon's house at five the next morning, seeing the company all out the second day. He might well exclaim to Porson—

—"Give me wine, and tell me why,
My friend, should all things drink but I?"*

* Τί μοι μάχεσθ' ἑταῖροι
Κ' αὐτῷ δέλοντι πίνειν

I cannot recal to mind the quantity of wine, spirits, and cigars Porson consumed at this protracted sitting. It may admit of a question how much the weight of the professor's Greek acquirements would go to balance the vice of his Bacchanalian habits!

Mr. Gordon was a connoisseur in wine. Among my correspondence I find the following letter from Cheltenham, not long before his decease, at a very advanced age:—

“MY DEAR SIR,—In reply to your last, I have to tell you that I have communicated with General Sir A. M.—, at Bath, and you will see what his ideas are. He is a man of refined taste, and has lived a quarter of a century on the continent. Referring to wine bibbers he sips his Bourdeau after the dessert, and it was “my custom sometimes in the afternoon,” when I was a sitter in the good old days. But, alas, “the days of chivalry” are long past with me, and I am now quite content with a couple of glasses of pure Amontillado.

“The weather has prevented my moving, or making much exertion of late. Your ideas about wine agree with my own. The general vile taste of John Bull, in regard to the merit of wines, is too plain. Perhaps palates are vitiated by that diabolical trash called “port,” and prefer the horrible

mixture of brandy to the Rhenish and French high-class wines, not having the power to discriminate between the old pure wine of Xeres and the amalgamation called cheap sherry, made by rascals who care not what poisons they sell, provided they can get rid of their mixtures. Cheapness is preferred, therefore, to quality.

“As Lord Northwick is expected at his villa here next week, I hope to send you some anecdotes of Beckford.

“Why do you not take a run down by the train, and have a look at his lordship’s splendid collection of *vertu*? I can give you a bed, and will be proud of being your Cicerone. Thirlestone House, of its size, is certainly the prettiest villa in our island. Perhaps you have seen the gallery there? I had the pleasure of meeting Lord N. in Italy, forty-five years ago, and have the *entrée* there, at all times, with my friends, we being still on very intimate terms; so whether he is down or not, it is no matter. Lord N. is a nobleman of the *ancien regime*. He made lately some good additions to his large collection. He had many dealings with Beckford in the *beaux arts*, and, moreover, I think he purchased many of the pictures of the latter from Fonthill. Cannot you contrive to turn your back on the printers, and their devils, for a few days, about Christmas? we could then amuse the amateur of the *beaux arts*.

"I shall look with anxiety for your life of B. I have picked up a very extraordinary youth, from a mechanic's shop, whose precocity for portrait painting is very remarkable, and I think, in time, will make a sensation at the Academy, where he is now studying the 'figure.' With every good wish, believe me,

"My dear Sir,

"Faithfully yours,

"PRYCE S. GORDON."

This was the last letter I ever had from Mr. Gordon; the date is wanting, being on the envelope, I believe it must have been 1857 or 1858.

Lord Northwick, if I recollect rightly, bought the St. Katharine of Raphael (the best picture of that great master now in England) from a gallery in Italy, for £300; Beckford told him he would make the hundreds thousands, to possess it, and Lord N. parted with it for £3000. I believe the government gave Beckford £5000 for it.

CHAPTER III.

Goldsmith's grave—Washington Irving—French suicide—Tendencies of certain novels—Post Stamp proposal—Prince Czartorisky.

IN my cursory "Recollections" I mentioned, among other things, my acquaintance with a silk-merchant on Ludgate-hill, named Tyers, Mr. Adams, a man of considerable scientific acquirements, and a Colonel Laurence. The latter was proud of belonging to the 20th Regiment, which bore the brunt at the battle of Minden, in which he carried the colours of the regiment.* These had all spent many of their evenings with Johnson and Goldsmith.

I was passing a week or two ago through the Temple, and observed in the burying-ground that a tomb had been recently erected to the memory of Goldsmith. I was the means of this being done, and nothing mars the pleasure of the recollection

* Fought 1759.—See "Recollections." vol. i. p. 26, second edition. See also the New Monthly Magazine for April, 1861.

but the departure to another and a better world of the main actor in the benevolent affair, performed out of love to the memory of the poet. On reading what I had stated about Colonel Laurence, and that he directed me to Goldsmith's tomb, in the north-east corner of the Temple churchyard, which I had subsequently seen again and again, Mr. Seaman wrote me as follows :

* * * * *

“For many years I have been lamenting that there is neither stone nor inscription to mark the spot, in the precinct of the Temple Church, where Oliver Goldsmith was buried. Though I have more than once mentioned the circumstance to different members of the Inner Temple, I regret to say they did not seem to know nor to care very much about it. But *I do*. And I was greatly pleased to notice in your “*Recollections, &c.*,” that you know and can point out the exact locality. I think I have sufficient influence with the present treasurer of the Temple, to get leave either to put up a stone, or some mark on an existing slab, by which your knowledge could be perpetuated. The object of my writing to you is to ask you to spare the time, and to take the trouble to go with me to the Temple, that I may learn from you what I should be so glad to know. Mr. Bohn, on whom I called to obtain your address, thought I might safely do so.

"It may interest you to know that Mrs. Brunel, the wife of the engineer, and who is granddaughter to Dr. Hawes, who attended Goldsmith in his last illness, has got the poor fellow's writing-desk.

"I am, sir, yours truly,

"B. C. PIERCE SEAMAN.

"4, Upper Gower-street, Bedford-square."

I made an appointment in consequence. We visited the spot together, and I there related how I found the tomb shattered, and the way in which Colonel Laurence—a great admirer of Goldsmith—told me it had occurred. I think the tomb was there when I left England, soon after the battle of Waterloo. I returned in 1818, but I cannot remember when I saw it last, but believe it was some time between 1820 and 1830. Going into the burying-ground by accident one day, I think several years after my return, I found all the gravestones gone, except those placed against the walls, and the whole spot gravelled over.

A second letter from Mr. Seaman after our visit together, ran—

"DEAR SIR,—After parting from you I called on Sir David Dundas, one of the benchers, a great lover of books, and who has a fine library. He gave me a card of introduction to the sub-treasurer of the Temple, who very civilly went with me into the burying-ground, and to whom I pointed out the

spot you indicated to me. He afterwards took me into the vestry of the Temple Church, and showed me a tablet,* which was put up when the present Chief Baron Pollock (I think) was treasurer. It mentions that Goldsmith was buried in the adjoining ground, and not much more. I think its date is 1830, or thereabouts. Is it not strange that they should not then have made some inquiries about it? Is the person you mentioned as also having seen it come-at-able? Not that I question your evidence, but anything to substantiate it is worth having. In one life of Goldsmith it is mentioned that the spot is *known*, but that 'there is nothing to indicate it to the pilgrim or the stranger.' I wrote to the treasurer, enclosing your note to me. As I told you, he is grandson to Dr. Hawes, who attended poor Goldsmith in his last illness. I also wrote to another friend, trying—I hope, successfully—to interest him about it. It shall not sleep, *now*.

"Many thanks for the Milton. I shall have a new coat put on him by Bedford, who is, I think, the best clothier of the present day.

"Dear sir, I am yours truly,

"B. C. PIERCE SEAMAN.

"4, Upper Gower-street, April 24."

* I do not remember this tablet in the Temple Church when I lived in Gough Square, nor did Colonel Laurence ever speak of it to me. I presume it was put up in the church after the tomb in the churchyard was removed, as Goldsmith's name was an honour to the locality. Its being up in 1831, seems to confirm this.

It is a truth, which the world in general will not credit, that the preservation of our better literature, and the recollection of the great names which have adorned it, are only kept in remembrance by a few educated persons and literary men—the latter through their works—but that the public at large feel no interest in the great departed or in their labours. It seems extraordinary that those who have lived in and about the Temple should have had no knowledge of the circumstances detailed as within my memory.

A third communication from Mr. Seaman was to the following effect :

“DEAR SIR,—Yesterday (promiscuously, as Mrs. Malaprop would say) I met Mr. Gurney, the present treasurer of the Temple, to whom I wrote about the information which I had gotten from you. He told me that he had mentioned the thing to the Benchers, and that they had given him ‘leave and license’ to put up a memorial on the spot if it could be satisfactorily identified. I will call on Mr. T., the bookseller, and I shall also get at Forster, Goldsmith’s biographer. Would there be an objection to sending an inquiring letter either to the *Athenæum*, or to the *Notes and Queries*, or to both, that we may get at all possible information now existing about it, and which would satisfy the treasurer? Or can you suggest any other or better mode?

“Though no lawyer, I know a friend of Baron Pollock, and I will ask him to inquire why the tablet was put up at that particular time. He may remember something about it.

“Dear sir, I am yours truly,

“B. C. PIERCE SEAMAN.

“4, Upper Gower-street, April 27, 1858.”

I had made some inquiries to little effect in the interim except in one case, where the part of the stone placed over the poet was well recollected in its place, when I received the following note, dated May 18, 1848 :

“DEAR SIR,

“As Mr. Forster has said in his *Life of Goldsmith* the place of his burial ‘was known though unmarked,’ I thought I would write to him about it. In answer to my inquiries, he says that I quoted from the wrong edition, and that later he has described the result of a very long and tedious search made in the burying-ground by himself and Chief Baron Pollock. The tablet, which is now in the vestry, was put up during Pollock’s treasurer-ship, I think either in 1831 or 1837, in the church, and removed to its present site when the beautification took place, three or four years ago. That tablet was paid for, I have no doubt, out of the society’s

funds, though I did not ask the question of the sub-treasurer. Who would be likely to put up the tomb of which you speak? Mr. Hawes had the arranging of his affairs and funeral pretty much, I believe; but then he was in debt to him, and to a good many other people. The society did not do it, I should think, and his brother Maurice went back to Ireland when he found there were no effects.

"There seems to be no collateral clue—does there? I have been very busy with building in Leicestershire, or I should have written to you some days ago, and I am still busy.

"He was buried, I conclude, in the Temple burying-ground because he lived at 2, Brick-court, and for no other reason, I suppose.

"I have known one or two persons who were acquainted with Dr. Johnson. The late Mr. Rogers and the Bishop of Durham (Maltby) both told me that they went together to call on him, but ran away again, for fear of what sort of a reception they might meet with!

"Dear sir, I am yours truly,

"B. C. PIERCE SEAMAN.

"4, Upper Gower-street."

I wrote a note saying I would call in Gower-street in a day or two, and requesting a reply, but I received none, at which I wondered. Taking up a

newspaper a few days afterwards, I found that Seaman, apparently a man to live many years, whom I had so recently left in full health, had followed Goldsmith, about whom he was so anxious, to "the house appointed for all living!"

From that time until I went by accident through the Temple the other day, and saw a tomb placed over the poet's remains, on the spot I had indicated, I had no idea but that the anxiety of Mr. Seaman about the memorial had died with him. Nor had I any clue to the discovery if he left the task to his executors, unless I searched out his will at Doctors' Commons, as I had no knowledge of his connexions.

The Temple churchyard is a contracted spot, and there are a few monuments of Templars against the walls. Goldsmith's was a table tomb, with a thick Portland stone slab over all. This slab was fractured in the middle by the fall of brickwork from a printing-office which was burned down two years before I had visited London or the Temple. This fire at Hamilton's printing-office is a matter of chronological record:—"Feb. 2, 1803, a fire in Falcon-court, Fleet-street, which destroyed Hamilton's printing-offices." — *Whittaker's Chronology*, 1824.

In regard to Goldsmith, who died on the 4th of April, 1774, and was buried on the 9th, I can only find that a pompous funeral was intended; but a

slight inspection into his affairs showed the impropriety of the design. A few acquaintances only attended his remains to the grave.

I have known many persons who were acquainted with Johnson, but only those I have mentioned who knew Goldsmith. As late, however, as 1837, I met in Lichfield a person, alive and hale, who remembered seeing Johnson on a visit to his native city.

It would be a thing of small moment where the ashes of great men, or of our dearest relatives, rest in reality, but that "from the tomb the voice of nature cries" with all our race, and we cannot help paying the "passing tribute of a sigh" even to the nothingness of our humanity.

Passing to a later period, and to other men who have disappeared from my living knowledge, must be enumerated Washington Irving.

I have forgotten by whom I was first introduced to Irving, and whether it was in England or France; but it was during the embassy of Mr. M'Lane, at a later period, that we became best known to each other. Mr. M'Lane himself I also used to meet, a staid and gentlemanly citizen of the United States, in society rather retiring. Before that time, the name of Irving had been known on both sides of the Atlantic, and I can add my humble testimony to the evidence of his candour and amiable manners.

His attachment to England arose from a thorough knowledge of the country, and an honourable zeal to afford in behalf of England, as well as of his native land, that fair play which party writers at the time, on both sides, did not seem to estimate as of the slightest moment. He bore his honours bravely to the last, though the sere and yellow leaf had long given warning of the approach of the event which reminds the proudest in literary success that it has no preference under the law which declares all things vanity. He expired at the age of seventy-six.

Irving was about the middle height, well made, neither spare nor stout of limb. He once gave me an interesting sketch of his residence in Spain, during a period I was in ignorance of his "whereabouts." He had public duties to fulfil in that country, and to his residence there he contrived to manage a six months' sojourn in the Alhambra, where he was waited upon, he told me, by an old woman, who acted as a domestic in that famed Moorish palace. There were few individuals who bore in appearance less of the character by which they were publicly known. Unassuming, mild, taciturn rather than talkative, he exhibited in company no traces of that genuine humour seen in his earlier productions. He was without any of those peculiarities of address and verbal (some will have it "nasal") enunciation by which so many of his countrymen are dis-

tinguished from English society ; in fact, he was not to be recognised by any Transatlantic nationality in manners. He would have passed here for a sedate, gentlemanly native, who delivered his opinions with deference, and impressed everybody in social intercourse with great amenity of character. Neither was there anything striking or marked in his physiognomy, or, at least, so much that way as to attract the attention of the stranger who saw him in company for the first time.

During his residence in England, while Mr. M'Lane was ambassador, he seemed to wear a more sedate character than he had before maintained, and to be less than ever inclined to lead in conversation. He was not facetious upon subjects started by himself, or in commenting upon those of others. Pensiveness, would, from his bearing, be supposed by a stranger to be the prominent trait in his manner ; perhaps from his being a good listener. He made no display at off-hand wit ; yet his was of that superior cast designated by Sydney Smith as a humour not comprised in a word, but in a sentence. He had not the laughter-loving eye that evinced covertly a display of the ruling passion, or indicated that racy spirit which appeared in his earlier publications. It seemed as if he preferred the solid and sterling to that amusing levity which he exhibited

in his "History of New York." In conversation with a mixed party of English and Americans, I soon found that his attachment was in a political and party sense to the Federalists, as the party of the great Washington was denominated. I subsequently heard him state his belief in the endurance of the existing system of government in the United States, although he admitted it was an experiment—an experiment of infinite importance to the world at large.

Before he published the "Sketch Book," in 1819, he had visited England with an ardent desire to tread the soil of his forefathers. From them, after all, that spirit of freedom had been inherited, which in the end secured American independence, despite the efforts of George III. to place the colonies in a state akin to serfship—"that glorious spirit," said Lord Chatham, "which animated millions in America to prefer poverty and freedom to sordid chains and gilded affluence." The ancestral honors worth claiming were common to both lands; in other words, all that belong to science, literature, and art. It was a natural desire—it was more—it was a desire sanctioned by the most honourable motives to learn the truth and to see for himself before he committed his lucubrations to the public. English travellers of no very intellectual character

have visited the United States from this country with the accustomed jaundiced feelings towards all that does not square with their notions of things. This failing, common to the family of John Bull at all times, was displayed with more acerbity towards a territory which had once owned British rule, and that presumed to differ from its established usages, yet speaking in a dialect not half as strange to the native Londoner as that of Lancashire. Nor were the tourists of the common run of intellect the only censors of American manners. Some insulated examples of men of genuine talent, who had, it is true, been nurtured in ease at home, and made their first travelling essays in America, were equally as prejudiced, and among them was Thomas Moore, the poet, whose early years had been spent in the drawing-rooms of Ireland and England, and whose worship had been in the temples of Fashion, where he had passed a few more than twenty-one summers. Irving championed on behalf of his countrymen, and at first replied, more in the way of complaint than of retort, in the "Sketch Book," but had previously, in "Salmagundi," before he had visited England, repaid the slanders upon his country only with humour and cutting satire. It was different with the multitude, and with the American press, which was answered by the English. Both ought to have known that ignorant, inexperienced persons, who

pretend to treat of the moral and physical development of great nations, after a month's local knowledge of them, were not worthy of notice.

Irving wrote with temper and candour, and as far as he could, without the slightest disparagement to his own country, threw oil upon the troubled waters. It was impossible anything he said or wrote could be ill-received in England. In speaking he was not a disputant, but in writing he well understood the value of a word. One of the first public characters he met in England was Roscoe. "He impressed me at once," said Irving, "with high character. The tall, fine, Roman contour of that remarkable man struck me forcibly."* In the stranger's sight, Roscoe conferred a celebrity upon Liverpool which its traffic could not command from the young American. He stood above the busy, sordid throng of rich and poor, like a proud column. There, except with a few persons, perhaps, he was only regarded as a banker, who afterwards, disfavoured by fortune, disappeared from the sight of every-day men.

In giving his impressions upon visiting a land out of which his own had, as it were, grown and expanded itself—a land where all was in his eye stamped with antiquity—he described his feelings as

* As it did all who knew him. The first time I saw him his features and contour of person remained in my mind for a long period afterwards.

if he had been intuitively conscious that what he saw had belonged by association to himself, that the time was in that remoteness of history when the Old World existed alone in strength, the parent before the offspring appeared, and that in its lineaments he traced something of the senility which endears rather than repels the attention and love of the descendent.

The series of papers entitled "Salmagundi," designed after the old school of humorous essayists, appeared in New York at the date already stated, and was comprised in twenty numbers. It at once became very popular. There is, and must of necessity ever be, a resemblance between the manners of the people of the United States and our own, and this is sufficient to indicate that there could be no want of subjects for satire there any more than in England. The "springs," or, as we should call them, the "watering-places," visited in the season, furnish abundant matter for the pen of the essayist and for humorous satire, which in "Salmagundi" is broad, and sometimes not highly refined. Much of the manners of the people of the large cities of America, at the time it was written, may be learned from it. The characters may therefore be judged to partake of the artificial manners of the hour, as in the characters of La Bruyère, belonging to the pre-

sent and peculiar, and not as those to the natural man, such as were sketched by Theophrastus from nature, found in all nations and all times. In "Salmagundi," too, much is caricature. This work bespeaks a keen observation of society in youth, and augured well for the future. The absurdities lashed, it is true, were not all American, for English travellers — Brummagem bagmen in America — were among the portraits. Bad citizenship was scourged, while the foibles of the fair sex were not spared. Aunt Charity, who died of a Frenchman; Mrs. Tooke, of Broadway, and Mrs. Cockloft, who unveiled future mysteries through the oracular communications of corns and stitches in her side, were considered so many inflictions upon American gallantry, and their author did not escape censure upon that account.

"Knickerbocker's History of New York," is a work of infinite humour, a great deal of political satire and cutting irony. The inconsistencies of an advanced age in morals were lashed in censure of the bad doctrines and unsound principles of the past, while the Dutch character was delineated to the life. In the fourth book, the Dutch governor is said to have been designed to represent the president, Thomas Jefferson, who carried his democratic doctrines to an extravagant pitch.

It is rarely that we find Irving's early humour in any instance outdone afterwards. In the "Sketch Book," it is true, there is *Rip van Winkle*, which is a touch of the past, as well as *Sleepy Hollow*, but the author seems to have quitted humorous for graver studies, and perhaps, if with less claim in his subsequent works to originality of a unique character, at least under a more perfect consonancy with his later feelings. It is true "*Bracebridge Hall*" is humorous, but it wants the zest of "*Knickerbocker*."

The "*Tales of a Traveller*" possess less merit than his preceding works. Their author seemed desirous to show his skill in the serious as well as the humorous. He seemed to feel as if he had achieved all he could achieve in the lighter branch of literature, and desired to take a high and durable station in another walk—to exhibit his ability as well in the serious as the comic. His "*History of the Life and Voyages of Columbus*," an abridgment of which, by himself, followed the longer work in 1830, carried with it at once the stamp of endurance, or, in other words, took its station among those literary labours which confer lasting celebrity upon a name—works rare in the most palmy state of a nation's literature. There is a beauty of colouring, novel description, and a conviction of their truth in Irving's "*Life and Voyages of Columbus*."

I have observed that Irving leaned to the Federalist party in America, and that party, including the policy of Washington, was what might be designated as the British, in contradistinction to the French, during the time of the contest between England and France. Notwithstanding the deep-seated hatred of George III. to colonial freedom, and its consequent results, the Federalist party was strong long after the death of Washington. British principles—those, at least, which did not in any way sacrifice the interests of the United States—ruled the Federalists, and some of them, in their contests with their opponents, carried their old prejudices before their quarrel with the parent country into those political disputes afterwards. Irving now and then dealt a blow at the extent to which his own friends carried their arguments, by making one of his characters declare, that since the yoke of the mother country had been thrown off, the seasons had been backward in the United States, and the corn had not ripened so early by a month.

There was apparent in his writings an inclination—perhaps it should be called a fondness—for retrograding to old times and objects. Some of those who disliked the Americans in general could tolerate Irving, because with his agreeable and gentlemanly manners, and recorded respect for departed things

of the times of his own as well as our ancestors, he seemed to show a regard for the antique and chivalric—that indefinable regard which links the human heart with the past, however unworthy of the present—that phenomenon in the human constitution which makes the perished object, the worthless dust of the past, more precious than the perfect thing within the grasp. Irving's native land, and all, except what of manners it inherited, was comparatively a thing of the present; England, of the past. Every old dwelling in England, every baronial hall, all our ecclesiastical buildings, standing or ruined, were in his view hallowed objects, things of mystery which touched his heart; and thus he described them, and the way in which they affected him. Among them he held converse with antiquity; at home, in the oldest American city, the scene belonged to the passing hour. Imagination could not invest it with the grey tint of antiquity without doing itself violence. In England he had before him the reality, venerable and hoary, for which he was indebted to the sense of vision alone. He came, saw, and touched the carvings and stone tracery worked out and placed in their site by forgotten hands. The heart of the son of genius never tolerates a preference for the gaudiness of the noontide colours when compared with the

sober tints of early morn or the richness of the evening heaven. It is the same, more or less, with all in regard to past and present things. The sobriety and mellowness of departed objects take captive the spirit. Irving mentioned to me the singular feeling with which he first saw Warwick Castle overhang the classical Avon, and how he lingered about Kenilworth, and how the stories of Leicester and Queen Elizabeth enchained him at the castle when he had again and again scrambled over the ruins. Even Gifford of the "Quarterly Review," who in those days reviled America, tolerated one so unoffending and amiable, though it is possible that Mr. Murray's interest as publisher might have softened the Cerberus of a publication whose antipathy towards America was unrelenting.

Irving introduced to the world by far the best, though not the most pretending, of the American poets in William Cullen Bryant, whose works he dedicated to the late Samuel Rogers, in 1832. Bryant is pre-eminently American in the character of his poetry, and takes the lead of the poets in that country.

At one time, contemplating the great future for his country, Irving thought of employing his imaginative power upon a story that should forestal coming events, but found it a better and more

useful employment to labour for the improvement and gratification of the existing age. After all, to grope into the ignorance of the past, conscious of its defects, and to deteriorate the present, as is the custom with the purblind advocates of mediæval barbarism in faith and art, in order to stay progress, is an obliquity of mind to be lamented. Irving, in his writings, never exhibited that deplorable lack of perspicacity, that contempt for sound philosophy, which sets aside wholesome expectation for impossible retrocession, preferring darkness to light, and barbarism to civilisation. It is the poetry in the past alone that we may safely enjoy.

The last time I met him was in company with a few distinguished characters, by a winter fireside. Campbell, Siddons, Lockhart, and Irving—not one now respires. So passes away the comedy or tragedy of life. Which is its true denomination?

An individual has committed suicide. I have been summoned away on a jury while writing. I shall plead my age to be free. It recalls a suicide in France of which I remember hearing. The extent to which the doctrine of materialism is carried there may be judged from the works of that country which are translated and circulated here. I do not refer to deism, which, in ignorance, so many perversely rank with that doctrine in order to throw odium

upon what a conscientious man may believe. Moses was a deist. I mean atheism, or the denial of a supreme cause—of the being of a God. The inundation of works of this class is constant into England, not in works of sincere inquiry, but of amusement. The effects are but too visible in the conduct of many of both sexes in early life. The doctrine is not openly advocated, but is implied and acts insidiously. The boudoir and the drawing room, the attic and the kitchen reading are tainted with works of imagination of this class, very powerfully written, but without the slightest regard for truth or nature, generally ranking under the class denominated “sensation novels;” that is, novels which will excite and surprise—move the passions, and fix the attention—no matter for their improbability as to fact, or their immoral tendencies. Acting on the minds of the young, who do not call reason to their aid, they familiarise the novice with the worst principles, and the corruption is, sooner or later, carried into action—often unconsciously.

There seem to be two classes of persons who commit suicide, the one from misfortune and momentary insanity, and the other from materialism in creed. No one who believes in a deity, and is sane, but must see that by the act, he contravenes the law that bestowed existence upon him, and that such a law is the fiat of a power for the contraven-

tion of which he is censurable. Such persons can only commit self-murder in a fit of suffering or despair. Many of the French profess materialism, and, believing mind and matter to perish together, suicide with them is naturally more common than in England, though some have asserted the contrary. It is wrong to affirm that those who profess such a doctrine do not really believe it. Why not, as well as give credit to absurdities in the other extreme? A materialist is one who labours under a defect of the reasoning power—for reason is clearly in antagonism with the doctrine of self-murder. Young Berthollet, the son of the great French chemist, destroyed himself at the age of twenty-one. He shut himself up in a small room, with a charcoal fire. He placed pen and ink, and his watch on the table before him, and noted down his symptoms until it appeared the pen dropped from his hands.

There is an old Château on the banks of the Seine, near the Andelys, where there are yet standing the ruins of a castle, the name of which I forget, but it is noted as a place in which one of the princes or feudal lords of the middle ages built up alive—a lady—his wife or daughter, into a wall of one of the apartments. While I was looking at it a second time, on my last visit to Normandy, a Frenchman told me that a friend of his had killed himself there, not long before, and left some lines

scrawled on a stone in the walls, expressive of his motive.

I remember, in France, one Andre Massa, aged only twenty-one, who destroyed himself. He was perfectly sane. He left some verses behind him, written not ten minutes before he committed the act. In English, they ran as follows :—

To this day's being, and this sunny light,
Soon will succeed an everlasting night;
Wearied with grief, unhappiness, and pain,
A hapless slave, at last I break my chain.
Farewell! vile earth—impostor world, adieu!—
Where pleasure bought with grief alone I knew,
Where crime is cherished, virtue lives in woe,
Reason and justice are an idle show;
All now is past—the hour is come for me—
My hand the glittering steel holds tremblingly!
Upon the verge of chaos, lo, I rest,
Soon with repose eternal to be blest!
O, death—my only hope in misery—
Let no base fear approach in meeting thee;
But let me calmly into nothing die,
Heaving with tranquil heart, my latest sigh!

Massa destroyed himself ten minutes after he wrote these verses.

To the dealer in books, the subjects, as well as the dead material, are only viewed like any other merchandise, tend to what they may. So much paper at such a price, so much paper, print, and pasteboard; all he regards is the return in money value. Nor can this be altered. Other means must be taken to meet the evil with that free press

existing, which is the essence of civil liberty. The remarks of the "trade" about works of fiction is extraordinary. To follow simplicity, truth, and nature in such works, will not do now; the food is too plain and wholesome; hot curry and spiced dishes will alone go down, though known to tend indirectly to immorality and even to suicide. Among them have been rendered current, the doctrine of materialism leading to mischief of every kind in works of fiction. I remember when "King Colburn," as Lady Morgan styled him, got much annoyed by an article of the kind he sent for the "New Monthly," and I sent back to him again; he wrote me—

"DEAR SIR,—The paper on "Good Living," then, may pass with our readers, though it is not founded on the truth?

"As for the other paper, I am astonished that Mr. P—— should not have had more tact than to write a paper, the only effect of which is to put the public out of conceit with reading, and authors with writing works of fiction, the most "paying commodity" in all literature!

"Yours truly, H. C."

The bibliopolist was thus sadly wounded about his favourite "commodity," and the danger impending

over his merchandize. It is this confounding of the literary with the commercial, the "paying commodity" and the literary worth of a work, that causes the position to be so different from that of any other. The real merit of a book is often not known to the title to the trader. Is it catching feeling but for an immediate return of the outlay chance to be his own. If superior, and bear a lasting character, be slow compared to that which is forced by the aid of puffing, makes a sensation without its intrinsic merit. It is in regard to the publication of things that authors are in the worst position of all who live by professions. A painter for a few shillings buys his colours, and having finished his labour is paid according to its worth. If it be valueless he only loses his labour, and it is not so bad indeed if it bring him nothing. An author sets out having completed his own work, a long one, but in place of going at once to the public, his difficulty has only begun. He cannot meet his reader to the worth of his manuscript, for he cannot obtain that worth, which in the present age others is only settled by caprice, without heavy pecuniary expences. An emigrant lately said it was impossible to know

would receive any work, good, bad, or indifferent, in the present day when even fools write, and publish, if they can pay for it themselves. On this point who is to judge, though in truth the character of the work shall be clear enough to a few competent persons; the author's labour therefore, however costly, gives him no means of knowing its public value. But caprice and the loss of time, perhaps a long and wearying course of toil, have now to be encountered. Though both time and labour have been consumed, the author cannot make his manuscript intelligible to the world, when, as with the artist, though all his labour and intellect have been bestowed upon it for a protracted period. There is much more to be done. The paper-maker, the printer, the advertiser, the bookbinder, must be paid for their work in addition to the sacrifice of the author himself to chance, for with him time and labour are to be valued as with other people. The work, if not worthy of being considered more than waste paper, must incur the same expenses as if it were worth its weight in gold. To these expenses must be added ten per cent. to the publisher and twenty-five to the retail-trader, the latter, it is true, only upon the copies sold. This at once shows the difference against authors, and the world need not wonder at their never making a competency. Sir Walter Scott said he believed that he did not receive six per cent. clear upon his own

time and labour, and the expences and profits of others necessary to publication.

Nor is this all; there have been works which have been widely applauded that have only appeared by mere accident. Manuscripts are often put into the hands of persons of no real judgment to decide a publisher's intentions in their regard. Sir E. Lytton's *Pelham*, sent in manuscript to Colburn, was put into the hands of a clerk to report upon, whose opinion, for I knew the man, was not equal to judging the merit of a street ballad. He reported that it was good for nothing, and it was upon the point of being returned, when Colburn himself glanced at the MS. in a careless way, chanced to open it, and saw some passage that he thought was "piquant," to use his own phrase, and at once handed it over to another, and a capable man, the late Charles Ollier, who, hearing how it had been treated, besides having a great contempt for the clerk alluded to, on that account perhaps reading it the closer, reported highly in its favour, as it merited. Colburn sent him to Brook Street, where the author then lodged, to announce his acceptance of it, and make arrangements regarding it. This Colburn himself related one day when the late Sir Charles Morgan, Campbell, and myself were dining with him. I have known a work twice refused by separate publishers, being ill-reported of, and being taken by a third, to go through

two or three editions ! Such is the lot of authors, even of the most successful.

A work altogether new in title and subject has no great chance with a publisher. To be acceptable it must, in the trader's view, be like some other work which has been successful. Some pattern of the moment must be emulated. Originality of subject or style is little relished and always doubted ; publishers are in general guided by the resemblance to the work of some popular writer. " If you had but written like Mr. So-and-So in his work that succeeded so well ! "

The " commodity," as Colburn phrased it, would not go off without there was something startling, or new. No matter for the tendency of the merchandise, and so it continues, but no similar works were then published with such objectionable matter as in the present day. There is no amusement more pleasing and harmless than reading a novel unobjectionable on the score of morality. Novels are far better as an amusement than cards or dice. They should be written with close adherence to nature, to simplicity in detail, and have a plot that cannot make an injurious impress upon the morals of the young, therefore the details too must be unpoluted. Of late years little regard has been paid to this point, particularly in the importation and translation of foreign works. Anything will do that will cause a sensation, no

matter how improbable or vicious. Our own better novelists have been very little to blame in this respect. The first requisites, recollecting where a novel must circulate, are simplicity in narration, fidelity to nature, and the absence of anything which tends to corrupt the hearts of the young or to depict what is low and vicious, even if it belongs to the classes of society which may be denominated the dregs of our social frame. Familiarity with vice by fictitious descriptions of it tends to give it an injurious interest. The plausible cant of repentant ticket-of-leave men, and women destitute of virtue towards whom every effort is made to excite a sickening pity, the real object being to make a virtuous motive cover taking descriptions, in such a mode as to produce "a sensation," the laying open sinks of vice, and exploring the dens of infamy, and the doings in them, painted to excite by novelty what is not true even in such pictures of degraded life, thus accustoms pure minds to contamination. The writings of Sue and others have been circulated cheaply in this country in translation. He has seen little of the world who does not know what effect the "Mysteries of Paris," for example, must produce upon the morals of the young. I believe we owe one half of the existing infanticides to those kind of works, particularly French works of that class, which are addressed directly to those to whom they

are most likely to do mischief. This mischief is much more productive of evil in England than France, because in the latter country females are on their guard. There are no insidious advances made, there the tendency of which is unknown to the more virtuous, and therefore being understood they are resisted from being suspected. It is not so here, where such secrets are learned clandestinely or not at all, under the idea of keeping the mind pure. In the midst of these scenes there is often a flimsy veil flung over, not a mere slight of all religion, but materialism. Vice is palliated; good and evil confounded and rendered familiar. The mischief spreads, and though the "sensation" may for the moment produce the effect desired, it will finally pall on the appetite. The stomach, when the mischief is done, will nauseate with the highest seasoned condiment, and can the effect be harmless in reference to morals and bad taste?

Novels at one time made kings and queens their heroes and heroines; courtiers and nobles, and such like "gear," swelled the pages of early romance, and had their day. Barons, with all the rigmarole "pride, pomp, and circumstance," attending squires, fair ladies, courts of love, knights, and tournaments had their turn, and the tale wound up with all the glories of romance. Novels and romances had often the supernatural intermingled, and there was

generally a moral, such as it was, to be drawn from them. In all events, the virtuous and honourable were in the ascendant, if the fiction were carried to a far higher pitch than the truth justified, but then it kept up the high character of unstained principle and of good example. There was the consciousness of the value of purity of mind sustained openly where extravagance existed in the writing. We had later the novel of social life, and the historical novel, both admirably executed when in master hands ; in some degree instructive as well as amusing, while arousing the better sympathies of a common nature.

These ceased because the restlessness of fashion's depraved appetite looked for a change, and I need not describe what now attracts the prevalent Protean taste, since the French school has become the rage. The true English drama became extinct in England, and our stage exchanged it for French buffoonery when nearly worn out at home, less the larger portion of the wit, a coarser kind of joking being necessarily substituted. The display of our neighbours in this respect, or in what may be called the wit of their light pieces, being far too delicate for the coarse appetite of the usual visitors of the theatres here to comprehend, from these being now little attended by people of intellect, rank, and refinement, something more broad and pungent has to be

introduced. It is not thus with novel writing. France leads the way in an imaginativeness which leaves nature and simplicity out of consideration, as well as morality, if it trespass in the way. Thus, the land of extravagant fancies is open, and whatever path the spirit may move the pen to follow, it will describe graphically. A felon, as much sinned against as sinning, for example, or a sister who has become frail by a "virtuous" accident, a murderer who has killed his neighbour on a provocation justifiable to within a decimal of the distance of the dog-star from the earth, "and what a pity it was that the axe fell upon his neck 'midst sympathising crowds"—such are of the nature of favourite themes. How maudlin it is that virtue has nothing but its own stark-naked merit to plead for it, when in a harlot's dress it may have a charm to raise a new sensation to the extent of a dozen taking volumes. Unfortunately the recommendation to unfashionable rectitude must be, "go thou and do likewise;" then the Magdalen will receive the penitent! Go and take a superlative miscreant from the dens of London or Paris, when in the full tide of his glory; let him, like Victor Hugo's heroes, be well rubbed down and polished, to hide the brand at the "bagne" of his native town endured for two or three years; then let him be set up as a master manufacturer all at once, and be made a *juge de paix*, while not

one of the town police identify him, a three-years' recollection being of course an age with those dim-sighted men !

Pitt, while he was exhausting the resources of England to support the Bourbons, said he must put taxes upon our virtues, for he had taxed all our vices, as far as he could subject them to tangibility. The "sensation" novelist, in a similar manner, uses the vices somewhat like it. He may begin with the few virtues he can manage, for virtue is of too quiet a nature for such a purpose, and at last glide extatically into the vices, and expatiate in a glorious harvest of the sympathies they ripen in their display. A little time ago the charities of the beneficent were imitated, after a certain fashion in society, and poverty well deserving, it was the fashion to talk about and relieve, only because, perhaps, with too many cases, it was the fashion. Then, too, cares for the working classes were expressed by the feeling and kind. On these classes being handled, the interest became less exciting to describe. What could a vulgar novelist make of the sameness of humble virtue ? He therefore descended to the lowest depth which afforded room and verge enough for fancy. The hells of living vice cost little but exaggeration to a prurient fancy able to describe strikingly. They are not visited either by critics or readers, and they are safe ground for imaginative

descriptions, such as are required with all the aid of fancy and of distortion to boot. The imaginative possible is carried out until it is exchanged for the imaginative impossible, to heighten sensation at the expense of nature and of reason. This mode, imported from the French school, has been found the most "paying commodity," despite its merits or demerits, morals or immoralities, which all converge to that point. There is scarcely a dwelling in which such flagitious works as the "Mysteries of Paris," for example, have not been circulated among the family or the servants. The later system of selecting a hero or a heroine from the more vicious of the lowest social class is there carried out, and virtues are most inconsistently ascribed to the heroes or heroines which they could never have possessed in real life, but then there was the charm of novelty, and fervid hot-seasoned pictures of vice, passionate vice, in all its phases, the intervals filled up with details of villainous incidents which would be envied by the compiler of the Newgate calendar; scenes of lubricity, painted warmer than could ever have occurred under the circumstances, have been translated and published here; truth has been violated, and a proper connection of incidents non-existent in reality, worked up into a mass of gross abuse of verisimilitude, morality, and authorship. The defence made for all this being a farcical pretence of

sympathy with the vicious, with affected pity, to show there is a latent infinitesimal fraction of virtue (of an odd kind it must be presumed) extant in the scum of the social body, and in the proved villains of society. But were this and not lucre the true plea, to what end describe the prurient outpourings of the demoralized, and the feelings in moments of unlicensed sensuality, the gloating impulses of gross passions, the outrages of depraved natures, exciting feelings and ideas so desirable to conceal, lest their infection spread wider in society? Honor in man, or virtue in woman, is made of no more account than reason or religion. Powerful description is called in to aid the object, and the most vigorous writing by men of no mean, but on the contrary, of powerful talents, are both exercised in subservience to the money principle, the "paying commodity," which rules the hour. The virtues are too quiet for the spoiled appetite. The vices must therefore be made acceptable, and a regard be created for those who are the more extended professors of them. We are commanded to be charitable. A spark of virtue may still exist even in the culprit around whose neck the halter is placing—does it not become us to be sympathetic with the tiny spark, to be charitable towards it, to make the scene as interesting as possible to readers of all classes, to learn to applaud a good gallows hero?

Are the defects of our fellow creatures to exist without one twinkling virtue being made known, just, perhaps, as the officious executor of the law is about to exclude it from our view—forbid it, philanthropy! *De mortuis nil nisi bonum.* Is it not charity to raise a “sensation” in the behalf of such? Virtue is too equable—religion is too common-place to excite the reader. Censure silenced, as Colburn managed it according to his own statements, by the argument of a silent bribe, in other words, by advertising largely in the newspapers, even in those opposed to him. All censure thus put to silence, “The Mysteries of Paris,” or any other mysteries, may be made “paying commodities.”

But there are other works of a superior class current, confessing high ability in the execution of certain portions, yet as objectionable and fully as dangerous, exhibiting great power and talent misapplied, without regard to consistency, or compliment to the understanding of considerate people. The object of these is to excite, and the objectionable portions are not of the outrageous character of the former, being less broad in their features because executed with superior ability, but directed in the same way to awaken a sort of affected sympathy with the microcosmic virtue presumed to exist among the more atrocious objects that have become obnoxious to the law. Thus incidents are brought out

and descriptions introduced which are not so remarkable for fidelity as exaggerated fancy, impossible to be judged of truly, for who visits the dens of infamy, which are the habitations of its heroes, to test them? Thus, any degree of false painting and exaggeration may be used to produce the desired sensation, and as to inconsistency, if needful to make the sun shine at midnight, the incident would be tolerated for the sake of the rest of the description. Conscience, or the feeling of a high sense of his vocation in the writer, having no weight in the matter, and a gossamer veil being placed over atheistic sentiments, affecting something that may be construed into a doubt, it becomes real evidence to people of half vision. Finally, is it not hard that a ticket-of-leave felon may not reform, and in a short space of time be able so to disguise his habits, features, and tendencies, as to pass for a model of virtue, and be one of the pegs upon which a story may turn. Here, amid powerful description and much real pathos, all contributive to a bad end, we have Victor Hugo's last "sensation" novel, to which his *Han d'Islande* must give way, and all transformations unequalled even in Ovid. Marvellous in perversion are the virtues of these hero-knaves, so marvellous as to balance every charge against their latitudinarianism in morality. Conceding that the heroes of Newgate have a forty-paying power

in their adventurous felonies upon paper, and that a dying soldier on the field is a wretched subterfuge to a hero on the Newgate drop, who, like the heroic Wild, picks the hangman's pocket of a corkscrew, and dies with it in his hand; conceding all this, it does appear that the moral or heroical effect even of such gibbet attitudes is not likely to be commendable for unthinking youth. Impossible events, violations of common sense, false reasonings, and plausible pretensions, out of the question, can persons of judgment tolerate the improbabilities of such works, with all their power of diction. In all events the bad taste must be confessed where a proper sense of the injurious effect may not trouble the conscience, and Colburn's "commodity" absorbs all other considerations. Having abilities equal to competing with any in his day among his contemporaries, perhaps superior to all, it is a pity he should have "misused the king's press," when his power should have made him be above such a purpose.

There is one thing it becomes the paterfamilias to do, and that is, to scrutinize all works that come in for family reading, to look sharp after the product of the library. The pure mind is in no other way so likely to be tainted, as by reading works that if not openly immoral, generate impure thoughts, which, once indulged, advance with a stealthy pace

until they pollute the springs of life. As Madame de Stael remarks in the analogous case of Goethe, "Werther a causé plus de suicides que la plus belle femme du monde." If an author write a work destitute of all conscience, with no aim but profit, whether it be innocent or vicious, if it sell, the end being obtained, he is a disgrace to his vocation. It is almost the only consolation left to honest authorship in its trials and toils, that it may operate the good to others it seldom yields to itself, and that the vocation, honorably met, has high destinies, and may have a claim to the rewards hereafter that attach to those who labour for the extension of truth and knowledge in this fugitive existence.

Convicts should read Hugo in the solitude of Dartmoor, or in the cells of our penitentiaries, that the heroism for which they are paying the penalty is not left without its recorded glories, showing too that convict heroism has its Vates. If the police can be got to hold their tongues about them, they may work for a time and get into high offices, become under-secretaries of state perhaps, before their original sentence has been carried out. If they have received their ticket-of-leave, they may, on mounting the justices' bench sing the old song :—

"If laws were made for every degree,
I wonder we've not better company
On Tyburn tree!"

Having seen some of the individuals out of the number of whom M. Hugo manufactures his heroes, men of "mark" from the "bagnes" of Toulon, it is impossible not to feel the full force of the miracle he has worked, at the same time confessing a want of faith. M. Hugo must have thought he was in the territory of Utopia, when he raised his ticket-of-leave man to the useful office of a *juge de Paix*. The sainted rogue was no doubt a fellow of fine sentiments, of infinite cleverness, and of marvellous flexibility of feature to have duped the police as he seems to have done. Perhaps he used the old Irish argument, "I am not myself—I'm another man!"

The work in its tendencies being so objectionable, no striking scenes can compensate for the blot. An affected feeling of humanity will not be sufficient to cover the selection of such heroes. If simple nature will not do for the perverted taste of the time, recourse must be had to miracle and monstrosity, if men must sympathise and ladies fall into hysterical "sensations" at such stories, it must be regarded as a moral calamity. High, middle, and low life have been exhausted, and our heroes of fiction must be of those who can only be outcasts, whom the penitentiary has disgorged and the cat-o'-nine-tails scored. The corruption of the minds of unguarded readers, and the introduction

of the young more particularly to an acquaintance and familiarity with vicious men and deeds under the guise of amusement, should and would have been considered by the author, had he not been of those who are content to leave out of the question in their objects these great and inestimable considerations, for which too many French writers of fiction have had no regard, and some of our traders in literature just as little. The conservation of the morals of their readers, and the preservation of truth and consistency, the production of effect or mere sensation, conducing to pecuniary profit by the use of the most extravagant means, the violation of probability with that view, and the abandonment of a high tone and lofty aspiration in this species of writing, are a great literary as well as moral evil. There is no need to give lessons in vice, or amid the display of great literary power, to pervert that which, differently ordered, might have been a national amusement, and in some cases a blessing to a certain class of readers, causing the author's name to be remembered with respect and gratitude, not only by the present generation, but those which are to come. Unfortunately they are only the great spirits of their time that aspire after "honest" renown. The age is sordid; money gains a step every day above all other considerations, and thus high feeling be-

comes more and more depressed, and the coarse and vulgar in sentiment gain ground. Any notoriety will content in place of honest renown—

“An hour of clamour, and a quarter in rheum.”

It must be admitted that neither nature nor a graceful play of imagination in literature will suit the masses. The traders' shops find truth and nature lie idle on their shelves. To succeed well, a writer must shame himself out of an honest track. If fictions, like the Arabian Nights, are placed before the public, they are not read now. No interest is felt in “furreign things,” was a reply regarding a proffer of them to one considered of the superior order of his class. Recently the proprietor of a London paper thought that if in place of the miserable stories which he saw given in some papers, he were to substitute really good works, those of Scott, he should not fail to find it repay him with interest. He had mistaken the taste of the day. He acted accordingly, and at a great expence obtained the permission. His paper fell off at once. Scott was too good for the multitude. It was flinging pearls before swine! It is probable that if Scott lived now and commenced his beautiful works, he would not have one half the readers his writings formerly obtained, because at present there is a school which pampers the low minded, being low minded in itself that did not exist in his day. These “sensation”

writers too, would, had they then existed, have had the preference. Scott is become like Shakespeare, "Caviare to the general." The multitude must have coarsely distilled potables, the qualification being the strength of the means for intoxication. The present extension of the elements of literature is mistaken for an increase of its superior character.

But I have wandered from the main point—the rapidity with which time past rushes into the future. It is more that ever necessary to exclaim—

"Let's take the instant by the forward top,
For we are old, and on our quick'st decrees;
The inaudible and noiseless foot of time
Steals ere we can effect them!"

General Miller, I have just heard, is no more; that noble-spirited gallant man who distinguished himself in so many combats. I had not heard of or from him for a considerable time before his decease. As we advance in life, the course of nature contracts the circle of our acquaintance. We do not make new friends; it is well, for we can rarely have space to try them. Time was that I met a dozen persons of a morning whom I knew on walking Regent Street. I do not meet one now. Dr. Parr used to say it was best to regard such a contraction as politic and convenient, and not sent to replace the number. His circle was so great late in life, that the village post-office receipts fell off at his decease as well as the neigh-

bouring turnpikes, and yet he complained how many were continually taken from him.

In past days postages were serious expences, where communications were rapid and extensive. This recalls an incident regarding the post and myself. I had an idea of something similar to Mr. Hill's immeasurable boon to England, as long back as 1808. The circulation of handbills by post was prevented by the expence. At one time a double letter containing a couple of advertisements cost me two and sixpence; the duty on the advertisement in a paper I edited cost three and sixpence more. Thus government extorted six shillings out of the same advertisements for which the charge for insertion was only seven shillings, leaving a profit of one shilling. This was luckily not the case in more than a few instances. The enormity of the tax thus laid on by Mr. Perceval showed that his object was not revenue, but the prevention of the establishment of new papers. I proposed to Mr. Canning a three-penny stamp upon hand-bills going through the post-office free like the stamp on a newspaper. I got the following reply:—

“August 1, 1808.

“SIR,—Mr. Perceval having received a few days ago from Mr. Canning, a letter which you addressed to that gentleman on the 7th of May, in which you

propose a tax upon hand-bills, &c., I am desired by Mr. Perceval to inform you that the same suggestion has been before proposed to the treasury.

“ I am,

“ Yours, &c.,

“ J. C. HERRIES.”

It is clear that my idea was mistaken by the government, it was not a tax in the above sense but a saving of postage.

The post-office stamp has rendered Mr. Hill immortal, the revenue is the least part of its worth. It enables the poor to communicate as well as the rich. It lightens misery to exchange sympathies with the miserable. It cements closer the love of kindred by renewal, keeping it fresh, and nurtures the ambition of a correspondence with those who never before dreamed of it. It excites to the study of reading and writing among those who would not else follow it, and carries the messages of the humblest partakers in civilization to the remotest corners of the land, and to places without as well as within the realm; it renders light the regret of emigration. Coupled with new and accelerated modes of conveyance, the interchanges of love and friendship, of humanizing feelings, and of awakened hopes thus greatly multiplied must have an invigorating social effect. Trade

and commerce must enlarge their limits to an inconceivable extent, and blessings still unforeseen must follow. Remote in the far distance beyond the obvious benefit, the philosophic eye perceives the source of means contributing to open scenes of extended peace and goodwill among men. The more enlightened nations, the strongest from superior knowledge, will become closer in union, linked in mental alliance, and thence a strong sense of international justice will be established even among secondary powers, both by the force of interest and example, and by the control which will overawe the more uncivilized. The new postal arrangement may appear but as a barley corn to a degree of longitude, in comparison with more common and imposing means that are thought to point to a similar result, but this is not a just calculation, because the new measure, from its nature, if it works secretly works surely. It is the aurora preceding the pure advanced light, a means of intelligence which will continually augment. Little at first, it will grow in greatness. The sum of general advancement by this medium cannot easily be estimated. In the obscure village into which a letter stole once a month before, twenty interchanges will now occur. The novelty and convenience will increase the number, and their numerical progression all over the realm

will became geometrical, while in the same ratio we may estimate its benefits. It will rank with that art of printing which shattered the baneful power that abused christianity, and its concomitant evils, and began to diminish as the reformation dawned upon the blackness and sanguinary horrors of the middle ages, which priestcraft used for the degradation of nations. It is a sequel to the press in hostility to superstition. First came the compass in the fourteenth century. Then gunpowder placed the weak on a level with the strong, while navigation improved, discovered new worlds to become a refuge for the persecuted. Next, before all in importance, came printing, the indestructible record of free thought and the deadly enemy of false creeds in religion. "We must put down printing, or printing will put down us," said the cowed demon of the Vatican, but in vain. Free thought seemed to have burst its shell, to range freely from soul to soul, expanding, elevating, and illumining all around. Before its fruits were ripened, while there appeared improvements in navigation, the wonders of the steam engine were disclosed. Electricity followed and conquered time. Chemistry discovered a thousand secrets of nature, unlocking creative power, and man has been proportionably uplifted in the scale of creation. In this postal arrangement, the

carriership of thoughts and affections exists as well as of business, and the post-office is become another great agent of civilization.

Prince Czartoryski, at the age of ninety-two, has just died at his residence near Paris. He was born in 1770, some say in 1769. When I first met him he was about sixty years of age, tall, well-made, pallid of complexion, with strongly marked features. He knew me by name when announced, from a correspondence regarding the university at Warsaw, which occurred several years before.* His carriage was grave, and his manner of speaking, deliberate.

I knew this remarkable man from an odd incident. I was named to him as Professor of English for the College at Warsaw, while Poland was ruled under the regulations of the treaty of 1815. He was then at the head of affairs there. I fortunately declined going, on account of the difficulty of acquiring the Slavonic dialects, though the prince said that French was sufficient for all purposes among the students. A year or two afterwards he came to England, an exile, all his vast possessions being seized by the Russian despot. He was the only individual whom I ever saw of royal blood who both looked and conducted himself, in every respect, in consonance with the idea of royal birth; grave, dignified, yet friendly,

* I have mentioned the Prince before. *Recollections*, vol. iii., p. 12.—Second Edition.

and without any of those petty airs assumed by the numerous family of German satraps. As few or none of our aristocracy, except Charles Fox, called upon Kosciusko when he visited England, so Lord Grey was almost the only nobleman who visited the prince.

The dynasty of the house of Jagellon, of which the prince was the representative, commenced in 1386, the family being Lithuanian, and the first having been called to the throne on his marriage with Hedwiga in 1384. His first achievement was the defeat of the Teutonic knights. Under this house, the line ended in 1572, when Poland became an elective monarchy. On political topics the prince was reserved—at least in his conversations after dinner. This I attributed to his long previous residence under despotic governments. Calling upon him one morning, I found Niemcewicz, the Polish poet, with him; at another time, Count Patz. Niemcewicz had shared the dungeon with Kosciusko. After the prince became a public character, he had no knowledge of our social state, except from early recollection, when it was very different from what he found it when he came here as an exile.

His father was one of the best scholars in Europe, and on the throne of Poland becoming vacant, the Diet endeavoured to get him seconded by Catherine of Russia, but the modern Messalina, had the

interest at heart of her notorious gallant Poniatouski, and in consequence that of Czartoryski was not only reduced to zero, but with a feeling of hatred born of licentiousness, on the first excuse, the lands of Czartoryski were ravaged, and his beautiful inheritance of Pulawy destroyed. He was also compelled by the despotic empress to send his two sons to Petersburg as hostages, one Prince Adam, of whom I have just spoken, the other Prince Constantine. At the Russian court the two ill-treated youths became on terms of close intimacy with Alexander, afterwards emperor. Prince Adam was at one time placed, by Alexander's friendship, at the head of the foreign office in Russia, and accompanied the emperor in most of his earlier defeats by the French. He was by the side of Alexander in the battle of Austerlitz, and said, while last here in London, that when he saw the French army move down upon them, in the mode Napoleon attacked, all chance of victory in his mind was lost. Prince Constantine Czartoryski, remaining in Poland, joined the French, when they gave hopes of aiding the freedom of the country from the savage yoke of Russia. After Napoleon's downfall Constantine took up his residence in Vienna; I believe, but am not sure, that he still survives.

Prince Adam held a high post under the constitution given to Poland by Alexander. In a little

time however the crafty emperor put a Russian in his place. He was, however, made president of the executive government, which he continued to fill honourably until the Emperor sent the Grand Duke Constantine, an untamed tiger, to grind Poland to dust. The duke, nominally at the head of the army, really usurped all rule, treating with contempt the articles of the treaty of 1814. He was suffered to do as he pleased. His tyrannic freaks were beyond those of Nero in barbarism. He employed the basest agents, and committed outrages that none but Russians would inflict or endure. He shaved the heads of respectable Polish ladies who displeased him, and then tarred and feathered them. Count Plato's son, nine years old, who, in play, wrote "The 3rd of May for ever," he sent as a soldier for life, and had all the boys in the same school severely flogged because they did not inform against the poor child. He levied taxes himself, scorning the diet. He kept men of rank for years under Cossack surveillance, shut up in their houses. He condemned one distinguished Pole to perpetual imprisonment, and a weekly flogging. At length the most justifiable insurrection ever known took place. The Prince Czartoryski, Prince Radzville, Count Pac, Niemcawicz, and others, in 1830, joined in it, and drove out the Grand Duke. The Polish army commanded by Skrzynecki performed wonders,

and if the population had been roused, it is probable success would have followed. Alexander had died in 1825, and the madness and viciousness of Constantine caused him to be put out of the succession, besides which the territory of Poland was a convenient place for the exercise of his favorite crimes. Nicholas, who succeeded Alexander, was crowned in Warsaw, in 1829. The result of the insurrection there, is a matter of history.

Englishmen of the class the prince was likely to have fallen in with at that time, in Russia or Poland, were the most devoted actors in the farce of "doing at Rome, all that Rome does," and the prince had no doubt been guarded in their society.

I knew no one of all the exiles from Poland, Italy, or Spain, that interested me more than Prince Czartoryski, and I knew many who were distinguished men. His manners, his gravity, and the strong features of his face, were striking. All was indicative of good sense, as well as of high rank. He seemed rather to ask for regard as from an acknowledged debt, than a tax upon sympathy. His property had been enormous, though not equal to that of his father, which the notorious German-Russian queen gratified her spleen as said alone by laying waste, obliging one of her army of gallants at the same time. When Czartoriski left Poland the last time, referring to the loss of his vast

estates, and other property, all which the late Emperor Nicolas seized, he said, " Well, instead of riding, I must walk ; and, in place of a good table, I must dine on buck wheat !" meaning as the peasantry dined.

Niemcewicz died in Paris, some years before the prince. I do not know why, but that venerable man always made me think of Franklin, though evidently not at all like him in person. I imagine the Pole was a much taller man than the American, and the expression of his countenance, too, was not like the pictures of Franklin. I can only speak for myself, yet I dare say such fancied resemblances have occurred to others in regard to persons they have occasionally met, or, as in my case with Franklin, only seen in pictures.

CHAPTER IV.

John Galt—Sombre Reflections—Physiognomies—Spirit of Trade—The Slavonic Tongues—Last Polish Insurrection—Nefarious Conduct of Prussia—James Montgomery.

It was about the time of the last Polish insurrection, and while it occupied the public attention, that I made the acquaintance of John Galt, who would never approach Campbell, from their old feud, and yet he had no objection to apply to myself for the insertion of an article or two in the "New Monthly Magazine." I have alluded to him in my "Recollections" of five years ago. Returning to these things and characters is like exhuming the dead, after nearly a generation of mankind has passed away. Men are created with feelings so dissimilar the one from the other, that this is felt but by few. Sometimes I take up a letter, which so vividly recalls the past I cannot proceed with my pen. A sadness I cannot describe comes over me. My personal acquaintance comprised so many known names in England and on the Continent, and my

knowledge by sight of so many more, who are now of the stuff of which dreams are made; the best and most able, the poorest and most wealthy, passing away, as Blaise Pascal observed of Cromwell, the terror of Europe sinking into dust before a fit of the gravel; a grain or two of sand levelling the bold and gifted ruler of an empire. Well do I remember Bonaparte in Italy and at Marengo; and where is he, with all the remarkable fantocini of the great world, since that renowned day? Verily chopfallen! nothing but an empty name left! Perhaps I have a stronger memory than most men of what I have seen, particularly of the features of great men. Among these, the most remarkable as to character was Pitt, whose not very handsome features—I speak not after Lavater and the physiognomists, but my own impression—showed arrogance predominant. Fox was bluff, dark-faced, not indicative of more than power and massiveness. But both these great men showed more peculiarity of expression than talent. Windham's elongated head marked a man of less intellectual power than he possessed—I am speaking of the impress produced on myself. George III. exhibited his want of intellectual power and his obstinacy in his features. Louis XVIII. of France looked the good-natured gourmand that he was, with his pine-apple head, and the poor intellect of his breed. The Duke

d'Angoulême was a poor creature ; the Count d'Artois like a monk. The poor little Duke de Berry, who was assassinated, had the best physiognomy of the most worn-out regal breed in Europe. I never could get rid of the idea but that there was something odd or Calmuckish in the features of Alexander of Russia, though he was a very fine-looking man, particularly on horseback. The King of Prussia in that day looked the character he was—a man balanced between a quiet and negation, not uncommon among princes. The heads of Wellington and of Marshal Suchet were the most strikingly martial I ever saw. The marshal was the handsomer man in feature. The nose and upper lip approached closely like the antique in Suchet, and it was the reverse with Wellington, whose head was more rugged and features more acute, and the distance from the nose to the upper lip remarkable. His mouth spoiled the fine, somewhat acute, but not handsome contour of his features, as it approached to what many call a rabbit mouth. It is never truly shown in the pictures of him. If my recollection serves, he was much slenderer than Suchet, whose limbs were powerful, and more remarkable for strength than grace ; but his fine head compensated. Cuvier had a remarkable countenance ; like Suchet, the space from the nose to the upper lip very short. But enough ; I wander.

I am no physiognomist, and can only remark that Sir Walter Scott and Professor Wilson were two of the least striking men of powerful talent that I ever saw.

But to return to Galt—his merits as a writer of fiction are well remembered; and his originality, not to mention his extraordinary facility of composition, in his own particular line, have been so generally admitted, that little upon this subject need be said so long afterwards.

Bred in early life to mercantile pursuits, and possessing a mind of unwearying activity, he showed high talents in a particular line of literary composition. He joined to this much sound knowledge of practical political economy, and a capacity for business, particularly for concerns of some extent. This was proved by the various public agencies with which he had from time to time been entrusted, but particularly by his organization of the Canada company, and his enterprises in connection with it. The directors, however, in the spirit of mere speculators, becoming impatient for the returns before the natural difficulties of so extensive an undertaking had time to be understood, began to discover as they thought how to manage it over their council table in London, much better than their secretary on the spot; the result of all which is well known. The company was obliged, after Galt's leaving

Canada, to proceed, after all, upon the system that he laid down. The shares, that were down to zero, by an ultimate perseverance in his plans, again mounted to a premium, and he had the triumph of seeing his own predictions fulfilled.

We were by no means intimate acquaintance. He wrote in the "Club Book," a work of that time, a few condensed stories. His tale of "Haddad Ben Ahab," was a specimen of his best style in the walk of humorous satire; and the "Tales of the Unguarded Hour," and, "Book of Life," in particular, were full of imaginative character and impressive solemnity. Among the very few relics of the "New Monthly" yet left among papers during my connection with that publication, I find only the following note from Galt. He was shy of Campbell, on whom he never called, but addressed himself to me.

"SIR,

"I am obliged by your frank note of the 1st inst. I beg you will make no scruple about any article I may send for the 'New Monthly,' only don't destroy the M.SS. You will have the kindness to give the bearer the rejected paper, or send it under cover to Mr. Bentley's printing office, where I send three times a-week. I am myself desirous of going on with the letters from New York. I intended them for a volume, having a great collection

of statistical matter to go with them. I think you have one unpublished—if so, perhaps you can insert it in next number, and I shall then resume the series. It is only to the borders of Canada that Captain Hall and I clash; my voyage and journey connected with the exploring part of the coast of lake Huron will be new. I have given Mr. G—— a paper which I had written for Sharpe's Magazine, but the fate of the publisher leaves it unused. I am afraid it may be rather *spicy* for your magazine, but you can look at it. You will see from the contents that I trust to your honor for the concealment of the author. If it is accepted, it must be on condition that I see the proofs. My long absence from this country makes me uncertain of the tone of the 'New Monthly,' I shall therefore make a point of calling on you as soon as it is in my power. Much depends on the tone of a publication for the success of the contributors.

"I remain, Sir,

"Your obedient servant,

"JOHN GALT.

"C. Redding, Esq.

"Monday."

Sir E. L. B. Lytton hit the right nail upon the head when he wrote about literary men that which will apply to them in other cases, as in this case of Galt's, with men of business:—"I believe the truth

to be that potent ministers, great commanders, and rulers of every genus, do not like literary men. They fear them in their energy, and applaud their own generosity when they can stop their late and dying accents with some paltry pension, or bury them with cathedral honours, or redeem their widows and orphans from starvation and the union work-house." Nothing can be more correct; and, in addition to the causes of the feeling thus described, there is the less elevation of soul, the lower order of thinking and acting in the classes of men above alluded to in our time, as compared with the great men of antiquity. Few who are political characters in the modern day but partake of the spirit of the time, in the mode bequeathed by feudal barbarism, or the Belial devotion to "heaven's pavement," rather than to its glories above their heads. Our court exhibits no Sidneys; if it possessed them, they would not be appreciated, where none appreciate the value of literary fame, even to their own reputation, because they cannot feel the worth of it. They must be vulgar souls. What is a name to them when they are dead? The reflection of their renown upon their descendants can be nothing to them; and, therefore, the sentiment of the Roman poet* on the power of literature in conferring an immortality of renown, has no weight. When there

* *Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona, &c.*—*Horace*.

is no feeling but for small things, great ones cannot be estimated at their true value. If "the glorious fault of angels and of gods" has been productive of mischief to the world and of bad causes, it has been the source of immeasurable good unabused, and when it has not been respected, good itself has become stagnant. Statesmen now have no sense of fear lest oblivion should drag their names—

" ——— from out the temples where the dead
Are honoured by the nations."

They have a consciousness of their own worthlessness, and the folly of striving for what is unattainable and leaving the beaten track. Their kingdom is essentially of this world; and as their desires are low, so are their tendencies; nor does it matter to them that the energy of a great people steals from them a glory the nature of which is foreign to their natures; but it is a glory which makes great nations in the regard for it.

Traffic as an "end," and not as a "means," made many perished nations, generally republics, flourish for a short period, and decline rapidly: such republics as arose in Italy, for example, and even Tyre and Carthage. They reached the meridian, dazzled the world for a time, and expired, leaving no halo of glory round their names compared with those empires in which lofty feeling and high honour, love of glory and justice, were ever prevalent. Where

honesty is a policy, and not a principle, this must ever be the case. No nation of traders would have replied to Themistocles, when he told the people what an advantage beyond all value the destruction of their enemies' fleet would be, but that it would not be honourable:—"Then," shouted the people, "we will not do it." Greece and Rome reposed on the love of fame and glory as a motive; and even insignificant Greece has survived, and her sons can still read the Greek of Homer—a fact relating to the people of no other language of which anything is known. But Greece ever reposed at the foot of fame. Rome need not be quoted. With both the love of glory was the prime cause of movement, and has been proved the most enduring. Thus it is that Dante represents the power of the "last infirmity of noble minds" as operating in hell. All whom he meets there are imbued with the desire of being remembered in the world. Whether by this the great Italian designed to exhibit the influence or criminality of the passion, or whether he would exalt it, is not clear. He tempted the relation of their histories of the damned by the promise of keeping their names from oblivion in the upper world, as he shows in his thirty-first canto—"Nel mondo render fama, &c."

The direct object of commerce would never define the benefits to which it generally leads. It

has an obvious tendency to extend geographical research, and enlarge the view, but it operates indirectly. The spirit of trade is the paramount principle of gain. It cannot be denied that its career is without a consciousness of the social benefit which accidentally follows. Where it absorbs the whole man, it often overshoots the mark of well ordered utility, and lends itself to the corruption of the heart; yet as by the law which man cannot comprehend, evil is continually the instrument of good. The most obtuse and least elevated mind becoming conscious of wealth, wields a power denied to genius, merit, and high feeling. Even rank and birth bend before it; but it does not consciously herald wisdom. That mere wealth should possess influence in connection with minds of the common average, is the natural course of things. But neither the character of the owner, nor the rectitude of the acquirement, constitute any part of the modern consideration. People do not trouble themselves to discover how a man gets rich, or whether in getting so he aids in enlarging the understandings of others. A succession of demerits in acquirement is something of a drawback, but there is a double claim to admiration, where magnitude of action has insured success. Before such an one men of family give way, dignity becomes familiar, the world stoops, and the vulgar assurance is denominated high bearing; ignorance

is panegyrised, inane sayings are quoted, cities elect such to their offices, and the civic Solomon pales his ineffectual fires before the modern Daniel. Men of principle smile in contempt, and those who reason curl the lip; but rank and fashion bow before the vulgarity they affect to discover in better men, and extol the modern Dagon, with the countenance of brass and body of clay, resplendent with gilding. Let accident prostrate the tawdry idol, it is reviled, and unmercifully laid bare, much after the manner in which Asiatic idolators abuse and vituperate their filthy mishapen idols, when they are unpropitious. But let the Christian idol keep its pedestal, courtiers simper before it, statesmen seek its smiles, and the daughters of the peerage sigh for its vulgar embraces. Thus it is that wealth, in too many examples corrupts, while it benefits society, and we are compelled to regard the advantages it confers in their entirety, and too often to pass by the details by which they are obtained. This species of idolatry is carried much farther in the present day than it was formerly. Never was industry so unflagging or unscrupulous.

The fortunate resolution which I took in declining to accept the offer made to me to proceed to Warsaw, not more than two years before the last outbreak there against the Archduke Constantine, was a lucky incident in my life. As little did Prince Czartoryski

(pronounced Tchartoryski), from whom the tender came, expect his own exile so soon afterwards. The acquirement of a most difficult language to one accustomed only to those of the South, and even to little German could be of no assistance to the acquirement of tongues so difficult as the Slavonian, with its alphabet of twenty-seven,, and the Russian with its forty-three letters. French might do for the students; but to spend the rest of life among a new people, and only be able to converse with a few educated men, would have been a state of painful isolation.

I did not fail to consider the subject duly; in what modes it is needless to state. It may not, however, be unprofitable, in the existing state of European politics, and the civil war at present raging between the gallant Poles and their semi-civilized oppressors, to allude to what I learned from several sources, of the language so little known in the west and south of Europe. Some of the facts may be found in a distinguished Russian writer, from whom we learn that no early memorials of it are traceable. The Greeks found it a rude, harsh tongue in the sixth century. Its earliest specimens extant are discovered intermingled in the church books, translated by St. Cyrillus and others, in the ninth century, into the Slavonian of that period, about the time the Greek faith was introduced. This was above four centuries

after a horde of Slavonians from the Danube are said to have settled upon the Dnieper and Neva. They established the principalities of Kief and Novogorod; but this is history. It suffices that the Poles, the ancient Sarmatians, seem to have had an origin somewhat similar, but were not so mixed up with the barbarous tribes on the east and south-east of the territory in which they settled. Little is known of either before the tenth century that can be relied upon. My business, however, was with the language, to which I return.

It appears that great doubt rests upon all connected with the Slavonian tongue. It was from a Pole I acquired the following scanty information :— The Slavonians, after having adopted the Christian faith, borrowed with it new ideas, inventing fresh words and expressions. Their language in the middle ages was, without doubt, as different from the ancient as it differs from that used at present. Spread over Europe, surrounded by other nations, and not seldom compelled to submit to them, the Slave tribes lost the unity of the tongue, and, in the course of time, gave out different dialects, of which the principal are or were:—

The Russian, more cultivated than any of the others, and the least of all mixed with foreign words, the Russian tongue equals, in natural force and beauty, the best languages now in use. Its future

fate will depend upon that of the empire, in regard to the increase of its value or diminution of its excellence.

The Polish: this is mixed with many Latin and German words. It is spoken not only in the former kingdom of Poland, but also in some parts of Prussia; by the nobility in Lithuania, and by the people of Silesia on the banks of the Oder.

The Tcheskian, in Bohemia, Moravia, and Hungary, is said to be the nearest to the more ancient translation of the Bible; and in agreement with the opinion of some of the Bohemian learned, it stands between the Croat and the Polish. The Hungarian dialect is called Slavack, but it differs from the Tcheskian, for the greater part only as respects the pronunciation.

The Illyrian—that is, the Bulgarian—is the roughest of all the Slave dialects. The Bosnian and the Servian are the most agreeable to the ear; the same may be said of the Sclavonian in Dalmatia.

The Croatian resembles the Venedian. In Styria, Carinthia, Crain (Carniola), also in Lusatia and neighbourhood. In Meissen, Brandenburg, Pomerania, Mecklenburgh, and almost all Luneberg; where the Slavonian language was once national, it is now exchanged for the German.

Some assert that the Slavonian language approached very near to the ancient languages of

Asia; but the closest inquiries have shown that this supposed relationship was limited to a very small number of Hebrew or Chaldean, Syriac, and Arabic words, which are found in like manner in the other languages of Europe, showing only their common Asiatic origin, and that the Slavonian has far more affinity with the German and Greek than with the Hebrew and other Eastern languages. Hence some conclude, perhaps erroneously, that the ancestors of these nations once spoke a similar language. If so, it must have been, without doubt, the most ancient in Europe. The common radical words easily change by pronunciation, when a people do not read or write, to fix the pronunciation. That important invention, expressing to the eyes with few traces innumerable sounds, was known to Europe from the Phœnicians, and, therefore, very early in point of time. It cannot be imagined that the ancient inhabitants of Greece, Latium, and Spain, scarcely come forth from a savage state, should have been able to invent characters which demanded an extraordinary advance in reasoning inconceivable to common understandings. Hence it was ascribed in its invention to the gods. Some of the early Christians thought the ten commandments of Moses were drawn by the hand of the Almighty, and the first writing in the world. But enough of speculation. In what way the North of Europe came to the use

of letters we know nothing ; whether from Phœnician navigators trading for British tin or Prussian amber, or from Southern Europe. The latter mode seems most probable, for the Runic and Gothic letters resemble more the Greek and Latin than they do the Phœnician. These might, in the course of ages, have come over Germany or Pannonia from the Mediterranean, with a few alterations in the signs.

The Runic characters, only sixteen in number, were, like the ancient Phœnician, very insufficient for the Slavonian language. They could not express its most ordinary sounds. They were known only, perhaps, to the priests for religious purposes. The Bohemian, Illyrian, and Russian Slavonians, however, had no alphabet whatever down to the year 863, when Constantine, called in his monastic state Cyrillus, and Methodius, his brother, inhabitants of Thessalonica, having been sent by the Grecian emperor Michael into Moravia, to the Christian princes Ratislaw, Sviatopolk, and Kotzeloo, to forward the translation of church books from the Greek language, invented a peculiar Slave alphabet, formed after the Grecian, adding some new letters. This alphabet, called the Cyrillian, is used to the present date, with some alterations, in Russia, Wallachia, Bulgaria, Servia, and elsewhere. The Slavonians of Dalmatia have another dialect, known by the name of Glagolian, or the vocal, which is

erroneously thought to be of the invention of St. Hieronymus; but in the fourth and fifth centuries there was not any Slavonian spoken in the Roman dominions. The most ancient memorial known of the language is a manuscript psalter on parchment of the thirteenth century. There are Cyrillian handwritings extant, of A.D. 1056, in an inscription of the Tithe, in the church so called at Kieff, belonging to the time of St. Vladimir, or the tenth century. This Glagolian alphabet is distinguished by the very curved shape of its characters, and is very inconvenient for reading. The Moravian Christians having embraced the Roman creed, together with the Polanders, both began to write in Latin letters, having abandoned the Cyrillian, which were solemnly prohibited by Pope John XIII. The Bishops of Salo, in the eleventh century, declared Methodius a heretic, and the Slavonian writing an invention of the Arian Goths. Probably this very persecution caused some Dalmatian monk to invent Glagolian letters, and to protect them from the attacks of the Roman superstition by the name of St. Hieronymus. They use in Bohemia, Moravia, Silesia, and Lusatia, the German letters; in Illyria, Carniolia, Hungary, and Poland, the Latin. The Slavonians who, in the eighth century, established themselves in the Peloponessus, adopted the Greek alphabet there.

This account of the language was not at all attractive, for there could after all be few works of moment written in it that were worthy of the labour of acquiring a difficult tongue, some dialects of which with an alphabet or alphabets were all remote from the tongues to which I had been accustomed. There were said to be Russian poets of great merit in their own tongue, but they were strange to the west of Europe. With the Polish poet Niemcewicz, I was personally acquainted, and had read some of his works in French translations. Russian literature was a terra incognita, and excited my curiosity from what I had heard of the poems of Adam Mickiewicza, the Lithuanian, which were published in Petersburg in 1828, of which a friend who understood the language gave me an account. But I could hardly afford time to study a tongue, the want of which had made me decline one of the few advantageous offers I ever had in my life, though it was fortunate I did so.

“The Slavonian languages, my dear sir, have been greatly neglected. You spoke of Lithuania, the oldest and largest province of Poland, which a profligate woman, by the most unprincipled conduct as dishonorable as a common felony, annexed, with much more, to herself. In fact, the partition of Poland from the commencement was the act of three crowned thieves, the magnitude of whose

crimes pleaded its justification among sympathizers with crowns. Lithuania, from the most distant period, has been ravaged by successive invasions, and ruled by successive dynasties. Originally inhabited by three different tribes, the proper Lithuanians, the Prussi, who afterwards colonized that part of Germany which is now called Prussia, and the Lettes, Poland has been occupied in repelling attacks ever since the days of Olgerd and Witold, who reigned over all the territory between the Baltic and Euxine seas; till, prematurely great, she fell from her own vastness, and the duchy of Lithuania was lost in the kingdom of Poland. The national spirit of that people who were once able to wage a war of extermination with the Teutonic order, and at the same time to attack the neighbouring states of Poland and Russia, to the north and to the west, ebbed gradually away. The Jagellons with their rich vassals adopted the cause of Poland, and ultimately obtained the Polish sceptre, for the glory of Lithuania was departed. Of this sovereign line Prince Czartoryski was the heir.

“The language is no longer spoken by the nobles, and only remains, if it remain at all, in the mouths of the common people; and it is only in these latter days that men have been found to re-animate their country’s spirit, and amongst them the Lithu-

anian poet, Mickiewicza, whose work, though written in Polish, is strictly national. I will explain the text of the Lithuanian bard, when I see you, but without the type there is no giving a specimen in print."

Before quitting this subject, and while I write, a second outbreak, within about thirty years, has taken place among that brave and oppressed people. When the last insurrection raged it must be remembered that the regular army revolted. It was led by Skrzynecki, a well known Polish general in the time of Alexander, accompanied by Prince Czartoryski and other eminent natives. The newspapers of the passing day relate only passing events. They then referred to the bad conduct of the Prussian monarch, and it becomes a matter of history to compare the past conduct of that government with the present, under its pretended system of non-intervention.

It is impossible that the existing state of things in Poland should not deeply attract public attention. Yet it by no means causes so great a sensation as it did on the occasion of the last outbreak against the horrible atrocities of the Archduke Constantine. On that occasion, too, the conduct of Austria formed a remarkable and favorable contrast to that of Prussia. Nor was this humanity without a cause. When that monster, in human form, made

his escape from Warsaw, having goaded the poor Poles into resistance, he left his papers behind him, and among them were found minute details of a prospective campaign against Austria, by the invasion of Hungary. This plan was drawn up by Colonel Proudzenski, at the express command of the arch-duke. Russia and Austria were at that time in perfect amity. This shows what a piece of treachery was contemplated by Nicolas and his brother, and no doubt with a common understanding "when the pear was ripe." At that time Austria comported herself after the rule of non-intervention, which she declared she would make her guide—and she kept her word.

How did Prussia act—not the Prussian people, but the king and his ministers? They acted as they acted towards England when she was at war with Napoleon. She then made a secret treaty with France, under a promised subsidy from England, and the moment the money was paid down, waiting till then, she openly made peace with the nation she took the money to meet in the field!

In the last effort of the Poles to free themselves from their sufferings, it will be remembered that General Skrzynecki commanded the Polish army and that the king of Prussia as usual promised what he did not mean to perform—strict non-intervention. In place of keeping a promise made to throw dust

in the eyes of Europe, it will be seen how the monarch kept it in favour of the Russians.

The following letter is on record as written by the gallant general commanding the Poles, to the king of Prussia, and it produced such an effect as might have been expected, where promises are made without the intention of being kept.

“SIRE,

“I should not presume to address your majesty, if I did not entertain the hope that your majesty would recognise my title as commander-in-chief of the national forces of Poland. The importance of the object of this communication will, I trust, render it a sufficient apology for me in thus engaging your majesty's attention.

“From the time of your majesty's accession to the throne, you have not ceased, in the course of your paternal government, to give splendid proofs of your love of justice. Relying on these qualities, I feel, by anticipation, some relief from the annoyance and vexation which the civil and military authorities of your majesty's government have caused me.

“You have recognised, Sire, in concert with other courts, the principle of non-intervention; and there can be no doubt that your majesty's ministers have received orders to act upon that principle. Hence the Polish army cannot have any right to complain

of your majesty personally, but to submit to you rather, the grievances which your servants have inflicted upon it.

“Every day the army witnesses, in defiance of the neutrality which your majesty was pleased solemnly to signify your intention of maintaining towards Poland, that the civil and military authorities on the frontiers manifest so much favour to the Russians, that it is attributable only to the supplies of every description which they receive through the instrumentality of your majesty’s government and subjects, that the latter have not been compelled to retreat.

“First,—The Prussian authorities supply the Russians with provisions from the storehouses of Thorn and the neighbourhood.

“Secondly,—Prussian artillerymen have been sent to the Russian army to be employed against us.

“Thirdly,—The Russian army receives ammunition from the Prussian fortresses.

“Fourthly,—The uniforms of several Russian regiments are made in Prussia.

“Fifthly,—A Prussian engineer of Marienwerder (Kwidzin) has been employed to construct a bridge upon the Vistula, near Złotorya, for the passage of the Russians; the necessary materials having been furnished by Prussia.

“I could adduce innumerable other circumstances

which are equivalent to acts of hostility, but I confine myself to the above facts, in the persuasion that they will be sufficient to engage your majesty to change the actual state of things, which your majesty is undoubtedly ignorant of, and which is so contrary both to your declared policy and dignity.

“I beg your majesty will be pleased to excuse the liberty I have taken to address you, and I beseech you to listen to the voice of humanity, and to take pity on the oppressed whom the gigantic power of Russia would be unable to subdue, without the assistance clandestinely furnished to our enemy, by the civil and military authorities of Prussia.

“I hope, Sire, that these representations will not be disapproved of by your majesty.

“I have the honor to be, &c., &c.,

“SKRZYNECKI

“Generalissimo of the Polish army.

“Head Quarters, Siennica, June 19, 1831.”

This letter of course did not make any difference in the conduct of the Prussian government. The cabinets of Europe stood by each other as customary against the people, and did nothing. The “right divine to govern wrong” was to be supported even by treaty-breaking. Poland fell before the sanguinary Nicolas, and Prussia kept up the character of her rulers as she keeps it up still. The Prussian people

sympathised with Poland. They could do no more, unless they chose to be impaled upon the bayonets of the royal soldiery. The conduct of the King of Prussia, Frederick William, was as cruel as that of Suwarrow in the last partition, and disgustingly treacherous.

From 1768 to September, 1831, the Poles fought sixty-seven battles for their freedom against Russia, five against the Prussians, and eleven against the Austrians, at times gaining the victory over double their own numbers.

It is not my object in these pages to say more upon this subject, but I recommend, as the same system is, I am informed, still pursued, the perusal of a work printed in Paris, in 1832, "Russisches Schreckem und Verfolgungs—System exargestellten officiellen Quellen von Michael Hube, Polnisschem Staats Referendare. 1 Heft., Paris, 1832."

I well remember the cruel conduct of Prussia in driving back Polish refugees into the territory occupied by the Russians, in other words to be impaled either on the Russian bayonets or their own. Poles were driven back by the Prussians in a clear understanding with the Russians, and were flogged to death. Gortschakoff, then considered one of the more polite and civilized of the Muscovites, saw men flogged to death, looking on very coolly; that is *à la Russe*. None can imagine the tortures of such a

death when executed *secundem artem* by the executioner, but enough of horrors at which Europe looked on so unconcernedly.

I omitted to notice the death of another contributor to works in which I had been concerned, in good James Montgomery, a man of sterling genius. How the list of the dead we once knew increases upon us in the later period of life! I have recorded several names not in the order of dates to which, in these desultory pages, there is no necessity to adhere. Montgomery was a most amiable, meek tempered man, whom I did not know until the year 1831. He exhibited great consistency of principle. In the later part of his life he altered much. In his youth he was one of those who opposed the arbitrary and unjustifiable measures of the "divine right" party. He formed as he said, "a determination to do that which was right, let the consequences be what they might;" the noblest resolution a man can take in any walk of life. He pursued, in consequence, with undeviating rectitude the cause of freedom political and religious. He was for that reason in days, such as never can return in this country, fined and imprisoned, but fines and imprisonments by the prejudiced courts and packed juries of the last years of the eighteenth century and later, did not turn him from his course of liberality and honest patriotism. It is difficult for any English-

man now alive to credit the reign of terror here at that time, and the laborious researches made by authority to find grounds for ruining, if possible, all to whom honesty and independence of soul gave a title for the respect of the good. For repudiating war in an article on its unchristian tendencies, he had a narrow escape from legal vengeance. At another time, as late as 1805, a prosecution was contemplated against him for defending the surrender of General Mack on the ground of a useless resistance, and thus saving a torrent of human blood from being shed. Twice in one year he was fined and imprisoned. Some of the political clergy were his bitter enemies from his being a Moravian dissenter, and an opponent too of passive obedience and divine right quite enough to obtain for him their animosity. This he seems to have felt, and to have resented in an effort at retaliation in a strain of humour in which his grave character did not shine. "The History of a Church and a Warming Pan, dedicated to their multitudinous Majesty the People, to his most voluminous Majesty the Law, and to the King's most excellent Majesty," was really what would now be thought very harmless and deficient in point. Such was the fear of the ascendant party in those days that people who wished to befriend him, brought him their bills to print on the condition his name should not appear in the imprint, as

his independent press was obnoxious to those who might retaliate the favor thus conferred upon him, by injustice to themselves. Perhaps he was afterwards too yielding in some respects, for in 1805, his persecutors slackened in their annoyances and he finally buried them and their spite. Possibly his genius in the *Wanderer of Switzerland* soon after, in 1806, hushed animosity out of shame in persecuting such a man. His classical attainments and intimacy with several modern languages might have led to the expectation of a higher display of learning, and a loftier strain of poetry than he achieved. But educated for a period of ten years in that seclusion from the world, which is the practice of the Moravian sect, the sameness of his pupillage, during the time when impressions are fixed for life, must have shown some effect in his subsequent career. He displayed a love for verse very early, and the Moravian hymns, while they strengthened that love, directed his themes to the good and affectionate, rather than to loftier aspirations of the art. To be good rather than great is the true and justifiable desire of the upright spirit. The works of the poets had been kept from his perusal designedly. The consequence was that he violated the rules of the rigid Moravian brethren, and read the poets of his country by stealth. He had composed much verse, and became wrapped in airy

dreams of future labours, when he was checked by his tutors. He longed to expatiate both in the region of poetry and in that of his fellow men. His desire to this effect became unconquerable. To be a Moravian minister, for which he had been designed, was given up. He was placed in trade, but he remained only a year at the drudgery, nursing erroneous ideas of the world of which he knew so little, and realizing in fancy the delusions of hope. At sixteen he cast himself on life's troubled ocean. He got into a situation at a bookseller's shop, a good cure for all dreams of fancy, or lofty notions of literature. He had contributed some articles to a paper called the "Sheffield Register;" and he removed to Sheffield and assisted the proprietor of that paper, which soon got involved in the crusade at that time carried on by the government against reason and freedom—that war upon free principles which Pitt avowed he made in the hope to put them down—vain hope of ignorant and inexperienced ministerialism! Montgomery, in the absence of the proprietor, changed the name to the "Iris." It became less violent, and more literary. He was fined twenty pounds, and imprisoned three months, in York jail, for printing a song that had been written and circulated years before; the jury, bringing in guilty of publishing only, were brow-beat and sent back by the judge, to bring in a verdict of

guilty! On resuming his occupation, in printing an account of a riot, a plain and true narrative, he was fined thirty pounds and imprisoned three months. In custody he wrote his "Prison Amusements;" here his health became affected. In 1805 he composed his poem on the "Ocean," and in 1806, the "Wanderer in Switzerland." His next work was the "West Indies," where he had lost his parents. The "World before the Flood," a subject evidently too Miltonic for his gentle muse, "Greenland," and the "Pelican Island" followed. My personal knowledge of him was not until 1831, when he perfectly answered my idea of the mild, melancholy man, the good, pure-minded Christian. His person was low, and his make slight, his manner retiring and wholly unassuming, his complexion and hair light. Among strangers rather taciturn, he conversed with considerable animation in the company of his intimate friends. His muse took no high flight, nor descended low; for in all his writings he was equable. "No thoughts that breathe and words that burn," mingled a lava flood with the stream of his verse. He left the impress, in my short intercourse, of his being an amiable, virtuous man—not brilliant, sensible, and firm in the cause of justice and virtue. He classes among our inferior, not our superior poets. All is chaste and hallowed that fell from his pen. His lectures

on poetry, delivered in London some years ago, were not remarkable for any new thoughts. They commenced with observations upon Hazlitt's just remark that "words are the only things that last for ever." He dwelt upon the literal truth as it respected man and his works on earth. For six thousand years nothing has remained of the past but what words have recorded, those vehicles of thought and forms of ideas. He traced literature through the ancient nations up to our own, beginning with the Jews, and including under that name the liberal arts and abstruse sciences, philosophy itself being but a branch of literature, and all included in the two species of verse and prose. He then touched upon writing and its probable origin, and, on concluding his lectures, left upon the mind an impression of ingenuity and talent peculiarly his own, and not easy to be forgotten.

CHAPTER V.

Observations on Threescore Years' Advance of men and things in England—Charities—Progression of Events.

UPON taking a retrospective glance for half a century at the fading events that occurred in private life, chequered with remembrances that, for the most part, turn "the past to pain," the mind of one who has been only a superficial observer of men and things will occasionally turn to what has been observed of a public nature, and be tempted to consider the impression made in regard to the social body. Has there been decadence or advance? Age dwells upon past times. Many are tempted to judge ill of the present, because the images of the past carry the precious sober hue that resembles the antique valued by the collectors of coins. It is true that in past time a few things were better ;

but we do not calculate how many were much worse than they are now. The aggregate gain is the point to be estimated; and who can doubt, that has watched through a long series of years, with tolerable attention to what went on around him, the acknowledgment, despite a few things not much improved, how great has been the advance, and that, in spite of those very few things, we have moved onward at no mean rate of progress? I premise, in culling a few out of many proofs of this, that the general results operated within my own memory have been much to the following effect. Speaking generally, for within living recollection during half a century, the changes operated by time have been surprising.

In the metropolis, the introduction of steam-conveyance by land and water has caused extraordinary alterations in manners among the more stationary part of the population, a few of which, I remember, only paid an annual visit to Margate by water, occupying several days in going and returning; while an excursion two or three times in a year for twenty miles out of town was the limit of the citizen's topographical movements. Highwaymen infested the public roads; the streets at night possessed just glimmer enough to define a human figure; the public guardians of the dark hours slept sweetly in comfortable watch-boxes; and numerous well-lit

coffee-houses, proffering good fare and sociableness, in some measure compensated for the want of the advantages the metropolitan inhabitant now possesses.

Englishmen now are the same breed of contraries they were then, a little altered by circumstances. They are more universal in their views, but not less individual in their interests. They are more circumscribed in their bearing towards others, while they themselves revolve in larger circles. All have still great pride and great dissatisfaction. Habit is as much at war with reason in their judgments as ever, and custom is still their third parent. Unfriendly to any change unless the change be profitable, they oppose innovation as if it were not a natural thing. Many boast of the superiority of England as much as ever, and live out of it, the balance being generally pecuniary saving or profit that settles the point. Their views of religion and politics are generally seen through the same medium. Modest in speaking of himself, the Englishman is still egotistical about his possessions and accumulations, through which alone he demands respect from others. Often original from waywardness as well as from other causes, he is as eccentric in exhibiting his independence as he is unshaken in his expectations of respect on that account. Often active and high-spirited, he will sometimes seem

wearied of good fortune, fall into lax living, and become a negation in humanity. He will buy the idlest things his fancy directs, even halters that have strangled criminals, and believe himself a *virtuoso*. Calculating by habit, he will not be found sacrificing his self-respect in pursuit of gain; but then his self-respect is of a peculiar hue. Tenacious of the law, still he shows it too often by idle appeals; in some degree, too, by his ordinary love of fair-play and hatred of injustice. Not imaginative, nor possessed of good taste, he will still demand credit for both, while he is but an imitator. In business he is often like the showman, who calculated what a large sum he would make by exhibiting a man with a wooden leg if there was but one wooden leg in the world. Admirably under the rule of common sense in business, out of it he is the slave of preconceived opinion. A stickler for morality, he averts his eyes from a trespass upon it when its reprobation would clash with his interest, lamenting how unfortunate it was he did not see it until too late. He is generous, but not always to be relied upon for the exercise of the virtue. He is charitable, sometimes with great prudery, often without discrimination, and at times must have examples of rank to follow in giving his alms. A better parent than child, particularly in the higher and lower ranks. Luke-warm in the generation of his friendship, but firm

if once fixed. Imperious and exacting in duties from inferiors, more particularly from servants. In judgment sound in the common affairs of life. Not delicate about the moral ground of the quarrel he espouses, and ever having justice upon his lips. Fond of barbarous and childish sports; because when the country was wild and his fathers hunted bears and wolves, not having them left in a cultivated land, he endeavours to be as great as he dreams they were by imitation. He breeds vermin to hunt across green and cultivated fields. Worries tame stags that have innocently licked his hand, that he may cut their throats as a denizen of the Black Forest in Germany does the wild game. He still affects to imitate the ancients in horse-racing, by running useless colts of two years' old for the purpose of betting on their speed. Of every species of quackery and pretension, moral, medical, and religious, he is the great modern patron. Cold water cure, animal magnetism, phrenology, table-rapping, and German quackery, find him alike credulous and profitable. His old faith in 'Dr. Graham's Celestial Bed,' and 'Goddess of Health,' has only shifted its ground. An admirable improver of the inventions of others, he knows better how to apply them than any other individual in existence. Excelling all the world in the useful. Fond of a good table, domestic show, and of

'comfort' in all things. Capable of great exertion when excited, in all situations and under every climate. In muscular power, particularly among the better classes of his countrymen, exceeding the natives of other countries. Roused most by the example of a superior, and least by impulse. Patient of real, impetuous of imaginary grievances. Common-place in conversation, and not brilliant in idea. Equable, rarely enthusiastic, attached to method and order, and money-getting. Not more humane than the people of other civilized countries. Respecting personal right, but the right in property more. Crying out for cheap government, and paying for the dearest. Thanking God daily he is not as other men. Insensible of the value of intellectual ability, because he judges of all things by the quantum of return in money. He embellishes his mansion with the expensive products of art, through a dealer's eyes, of the merit of which he is ignorant. Neither knowing nor caring about scientific or literary merit, unless he can turn them to private account, but talking largely about them, because he imagines he must show as much seeming knowledge of them as Italians or Frenchmen. He buys dear pictures, and, filling galleries, thinks himself a connoisseur. Mighty upon the ocean, it is to him only the medium of convenient carriage; while the stars affect his fancy no otherwise than as guides

for observation to his merchant vessels. He believes most things upon credit where chapter and verse are laid down to him, without any reflection that chapters and verses may be given him erroneously. He teaches his children to tread in his own steps, cherish his own ideas, and see with his own eyes as far as he can. In blood and language he is a medley of all races. He imports new words with his goods and continually distorts old ones. Some of his peculiarities defy delineation; it is enough that the Englishman is so par excellence.

Turn, upon the other hand, to the effect that this peculiar compound islander has produced upon the world. Mark his aggregate in place of his individual action. His foibles, faults, peculiarities disappear—good, bad, indifferent, all vanish. His characteristics blend and form a whole which can be paralleled nowhere among any existing people. His vices and virtues make excellent marquetry, and veneer admirably. This is no egotism, no partiality, none of the base coin before paid to offer incense to personal self-love. The truth or falsehood of the point is open to the decision of the whole world. Fact, evidence, all are clear for the use of those who choose to make use of them. The unaccountable, cold, proud, exclusive, money-making, prejudiced, tasteless Englishman, is lost in the magnitude of the effect produced by united action. It is

here that he stands with his majestic front, a giant among the inhabitants of the earth, an indomitable creation viewed by his achievements, by his spoken language, by his extent of dominion. History will paint him in this light; coming nations will sketch him thus in fancy, even after he may have utterly disappeared from his own sea-girt land. The individuals that hewed the stones of the Egyptian pyramids were as diverse in character as Englishmen, and of as little moment individually to the work which they achieved. Those wonderful architects live in the aggregate of their stupendous labours. The labours of Englishmen will be more enduring than the pyramids, although they may not be of porphyry. The durability of the mightiest human effort is not linked to a decomposing material—it subsists in words ever fugitive and ever perishing, but continually renewed. That which runs a race with time cannot consist of what time annihilates.

They are wrong who take the Englishman for the denizen of one little spot; he is common to every land, and under his own flag in all climates. To the extent of his impress, and to the expansion of his language, labours, and habitudes, those of other countries lessen in the view. The United States of America claim the common law of England as an inheritance. They introduce her institutes into all their annexations in California and Oregon, from

the east to the west of their vast domain. Russia with her colossal territory reckons a hundred different races with as many tongues, diverse in manner, the larger part semi-savage, or having yet large advances to make in order to reach the limit of a middling civilization. The English tongue is spoken by a population equal to that of all Russia. Wherever it is spoken the blessings of advance in civilization prevail. All civilized people multiply a hundred times faster than those that are uncivilized. In proof of this is the increase of North America, with her Anglo-American inhabitants, compared with the increase of her native tribes. Civilized man is most capable of producing those means which afford food and shelter, under which the species increase with the greater rapidity.

To America, Africa, and to the isles of the Pacific, the colonist from Europe went out in the full possession of his country's experience. He was an emigrant with the acquirements of a thousand years when he left his home, and his children continue to receive the augmented stores which invention and science originate in the mother-country and elsewhere. Eighteen centuries ago the fathers of the inhabitants of the banks of the Potomac, Ohio, the St. Lawrence, the Essequibo, and Demerara, in America; of the Murray, Tamar, and Darling, in New South Wales; were navigating the Severn and

the Thames in canoes or coracles. With painted bodies they marched against the legions of Rome, and learned from them the earliest lessons of that civilization their descendants are planting in all parts of the globe—founding empires in the full stature and manhood of their acquirements. The enlightened but stern New Englander of the United States of America sees the same champions of enlightened freedom continued in his offspring of the nineteenth century, with the advantage of adding to his previous knowledge whatever time has unfolded since his fathers left their native land. Numbers have quitted their native shores to sit down in New Zealand among a race of cannibals. They have arrested their savage propensity by the force of example alone, and, contrary to what happens in many similar cases, they are bringing a wild people rapidly into civilized habits at the very antipodes of the mother-country, in place of extinguishing or enslaving them. Already the New Zealander is becoming a navigator of the great Pacific. From icy Labrador to the swampy, burning shores of Guiana, connected by the West Indian Islands, one language is spoken, and that language is English. In Europe and Africa, between the same parallels of latitude, more than a dozen interpreters would be required, among races few of whom have transplanted elsewhere any enlight-

ening influence from the paternal soil. Some natives are still living in ancient Africa a life far more savage than was ever led by the aborigines of America.

Where, indeed, is the British race not to be discovered? Frozen up amid the desolation of arctic winters, where the sun divides the year into a day and a night, where the sheeted aurora casts its flickering beams upon dreary wastes of eternal snow, where the iceberg emulates the mountain, and the icefield the Siberian steppe; or anchoring on the coast of savage Labrador; or trading amid the burning sands of Africa, where pestilence is for ever wrestling with human existence: where is the Englishman not to be found? He inhabits the banks of the Indus and the slopes of the Himalaya, seeking, in the gushing springs of that mighty mountain chain, the coolness denied him in the sultry plains of Bengal, or amid the arid and scorching sands of Moultan. There, too, he rules sovereign on both banks of the Hydaspes, the river that arrested the march of the Macedonian conqueror. He is found settling and building towns on the shores of the fifth continent, where, in the childhood of the living, the least tutored of the human race roamed at large, the companion of the kangaroo and the opossum. In this place he has established a quarter of a million of civilized men. The larger isles of the Pacific

Ocean, and those nearest to the Antarctic, are peopled by him. The finest part of South Africa owns his sway, and the ocean is so covered with his vessels, that if it can be said to be inhabited by mankind, it is by him who dwells on its bosom in thirty-three thousand ships. Who is so familiar with 'the ends of the earth' as the British race and its descendants?

These are tokens of his present cosmopolitan movements alone, the result of a century or two of adventurous activity. Before another hundred or two of years are past, the English tongue, history, and literature, will be the inheritance of hundreds of millions in America alone. A fifth continent, too, will be populated by Britons—Australia. The greater Pacific isles will be covered with flourishing ports and towns. The pilot will answer in English off coasts not yet untenanted by the savage. Where the silence of primeval nature still reigns with undisputed sway commerce will be busy, and the higher improvements of man, the steam-engine and the railway, the steam-press and the communication of knowledge, will begin to harmonize, adorn, and enrich, the remoter shores. Wherever there is room to breathe the air of Heaven with freedom the English race will be found multiplying—that race which never breathes freely but in extent of space. How great must be the moral action of such a people upon

the rest of mankind, how expanded and expanding the results !

Still it exhibits itself most in united action, for contrary to what has happened in old countries in past time, the people have done all the wonders which connect themselves with the British name. They have made their country what it is. No single ruling head, however wise and absolute, could have effected such phenomena. It is but of late years that the Government has lent the smallest aid in contributing to the moral position of the country. The Government was occupied with foreign wars to uphold the interest of crowns, and with fiscal regulations, the weight of which unhappily still weighs upon the advancement of national prosperity, upon land, trade, and subsistence. Silently, stealthily, and unconsciously, those operations were pursued by a few with invincible patience and perseverance, which contributes to the present exalted name and glorious future of England. Industry, adventure, personal exposure in unhealthy climates, domiciliation on uncivilized shores, and the same diligent perseverance there, now in one hemisphere and now in another, almost imperceptibly planted the scions of new nations, and aggrandized the parent name. The truly great, the sublime, the enduring hearts of England, were affected by the activity and energy of

the popular mind. It was that mind which two or three centuries ago made the forests of America resound with the woodman's axe, reared the habitations of men in the haunts of the savage and the rattlesnake, and braved the fevers of unwholesome swamps. In those days the pursuit of free thought, not of traffic, drew the colonist from Britain. That motive has, happily, long ceased to exist; free-thought may now be fully enjoyed at home. The Englishman emigrates to cultivate an inheritance for his children, for which his native land, from previous occupancy, allows no space. Like other nations of renown, England sends forth her sons, not to one limited spot—not, as before, to the vast wilds of Northern America alone, but east, west, and south, through the entire world, to found new empires, to extend her race, to refine and civilize, and thus fulfil an allotted mission in a mighty destiny among the nations. Who can deny this mission?

It is to Englishmen more immediately that the great task of peopling the earth's surface is at present confided by the supreme Governor of all things. The almost insurmountable protraction of the change from savage to civilized life, by the first slow process of nature, is now arrested by the example and instruction of those who carry with them the progresses and experiences of a thousand years. The earth will soon be nowhere desolate and uninhabited, except in

places were natural causes prevent. The world seems to have taken a fresh start. In the unexpected fullness of years it will everywhere become the place of seed-time and harvest. The Englishman will have the glory of contributing the larger share to the fulfilment of this great object in creation. Imperceptibly to the individual engaged, he is rearing for his country a temple of imperishable glory. That of which he remains unconscious cannot escape the glance of the philosophic observer. The extent and the full magnificence of empire to be developed in no long period of years it is not possible to contemplate from the petty circuit that bounds the horizon of a single generation.

Nor it is unworthy the philosophic mind to remark and register those secondary causes by which it pleases God to work out His objects. We know not how long it is since the continents of America, and probably later, that of Australia, emerged from the ocean, and became proper for the rude man of the woods to inhabit. We are aware that until lately the progress of civilized man had been slow, until Californian gold like a bait made the devoted slaves of gold in Europe rush like an increasing torrent, to grasp it, unconscious of the agency they fulfilled. In Australia, in all probability, a newer continent still, its inhabitants and animals a later creation, the denizen of England equally crowds,

and even the Chinese rush to fulfil or aid in fulfilling the primary object of his mingling in the crowd from Western Europe. In the rocky basin of the mountains of Central America, a religious imposture made the Latter Day Saints people a desert locality, where there are no attractions for commerce. Thus the population of the earth progresses there from another cause.

While thus important in agency, the position that the Englishmen holds among the living races which compete with him ought to be not less flattering to his pride than the contemplation of his future glory. The power of England is nowhere disputed, judging from the effect of her past deeds. She is now more powerful than she has ever been. Her people are more advanced in the principles of true freedom, and the art of good Government, than they ever were before.

The unstable character of national grandeur must be admitted. The greatest of modern nations may decline under an age of merchandize, even earlier than might be expected. But England cannot die with her aboriginal island. Her records will not be engraved on brass or marble, or upon memorials like the crumbling tombs of the city of Tiber, nor live alone upon imperishable written history. Her monuments will be successions of living men, ever perishing and ever renewing, covering realms that Rome

never saw, and territories that in extent set the limits of the empire of the Cæsars at defiance. Omitting Asia, where traces of her power may not long remain, she has room and verge enough for a longevity of race coeval with the existence of 'the great globe itself' while it shall continue to be the habitation of man. The population of mighty continents cannot be extinguished. Another Gothic inundation cannot overwhelm the inventions, arts, and literature, of such a mighty mass of existences. Not one, but many far-extended empires will be of the same language, habits and customs, with the reminiscence of a common origin. No neighbour will be powerful enough to subdue such empires, or to extinguish their written and spoken language, because it will prevail with numbers beyond all other tongues. Change and corruption will proceed from within alone.

But what if change did occur at home, the West, East, and South would remain unconquered territory, and with the ocean isles would still confess their parentage by their similitude to the father of nations. The very names of her towns, counties, and rivers prevail even now in distant lands. The Severn, Thames, and Tamar are found in the United States and in Australia. There are Londons in Canada and New York, and Cornwalls in Jamaica, Australia, and the West. Thus

in all that contributes to national character and race it will be 'one and indivisible,' until the lapse of a period about which even England's children's children need have no anxiety.

The people of the United States of America have been censured for speaking in somewhat enthusiastic terms of the future prospects of their country, and of its being peopled from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from Hudson's Bay to the Isthmus of Darien—as it will most assuredly be by the present or future Anglo-Americans. This is a nobler subject for patriotic gratulation than the pride arising from the imaginary descent of individuals from the stolid men of dark times—from semi-savage Norman or Saxons. It is a picture well worthy the contemplation of men of reason and reflection. It is based upon truth, and can only be condemned through an insensibility to all that is generous and great. The prospective picture of North American greatness is also that of English greatness. The parent cannot be severed, but will survive in the offspring. More than two hundred thousand emigrants have left the British shores for America in a year. When the scene thus contemplated is realized, the inhabitants of the vast American superficies will not be ashamed of their origin, nor shrink from their share in the heirship of the parental glory. Men have a strong affection for the past, however

superior the present may be. The posterities of the New World will not forget the Old, nor how their fathers crossed the sea from England to escape the remnant of feudal tyranny that infected the mother country a little preceding the moment when its shackles were broken there for ever. These were content to work out their liberty by patient perseverance; these flew to the wilderness and found it. They sat down by the far-western shore,—they reared noble cities, fitted out fleets, and claim of England that renown in origin which is their rightful inheritance.

Still it is from the many apparently contradictory qualities which, blended together, constitute English character, and from their united action upon a given point, that so much has been effected, and continues to be effected, under its influence. Yet is this action very far from being the result of concentrated effort consciously directed. It is the inevitable result of that fitting perseverance towards inferior ends which works out great things. Science flourishes not for itself, nor for any regard the public feel towards it, but because its results may be turned to profit. Its labours are as secret and as little objects of comprehension as ever. Its results are all that the world regards in promoting self-interest. As in the existence of railways, the motive was pecuniary gain alone. The rapidity of conveyance, the frater-

nization of nations, the skill of our engineers, and the enormous labour involved, were not considered by those who provided means for the work; they looked only to the low mercenary effect. The philosopher and individual of reflection looked further, and saw time conquered, peace and harmony promoted by their means among mankind, and great ends in process of attainment for humanity. The world saw none of these things, but time produced them. Such appears to be the mode in which the Englishman has effected marvels of all kinds, from possessing collectively, beyond the denizen of any other land, the requisites, but, above all, the habit of persevering, although with different views, in the pursuit of concurrent objects of self interest.

But is this exaggerated or hyperbolic? Is the character thus ascribed to Englishmen not well founded? Let it be tested geographically by the position of England itself and its dependencies. That position must have been gained by some merit, though it may have been unconsciously attained. None can deny palpable facts. The United Kingdom and the surrounding islands contain near thirty millions of people, without reckoning Gibraltar and Malta. It ranks, therefore, in this respect, as the fourth European empire, after Russia, Austria, and France. This population is concentrated in an ocean citadel, out of danger of assault while possessing a

navy of preponderating power. France is exposed to attack from Spain on the side of the Pyrenees, on the line of the Var from Piedmont, more north on that of Switzerland, then on the west along the whole course of the Rhine, as well as from Prussia and Belgium north-east and northward. Austria is exposed on all sides. Russia has in like manner a vast frontier open, though the chances of attack are small from the extent of desert she encloses, the inclemency of her climate, and the worthlessness of her domain even to a successful conqueror. Her capital is defended by frost from September to May. Moscow lies as far north as Edinburgh, and the world has read the history of the destructive character of its cold, even as early in the year as October, in the fate of Napoleon Bonaparte. Neither the capital of England nor Scotland is blocked up with ice, nor sees the thermometer 40° below the freezing point, as it is seen at times in St. Petersburg; their shores and rivers are navigable in summer and winter. The fruits of the earth are produced in the British isles in great perfection. In the southern counties, the myrtle and camellia need no shelter, while the open ports and rapid steam communications bring into her harbours the cocoa-nuts and ananas of the tropics and the dates of Africa in full flavour and perfection. Then where has Europe a site more happily placed for commercial purposes? On the

north and east lie Norway, Denmark, the Baltic, Belgium, and Holland. England holds the key of the Mediterranean in the Straits. Through Malta she borders upon Sicily, Italy, Greece, Africa, and the Levant, the last become the high-road to India. Thus has England the keys of the Mediterranean and the Adriatic. The entrance of the Black Sea is also commanded by her navy, as well as that of the Baltic, and the Elbe is watched by her from Heligoland.

Bounded by Russia on the east and the United States on the south, her American territory extends from the St. Lawrence and the great lakes to the pole itself. More than two millions of people already inhabit that vast region; Quebec, the capital, is more than nine hundred miles south of St. Petersburg, and five hundred and fifty south of Moscow. In the West Indies there is a population of eight hundred thousand scattered over different islands, and a hundred thousand more in her colonies of South America. In Africa, not less than half-a-million own her sway; and in Asia alone a hundred and thirty millions are her subjects or tributaries. Some of these inhabit the richest climates, skilled in cultivation and useful arts; as soldiers, superior to all other Asiatics, when disciplined in the European manner. Thus, twelve or thirteen thousand miles from England, she possesses

an empire, the revenue of which is above twenty millions sterling, maintaining an army of great numerical amount, well disciplined. In the Pacific isles and in Australia, already a quarter of a million of colonists own the sovereignty of England. In all, a hundred and sixty millions of population, with eight millions and a half of square miles of territory.

England is present everywhere. Her sons are the generators of empires, the founders of realms for unborn millions more, who will bear her mark and superscription.

Where is it that a power of such magnitude must not be felt? The conquests of Alexander the Great never reached beyond the western bound of Asiatic possessions that an island of Europe commands, almost as far to the westward from Macedonia as Macedonia from the Sutlej, over an ocean then scarcely navigated along shore. What knew the world's conqueror, as he was called, of the vast empire between the Sutlej and the Ganges, and from thence to the eastern bound of China, or from Ceylon northwards to the snowy ridges south of Thibet?

This separation of one part of the empire from another by intervals of such a vast space would be a source of weakness to any other empire but that of England. The native of this country is an exception to the rule that governs other states. He cannot

pass the boundary of his own island without being in the medium that connects him with the more distant points of his territory, and each with the other. The ship is a part of himself, his dwelling, and the vehicle of his progression at the same time, his citadel of defence, and the receptacle of his property. This necessity arising out of his insular situation confers upon him his familiarity with the sea and his superior skill in navigation. This common necessity supports his strength, and he continually augments it by the distance of possessions that call forth and sustain his naval power. This has been of late strengthened by steam navigation, in the possession of materials for which he is superior to the native of every other nation. To attack his colonial territories requires a naval superiority which no other country possesses. A chance attack, if successful, though it might hurt his pride, could not seriously affect his power. Were a colony in danger, every breeze would waft succours to its aid. Steam-ships, running no hazard of delay from adverse winds, would bear reinforcements to cut off or baffle an attacking armament. No European power could meet England on a distant battle-field. The command of the sea ensures the safety of the distant portions of her empire. It is in Canada alone that England has any reason to be appre-

hensive, owing to a powerful litigious neighbour ; but in Canada, unfettered by European warfare, the conflict would not shake her strength. The United States and England, on the other hand, are so bound up in mutual interests, that such a contest is likely to be remote. With a European war of unparalleled magnitude upon her hands, England successfully resisted such an attack some years ago.

With such advantages, and the more as wanton wars between kings, on their own account, it may now be hoped, have ceased to afflict humanity, there is little ground for England to dread external aggression. It only remains that she set the example in a career of yet loftier character. It is not the remnant of past barbarism which hangs about some of her institutions, the relics of past uncivilization, that will prevent her from feeling her advantages. By increased activity, by perfect freedom from the shackles imposed through prejudices, by a generous rivalry with other nations in the arts connected with commerce, by these it is she must expect to preserve her leading position, and to soar yet higher among nations. Probity, public spirit, and perseverance must be ever awake, while, as at present, there is nothing to place in jeopardy her high and palmy state of national elevation.

Comparing to-day, then, with yesterday, turning

to the speeches and acts of public men a little time ago, I look with astonishment at the backward state of political knowledge, and at the small quantum of principle which then governed. Prejudice and precedent, twin blights of every attempt to advance human welfare, were met at every step. The present advantage over the past has not been fortuitous. It has arisen from fearlessly carrying out simple principles for their own sake—principles incontrovertible, long known, but resisted because others had been used before them, and being established were deemed preferable on that sole ground. The secret of present success lies in emancipation from that which reason and experience will not justify—in fact, in an exchange of prejudice and error for good sense in relation to public affairs.

Yet all is not consistent—the sun has its spots. The above remarks were just set down, when, referring to the many munificent charities of England as a proof of her advance in that respect, and to a lawyer who had been concerned in behalf of one, he assured me that there were charities got up that were “rotten.”

“Do you know that there are rotten charities?”

“No, what do you mean? charity is always good.”

"I mean charities set going for the benefit of the skeletons, to be clothed and housed."

"I do not understand you."

"Got up that the officials may be lodged and comforted—skeletons clothed as artists clothe their lay figures with a blanket to keep them warm. The skeletons are the officials who get them up with an eye to cover themselves by the comforts of the establishment. There are charities sometimes cunningly created, and the charitable and feeling are duped by them in attempting to do good. Half the subscriptions go to support the officials."

"Then we should read 'companies' for charities in the way of private profit?"

"Exactly so; and we discover in the party we denounce unsound, a bad ostler, that only regards his own feed, while he should look to his horseflesh."

"I understand now."

"Don't you think me right?"

I could not but assent; the fact was but too clear in the case mentioned. It is possible there is more done in this way than is known. I can say so in a case of abuse where I heard that a large sum had been secured in favour of a charity in Wales, by the Court of Chancery, and that it had been nearly all expended in extensive buildings. These had swallowed up all the resources. Perhaps the

builder is at this moment the individual who alone benefits by the charity funds. The aged are said to be sufferers here. Life too is now much prolonged.

If the public returns are correct, one individual in five born in the metropolis of England attains the age of sixty, one in ten that of eighty. But, to go back no further than the period between the term allotted in the Bible to human life, what marvellous changes have taken place between the early and latter days of such an existence! Those who possess a correct memory may note down things which occurred within their recollection scarcely credible at this hour. If a succession of individuals were to do this, historians would not be so much at a loss to discover phases of opinion, and scientific men, numerous incidents, of which at present they can barely trace the shadowy semblance, and still be of great value. In these pages, except in the way of illustration, there has been no intention to touch upon anything which living individuals might not have witnessed—say, within three-score years and ten. This space of time, measured backwards from the present day, has been more remarkable for its events than any period of equal length for many centuries, if understood by the world at large, both as to progress and in the more civilized

nations in the march of freedom, particularly in England and France.

In relation to the British empire alone, unless the civil wars in the seventeenth century be considered to exceed them in importance, no events of a striking character have more affrighted the old day classes in those islands from their propriety than some that have occurred within human memory.

CHAPTER VI.

Railway accident—old fashionable press—Apperly—a royal hunter.

I HAVE seen men perish in shipwreck;* I have seen soldiers dying of pestilence; I have seen the mangled and wounded, just out of the conflict—many in their last agonies, miserable spectacles of the subjection of our common humanity to the condition of its existence; but I never saw anything that moved my feelings more than the scene just after the recent railway accident near Camden Town. Storm and pestilence are beyond human foresight. The victims of war become so from voluntary infliction. The mind, in contemplating such distressing pictures, reasons that the causes are beyond control under the circumstances into which men are led by unforeseen events. They are among those inflictions which no human foresight

* I have witnessed more than one wreck, but none to equal that of the *Amethyst*, 83 guns, in fine weather, with sad loss of life.

can avert. Not so the railway accidents, I fully believe, in the rate of more than one to ten. Nothing is more under command than machinery properly regulated. In a recent case, and perhaps too often by neglect, a defective part of the machinery, certain not to be "guessed" wrong, is found out of order, and the accident is ascribed to anything but want of care. The regulation of a railroad requires no great care, but it must have some care, and what is more important, uniform, though not great, attention; what is bestowed must be unrelaxing, continual, never-slumbering. "A steam-engine," said Mr. Watt, "does not want *great*, but *some* attention." That is, continued attention, simple vigilance. It is impossible to describe the smashing, fracturing, pounding of such a conflict—the violence of heavy accelerated bodies meeting, shivering each other to atoms. Then comes the loss of life, the fractures, the mashing of limbs, crashing of bodies, and the terrors of the uninjured, all, nine times in ten, arising out of the neglect or want of attention of men taken into the employ who are new to the work, or men not concerned with the machinery at all, but employed on the line as "shunters," and the like. I laid down my pen to proceed to the spot, and on leaving it I was almost wicked enough to wish I was a despot for a year or two—a great bashaw. Then upon such an occurrence I would

bowstring or hang a couple of directors for a remedy. It would be a substantial cure. It is almost impossible to get a conviction in law, of the *employés*, for lack of clear evidence. I remember when a boy, reading that Frederick the Great of Prussia, finding his cavalry officers' caps fall off, despite his repeated orders, broke an officer to whom the "accident," so called, occurred. Cap "accidents" did not happen afterwards. Now a director or two, *sus. col.*, as the judges would write down the curative process, would prevent nine out of ten accidents on railways. Upon clear evidence that it was an accident, and only then, the Sovereign's pardon might be extended to the said directors after a salutary execution or two on the ground of an old law practice and *dictum*, that executions were only to be regarded as examples. I really felt something like this desire on seeing the recent horrible devastation and destruction of life and limb. One does feel in a similar way when we are convinced that the cause of such accident is not fairly accidental. Let us then have the rule *qui facit per alium, facit per se* ! The reader will excuse this digression from the interruption of the pen by this distressing accident.

Among some papers I was recently destroying, belonging to the "New Monthly" era, I found one from some wag who had noticed Colburn's extravagant rage for "fashionable" things, no matter in

what form. He had established a fashionable journal, and the article was a hit at the mode of conducting it, without an individual of fashion belonging to it, or supposed to be acquainted with fashionable doings. It was entitled a "Dramatic Sketch." It will give an idea of the mode in which one rival bookseller's publications treated another more than thirty years ago. *Scene: A Bibliopolist's Sanctum. Enter: Mrs. Trudge, a Lady's-maid; Mrs. Flounce, a milliner, and caterer for fashionable intelligence. Present: the Proprietor, Manager, Solicitor.*

Solicitor. I have spoken to a friend of the Duke of R——. His grace is deeply wounded. He refuses all compromise with your fashionable paper. The die is cast. I can serve you no farther as yet: I'll take a bottle with you in Newgate. I'll——.

Proprietor. Don't jest, my dear sir; it is no jesting matter. So careful as we have been to keep without the verge of the law of libel, because we must be *piquant* too—can't sell without it either. You don't say the Duke may not yield yet; God bless me! Why, we will make any apology that can be asked. It will not be amiss as an advertisement—after all, notoriety is good. The offence was unintentional, though I see it went a little too far. I will call on Mrs. S——, one of my most fashionable authors; she will speak to the Duke for me.

Mrs. Trudge, it was you brought that cursed paragraph; who was your authority? O, this affair will be my death!

Mrs. Trudge. Why, sir, I heard my Lady whisper it to the Countess of B—— t'other morning. So I says to myself, this must be true! So I noted it down for your fashionable intelligence, quite promiscuously, and sent it to the editor. Why, I have never been called to account before since I begannd with you.

Mrs. Flounce. Such a mode of picking up intelligence is very improper, as Dr. Johnstone would say; I always consult the ladies that come to my shop, whether they would like a paragraph about themselves, after a ball or rout. A bit of insinuation or anything of that kind you know, they approve, perhaps, and then I get a sharp paragraph and show them, but not a downright one. With fashionable people we can do a good deal with a hint, you know, that no law can touch. Mrs. Trudge is too inconsiderate.

Mrs. Trudge. Indeed, ma'rm!

Proprietor. Here, Mrs. Trudge, is six pounds, nine shillings, and eleven-pence, as agreed for per line. You have ruined the reputation of my publication; our connection is at an end. I must get information elsewhere.

Mrs. Trudge. Ruined, indeed! why, I am the

only connection you have with people of rank and fashion. I should be glad to know how you would have done till now without me, and my lord's gentleman. I'm your only link with fashion. I abandon you to your fate. I don't believe any of you was ever in a drawing-room but myself; fashion indeed! My lord in the scullery. — *Exit.*

[Enter footman.] I've picked up nothing new at our house to-day. Her grace sprained her ankle last night, and my young countess has a bad cold.

Proprietor. That is worth noting down; make a paragraph of it. Everything fashionable must go in.

Editor. To the decease of a poodle?

Proprietor. Yes, to the death of a poodle, if it be conjunctive with rank and fashion.

Editor. It is rather trivial; but your fashionable people are trivial in most things, it is true (*writing*): —“We are deeply concerned to state, upon the information of a gentleman connected with the family, who was only a little behind at the time, that, about six o'clock last evening, as her Grace the D—— of V——, whose beautiful ankles and symmetrical feet have so long been subjects of superlative admiration in the fashionable circles, when she threaded the mazy dance, as her Grace was on the point of entering her carriage to go to the rout of the Duchess of St. Albans, she encountered an acci-

dent which might have been attended with the most serious consequences."

Proprietor (looking over his shoulder). "Fatal," my dear sir, say "fatal." [To the astonished lacquey: It was very bad, was it not?]

Lacquey. Not so very bad, sir; her Grace went to the rout afterwards.

Editor. You see "serious" was right. You really must not interfere so much with the editorial part of the paper. I can only go on in my own way. "Serious—yes, serious consequences, which have caused infinite distress to her Grace's family. Her Grace had elevated one foot upon the step, the other sanctifying the pavement with its luxurious pressure"—

Proprietor. Aye, that's good, fashionable language.

Editor (continuing): "When the horses unfortunately moving, caused her Grace to slip, and a sprain of the ankle was the unfortunate result, the joint narrowly escaping dislocation. Mr. Brodie was providentially passing at the moment. By the almost magical skill of this eminent practitioner, her Grace was so happily treated as to be able to proceed, without inconvenience, to a party which would have been lamentably incomplete without her."

Proprietor. Aye, that will do admirably.

Editor. I must add a little more to increase the interest, if possible, still farther:—"We can easily imagine the acute mental anguish of her Grace's beautiful daughter, who, from the shock, has ever since been indisposed. We are glad to find no deformity will occur in a part of the body so interesting to the eye. On the following day, her Grace received anxious calls from all the rank and fashion of the metropolis, exhibiting that kindheartedness and sympathy for which the sons and daughters of fashion are, above all other ranks, so conspicuous."

Proprietor. Good! I call that an article which will do credit to us. [Here five shillings were handed to the astonished footman, who took his leave.] Now have the goodness, Mr. Editor, to read it again. We must have up more posters directly—"The Duchess of V——" in the contents of our next oracle of fashion.

Editor. That is not my affair.

Proprietor (rubbing his hands). We shall get a good sale. Don't forget that the Duchess de Berry is delivered this week, as you delivered the Queen of Belgium last week—not true either. We can contradict it, and we shall be spoken about again.

[A new packet was brought in from the postman. It was opened, and found to be an article upon "Fashionable Names," by Featherstonhaugh Oxmantown Blennerhasset, Esq.]

Proprietor. An excellent name for an advertisement! A title's everything.

Editor. A dissertation, I see, on the peculiar harmony of fashionable names as Lords Dinorben and Niddy or Neddy, Duffer and Dufferin, Cholmondeley, and Chetwynd, and—"

Proprietor. Peers! They will all take in our paper; the glass of fashion and the mould of form in another shape is our fashionable journal!

Editor. Truly, here is another article. But no matter; it seems of no moment. Pray consider this next, as it is most important.

Proprietor. Put that by; this: (*He reads.*) "We shall not do our duty to our fashionable readers if we omit the present subject of conversation in the higher circles. We heard it last night at Lord W——'s. It is said that * * * * was discovered in the retired part of the grounds of * * * * Hall, in close and too familiar conversation with the fair lady of Captain * * * * R.N. No one can be mistaken in the parties to whom we allude. Our expensive public apology to the Duke of R——, for what originated in our zeal to gratify our fashionable readers, must prevent our giving the names at length; but all the world knows * * * * Castle! These blanks are easily filled up by those who, like ourselves, are

admitted behind the scenes in those fashionable circles to which it is our pride to be attached."

Editor. Well, there is no harm in publishing that; people can't have less than nothing.

Proprietor. But this scheme, I fear, will not answer long.

Editor. I am certain it will not. By the bye, there are the waltzes at W—— House. I have a list of the most conspicuous lady guests. I think we may venture a statement without ceremony, giving a very flattering general description of the ladies.

Proprietor. But you have not seen them.

Editor. What matters that? Ladies are ladies. The species will do; that can't vary, nor their fondness for praise. I have a lively imagination, and your people of fashion beat Jonah's whale in swallowing. I'll only make those whose names I see in the "Morning Post" ten times more amiable and lovely than they are, and it will tell.

In this burlesque, the relic of a well-remembered era to myself and others, however exaggerated it may appear now, there is much truth in relation to its day. How much has the style of the press improved since! There were papers in London at that time, published at a great expense, that in character were far beneath the lowest penny paper of the present time in the metropolis. There might have been a

better paper here and there in those days than at present, but there were five for one worse beyond the very worst at present.

It is hardly possible, in considering the term of human life, that many persons now connected with the press should remember what it was between the the years 1820 and 1830. The above old article is no strained caricature of the mode of proceeding in some speculations in fashionable papers got up at that time, on which account I give it in the way of a record, in place of destroying it.

A letter from Apperly, better known as "Nimrod," falling in my way, recalls him while I am writing these pages, and as I have made desultoriness a present law, I may just mention this victim to a foolish passion. He was without exception the pleasantest of after-dinner companions of any lover of horseflesh I ever knew. A devotee to hunting, with a mind abounding in information, full of plain good sense, all was marred by his attachment to horseflesh on setting out in life. He was a first-rate anecdotist, and most of his stories, which were rather good than sparkling, were always interesting. Sometimes he made a good hit. Speaking of his mother and of the good advice she gave all her neighbours, poor and rich, she had recommended a poor woman not to marry a man whom she had reason to believe would turn out a bad husband, and so it proved.

Mrs. Apperly reminded the woman of her advice. "I strongly recommended that you should not marry him—that he would be a bad husband to you!" "Yes, ma'am, he is a bad one sure enough, but then you know he is a power better than no husband at all!" He had stories almost exclusively of sporting men exhibiting a race and their doings not very ornamental to society. He published some excellent observations on the management of horses. Driving and horseflesh followed up, regardless of expense, eat out the fortune of one who ought to have reserved himself for higher pursuits. He saw this when it was too late, and it affected his spirits at last, too sensibly, a proof he was something far above the generality of those who devote themselves to similar habits. Apperly was of an excellent disposition, ready to do any friendly act, but it was easy to see that something weighed heavily on his mind. His anxiety was about the future. His fortune spent, he being flung upon the world with no prospects for his support, continually preyed upon his mind. His health was evidently affected. Telling the writer of these pages that he wished to have some private conversation with him, he agreed to come and breakfast with him for the purpose. He never came; death arrested his footsteps. He expired the victim of that depression which in some temperaments dries up the springs of life. He was a

native of North Wales, and the favourite son of an over-indulgent father. He had been educated in the country, and despite his giving way to the amusements which were his ruin, showed considerable talent. He had read much, and remembered what he read. He was not one of those noisy brainless riders who know only the animal part of that amusement. He went to the bottom of things, and reflected upon all, but still the folly which ruined adhered to him like the burthen on the back of Christian in the Pilgrim's Progress. He had the sensible idea, and avowed it, that it would be better that the younger sons of gentlemen, who were not provided for, should be brought up to respectable trades, instead of being almost wholly idle, or subsisting on their elder brothers, now too that the law, army, and church, are overstocked. He denounced with justice the pride which was a bar to such an advantageous course for younger sons. In his description of Jack Mytton's clergyman Owen, who was so accommodating to his scholar, Apperly mentioned several traits that recalled Captain Grose's description of the Rev. George Harvest. Mr. Mytton purloined one of his preceptor's sermons when he was on the way to the church, and put a number of the "Sporting Magazine" in its place. The parson got into the pulpit, and was forced to apologize and dismiss his congregation. He had

such a regard for his pupil that he was known to take two sermons to church with him, because having written one that would hit the Squire hard, he had another at hand in case he should be in church. Grose says that the Revd. Mr. Harvest, having three sermons in his pocket for a visitation, some wags got hold of them, and mixing the leaves, sewed them up as one. On went the preacher, not observing it until all the churchwardens and clergy left the church thinking him mad. Again Owen, the "Halston chaplain," as he was called, being on horseback on a windy day drew out a leaf from his sermon case with his handkerchief, and it flew away over the hedge. "Mr. Owen, I will get it for you if you will stop a moment," said an individual, passing at the time. "Never mind," said the parson; "do not take the trouble, sir, *I will connect it.*" There is a story of a west of England clergyman I well remember, who, out of respect for the Squire, at whose table he got his dinner between the morning and afternoon services, never read the Athanasian creed, of which the Squire disapproved. A brother clergyman officiating for him, the parish clerk asked him if he designed to read the Athanasian creed that morning, "because if you do, sir, there will be no dinner to-day for you at the Squire's." Apperly's work on horses, under the signature of 'Nimrod,' is well-known, and treats the subject as one who was

well master of it. He had been so wrapped up in his favourite topic, that in the course of conversation he still drew many of his similes from the horse or its paraphernalia, thus while regretting the course he had run he retained the phraseology of the theme which had worked so adversely for him. The worst of Apperly that can be said is, "that he felt the truth too late to follow its dictation."

Another mighty hunter was Ferdinand, King of Naples—God save the mark! He was just able to pass through domestic life with the narrowest comprehension possible of the commonest duties attached to it. It was related to me by one who knew him,* and it has been stated in published accounts of him as to the main facts. He imagined that the only purpose of his creation was enjoyment; that subjects maintained kings for nothing else; and he made the utmost of the notion in the business of his existence. Amusement was his "elixir of life," and its variety of form his only study. To this end he played the monarch or buffoon alternately, as caprice or folly prompted. He got up mock tournaments, the knights bestriding a wooden horse to mimic the real thing, in the Favorita gardens. There the knights were seated in the chairs of a whirlabout, and at the sound of trumpets, which signified a charge, upon the

* "Recollections," vol. i., p. 316, second edition, 1858.

approach of Ferdinand, who was thus welcomed, loud acclamations burst forth on all sides, and the king, leading a large dog by the collar, made his appearance. Then the trumpets, sounding the charge again, prepared the way for the volunteer knights, and the royal suite of men of title and courtiers. The Marquises Corletto and Carafa, the latter far gone in years, followed the monarch and the dog, the latter being always fed from the royal hand. The wooden horses being bestridden, and some chariots in the same whirligig having received their chivalry, the whole, set in motion, made a charge with spears at a wooden blackamoor as they passed, the object being to strike off the paynim's nose, the head being attached to a post near the machine on which they rode. Some fired a pistol at a target while thus in motion, and others attempted to bear off a ring attached to the mouth of a fish, by means of a sword of ample longitude, as its owner was whirled round. When the king carried off the object at which he aimed, the people shouted, the trumpets made a crashing salute, the monarch hallooed with delight, and a more than Babel noise ensued, as he bestrode his wooden charger! All seemed adapted to the monarchical capacity and the shallow intellects of the people, who appeared as joyous as children, and in consequence were more and more delighted with an authority which thus lightened the chains

they were content to bear, with a covering that kept them from galling. What an idea was thus afforded of the divinity that "doth hedge a king," whose policy or weakness, or both, leads him to expose his own folly, arbitrarily expecting to be thought a Solomon at the same time.

A sight of the royal hunt was equally edifying, but more painful. Some sniff blood in their amusements, perhaps, to accustom themselves to those scenes of barbarity and war into which they often enter with a zest for the plunder of a neighbouring prince, or from a spirit of vengeance upon some one against whom they have conceived a dislike.

"It was at an early hour in the morning when I joined a party among which was a nobleman, a favourite of the king, who had invited me to be present. His Majesty was at breakfast in a sort of tent, dressed in green and gold, and around him were some of his nobles and attendants. When his *dejeuner* was completed, he inspected a map of the district, while the company took their prandial refreshment; and he selected, with royal perspicuity, the spot or preserve where the unfortunate game was to be put to death; for it was assassination, not hunting. There were various kinds of animals; the hogs, all but wild, showed in the sequel that the sport of the day was slaughter rather than exercise. Placed in a spot whence the whole scene might be

commanded, the view was not of a hunt, but of a massacre. It seemed as if a monarch, who thus made animal murder an enjoyment, practised it in order to render himself case-hardened in that species of bloodshed called honourable war, and its attendant mercies. But Ferdinand was no hero.

“The hunters were divided into several mounted parties, differently dressed, the king disposing them on four sides of an extensive piece of level pasturage ground, in the midst of the forest and thicket in which the game was preserved. Foxes, hares, bucks, and boars, were thus bred in a sort of preserve, out of which they were easily driven to be slaughtered, being well fed, and the swine fat and tame, for to call them wild boars would be a misnomer. There was then a sort of *battue*. All the unfortunate animals were driven into the open ground, a large part of it being surrounded with net and canvas, so that the poor animals could not escape into the covert again except by the way in which they entered. The shouts and yells of men employed for the purpose, some way in their rear, drove the affrighted animals into the open ground. Then hounds, kept hungry for the purpose, were let loose upon them; and when one of the fierce creatures had fastened his jaws upon the unlucky pig, the hunters rode up, and one of them speared the poor animal, unwieldy from fat, until he tore out its

bowels. Then others of the attendants pierced the poor beast through and through, and others mangled it with their stilettos and knives like so many barbarians. The tail and ears they cut off as trophies, covering themselves with the blood, or with glory as they imagined. Other pigs, thus driven, had the honour of being butchered by royalty, until the kingly arm was tired of the massacre, and the monarch panted with his sanguinary toil, fancying himself an Alexander. An excellent school for biped butcheries, thought I, especially when I observed ministers and nobles all equally eager in playing the part of butchers upon animals no one could truly call wild, or in any way ferocious, so as to challenge human prowess, or even that of the hounds. The bleeding, dying animals on the ground, the peasants shouting, and the king and his nobles or ministers, lance in hand, riding with a look of proud satisfaction by the yet reeking creatures, as if they had performed some mighty achievement, completely disgusted me. The object was to be able to number as much destruction of animal life as possible, without an appearance ever so slight of sporting. Sometimes a hundred hogs were thus slaughtered, and I was told that even ladies attended those disgusting scenes."

The King possessed greyhounds, but the real chase had no pleasure for his Majesty. It was the wholesale butchery, the slaughter, the amount of

bloodshed that was his satisfaction. It might be called a good schooling for a King of Ashantee. There was no gallant self-exposure to the same fate in seeking to shed the life-blood of others, nothing exciting. It was a scene for a Nero or Domitian to enjoy. Yet Ferdinand was deemed good natured and inoffensive, and his subjects, particularly the Lazzaroni were attached to him. Indifference is often mistaken for inoffensiveness. There was nothing childish and unkingly which the King would not do, but hunting and fishing after his own fashion were his highest and most favoured pursuits. He would drive hard bargains with the fishermen, and *marchander* with them to their hearts' content, about a few grani or a half-penny. He sometimes went to shoot at Caprea, but in general birds were brought in cages, and let loose for him to kill, his propensity being that of the hero, though his game was quadruped in place of biped. He ascended the throne in 1759 and lived until 1825, the most perfect representative of negative kingship that ever reigned. But the Neapolitans were ruled notwithstanding, while the King spent his life animal-slaying, fishing, and playing tennis. His Austrian Jezebel managed the political affairs of the two Sicilies in his place, with Lady Hamilton's assistance where her country was concerned, and Nelson's great name was to be tarnished. The above picture of the

King agrees with that given me by a friend who lived long in Naples. It was also that of a traveller, who, I believe, published a tour afterwards, which extended into Sicily.

In relation to horses and hunting, we generally find mere devotees to that barbarous habit, men of very moderate capacities, and little reflection. The best and most sensible devotee to horseflesh as well as to hunting, that I ever knew, was poor Apperly. He was agreeable as a companion, and had read a vast deal for a fox-hunter—but he was far above that class in general.

CHAPTER VII.

Sir H. Croft, lines by—Literary Fly—Cobbett—prophesying—
Sir C. Wolseley and Louis Napoleon—Brondano, the Fool of
Christ—learning in Christian teachers.

WHILE I was in Paris—Johnson's Lives recal him to mind, from his having written the Life of Young in Johnson's "Lives of the Poets,"—died the Rev. Sir Herbert Croft. He had planned, not only an English, but a French dictionary, of which I possess a specimen. The following are lines by him never before published. He was a good classical scholar, but not a strong-minded man. To the credit of the government of Napoleon I., finding that though a prisoner he was a man whose pursuits were of a literary character, he obtained leave to take up his residence where he pleased. He had resided principally at Amiens. There he seems to have employed himself more in ranging from one branch of literature to another, and completing nothing, than

vigorously attacking and finishing a work of moment. He was born in London, and was the brother to Sir Richard Croft, who inherited the title from him. Sir Richard was the medical man who committed suicide in 1817, in consequence of the death of the Princess Charlotte, whom he attended as *accoucheur*. Croft wrote a small volume, entitled "Love and Madness," consisting of suppositious letters between the Rev. James Hackman and Miss Ray, the mistress of the Earl of Sandwich, for which he was hanged in 1779. The verses are as follows :—

"Si mihi, Musa, unquam, spirasti, carmina nocte,
 Si dictasti, unquam, carmina, Musa, die :
 I ! fuge ! nec nostrum circumvolitare cubile
 Cura, diva potens. I ! Musa mella fuge !
 Perdidit uxorem vates, tibi carus. Amatus
 Omnibus ille bonis, omnibus ille tuis :
 Quem patrio, semper, dilexit pectore Apollo ;
 Et quem, tam grato pectore, Flaccus amat.

"Musa suum toto infelicem ardore poetam
 Impleat ! inque suum fervida, rtotæ ruat !
 Vultu Musa sua tentet lenire dolorem
 Et votis talis, talis et, oro ! viri !

"Musa, agnosco, tuum est patior quod tædia vitæ ;
 ' Quod spiro et placeo (si placeo) ' omne tuum est ' :
 Sed fuge ! nec, jamjam, dicta mihi carmina, mane ;
 Nec spira, jamjam, somnia, nocte, mihi :
 I ! Fuge, Musa, citò ! Festinas quærere amicum
 Flacci.—Quam mente Musa animamque levat."

The following is a free paraphrase on the above lines, which it seems refer to a family affliction :—

"If muse at night you have inspired my lay,
 If you have breathed my verse throughout the day,
 Go, potent muse, hover no longer o'er
 My sorrow's couch, leave me, return no more.
 Thy bard is widowed; he beloved by all;
 The good, all those who wove thy coronal;
 He whom Apollo owned of kindred breast,
 He who with grateful feeling Flaccus blest.*

"Muse, thou can'st feel the unhappy poet's grief;
 With all thy ardour rush to his relief;
 Let him forget his woe regarding thee,
 And what thy love began bestow on me!

"Muse, I confess that if my soul endures
 The tedium of my life, the praise is yours,
 If my lines please (if thee they please), entire
 The praise, but go, no more my dreams inspire.
 Nor breathe in day the lays my soul's desire,
 Haste, seek the mind in Horace, haply then
 The muse may elevate his soul again."

Croft, in 1779, had something to do with a periodical work, or the attempt made to establish one. It was called "The Literary Fly." It was about the size of foolscap folio. I possess a prospectus, or rather the first number of it, printed in 1779—an amusing object to contemplate in the present day of innumerable periodicals. There was a motto after the words "Literary Fly," in capital letters, in the following words:—

"Though none to throw the whip or rule the reins,
 Nor one lean horse to whirl us o'er the plains;
 Touch the right spring—the PUBLIC'S hand has power
 To bid us travel twenty miles an hour."

* Croft edited a Horace.

An enormous woodcut of a carriage heavier than a French diligence, with six inside passengers in the costume of the day, a sort of guard in a basket behind with an enormous blunderbuss, and a label marked "Anecdote" at his feet, and a box with the word "Waste" upon it, made the back part of the vehicle and appurtenances. On the door were the words "Literary Fly." A bag hung down from the roof, labelled "Wisdom," and on the roof stood a fat Dutch Mercury with wings, a horn in one hand and a pint of porter in the other, the word "Fly" lettered on his hat. An owl, the emblem of wisdom, occupied the coachman's seat. The vehicle, without horses, stood to take up luggage near a finger-post that bore the words "To Posterity." Bottles, jars, casks, and boxes, lettered "Satire, Poetry, Characters, Sundries, Wit, Criticism, Panegyric, History," "with care," were laid ready to be stowed away in this heavy fly. The first number was dated January 18, 1779. The motto was from the "Dunciad."—

"Oh, would the sons of men once think their eyes
And reason given them but to study *flies* !"

The publication was issued at No. 25, by Etherington, opposite the south door of St. Paul's, and it was to be had of numerous booksellers named in town and country. Ten thousand of the first number were distributed gratis. The price was fourpence.

The body of the prospectus is a novelty in the present day; and no doubt the reader will think we of the nineteenth century have somewhat improved upon our fathers of the eighteenth:—

“ While extravagance can boast his phaeton and four, covetousness his buggy, business his diligence, ambition his car, misanthropy his sulky, elegance her vis-a-vis, macaronism its cabriolet, how hard is it upon poor literature to be obliged to trudge it on foot. We have at last taken pity upon her and her children, and have instituted a vehicle purposely for her convenience. Until we can form some tolerable judgment of the number of our customers, it will set out only once a-week; when the approbation of the public shall have lent us a helping hand, we may, perhaps, perform our journey oftner. Needs must, even were it contrary to our inclinations, when the public drives. To display the utility of such a scheme as the present, would be to demonstrate to the world that the circle is not square. How frequently do the fugitive offspring of literature wander about and never get to their journey's end! Many a little lively tale which set out for London on foot, has been lost within five miles of its place of nativity, and never heard of more; and many a bold and manly satire has been stopped on its road by a cruel hostess, and detained in eternal bondage for bed and board; condemned, perhaps, in future to guard the butter, or to keep the meat from burning. While we are, with tears, committing to paper these miseries which await the family of literature, we learn from the indisputable authority of some of the numerous correspondencies which we have been at great pains and much expense to establish, that there are now coming up from Oxford an old elegy, and two monodies under age, in the basket of the Birmingham; from Cambridge, a poem written for Mr. Seaton's prize, and an essay on the mathematics, in a returned hearse; from Wales, two lame irregular Pindaric odes, after the manner of Gray, on foot; from Holyhead, *Paradise Lost* done into rhyme; an heroic poem (in blank verse and in dialogue) upon the *White Boys*, and an extempore epigram almost finished; these three go halves in the expense of walking with the waggon. The last

courier we received from Edinburgh past upon the road a tall, slender, emaciated history on horseback, with a bold young dog of an epic poem before, and a fretful, whining, dirty-nosed tragedy clinging behind; and a patient jack-ass loaded with natural philosophy and politics, poetry and metaphysics, bread and cheese, similies and systems; episodes, problems, metaphors, and cold meat; in short, with all the motley baggage and bastard brood of literature. Of this promising train of literary artillery, of this precious cavalcade, what numbers may never reach the anxious metropolis? How much more convenient would it be for the good old superannuated lady, and her too often infirm and crippled family, to loll at their ease in a genteel comfortable fly, fitted up with plate-glass windows, patent wheels, and steel springs? We may be told there are already literary conveyances. Sorry are we, for the credit of this country, that they should be such as they are. If it were not for the name of the thing, one might as well walk on foot. To such a pass are our morning and evening stages come that it is almost infamy for any gentleman, much less for any lady, to be seen in them. Our monthly machines are not better; magazines only of ribaldry and scandal. In short, one and all contain such nonsense, such abuse, from the king down to his lowest subject, nay, and sometimes worse than abuse, that it is impossible for any thinking person to travel in one of them for two minutes without being disgusted. Even our young men cannot bear them; every time our daughters do but see one of them, they lose something of the purity of their minds; what if they were ever to make a journey in one of them? The sons indeed of Lord Bute and Lord Chatham honoured these vehicles with their company lately; but trust us, young ladies, you may set your caps for many a dull morning before you will meet again with two such noble fellow-travellers.

"A wise parent would as soon think of trusting a young lady by herself in the Sunday long-coach to Barnet, or in the Unicorn team to Greenwich, as in any of our daily or monthly stages; and yet no parent would be sorry if his child had an opportunity sometimes of taking the air in a literary way, without thereby incurring disgrace.

"Mr. Dodsley, it is true, has an annual conveyance of this

kind ; but to that objections may be made, besides the difficulty of procuring places. And though, in the days of Horace, Literature taught her children to stretch their patience to nine years, they are not now able to go nine months. Our literary, as well as our other vehicles must travel post :—we are all upon the spur. In these days, especially since the new roads and the new pavements, everything is done so hastily, an inhabitant of one of the other planets would conclude we have certain information, that our little world is not to hold together above a week ;—as the sailors break open every locker, put on their laced hats and best trowsers, drink all the rum they can find, swear all their oaths, and make the most of their time, the moment all hopes are gone and the parson pipes all hands to prayers.

“ What then is the great desideratum, the philosopher’s stone of Literature ? A public conveyance in which we may always be certain to find good company,—in which it will never be disgraceful to be seen ; where female modesty will hear nothing at which to blush,—where not only the limbs but the morals will be safe. Such a vehicle we have now the honour to announce to the public.

“ In the Literary Fly will be found as agreeable companions as the best penned advertisement ever produced for a post-chaise. The number of characters, which our friends will occasionally meet, must afford singular amusement. It will be the fault of the public if the entertainment of the *Tatler*, the experience of the *Spectator*, the observation of the *Rambler*, the agreeableness of the *Idler*, the taste of the *Connoisseur*, the invention of the *Adventurer*, in short, almost all the wit in the *World*, be not occasionally found in the Literary Fly. We hope not only to be honoured with the company of all the World, but to have his wife also. Our customers will be sure of entertaining society, will never see the same faces twice, may depend upon being always amused with originals, and will never be entertained with those two grand topics, the weather and politics. To the prudent matron we would observe, that we promise to provide a *Guardian* for her daughters : to the timid traveller we recommend it to cast his eye up to our basket—there he will perceive as fair a guard as ever crossed Hounslow-heath at midnight.”

Such was a prospectus in the time of and by the friends of Dr. Johnson !

Now to a different man, Cobbett; I find a note of his death among my papers. I never saw him in private more than once or twice. Those who prove their slight tenure of principle, when interest or ambition tempt, never become more than third-rate characters ; they imbibe a taint which is never obliterated. Of this Cobbett, like Southey, was a remarkable example. Tory in profession, he attacked free principles in America ; he then came to England, and attached himself to Gifford of the " Anti-Jacobin," abused the " sovereign people," and sneered at the notion of " equality," which he said the people admired, though really only that equality in law which he himself afterwards advocated. Cobbett hoped for the notice of Pitt, to whom, by his tirades against freedom both in America and England, he supposed he had recommended himself. He was invited to meet Pitt at dinner, no doubt towards the furtherance of his views. Here the minister committed a great mistake. Pitt had no insight into human character ; as he had little or no acquirements from books, except the classics, in early life. He had probably never read a line of Cobbet's powerful writings. He was direct and practical. He looked to winning common supporters in a commonplace way, in order to count parliamentary heads. Cob-

bett's manners, too, were against him. The result was that the minister treated Cobbett in the most haughty and contemptuous manner at table; so much so as to wound him to the quick, and convince him he had nothing to hope for in that quarter. The Tory then ratted, and became ultra-Liberal, for Radicals were then unknown. His disappointment was gall to his feelings. What popularity he obtained need not be repeated; but it was hardly just when his motive is considered. Coarse, but strong, seems a thousand salient points easy of attack, full of vigour in his clear English style, he did the minister and his adherents irrecoverable mischief; but it was the mischief of revenge, not the fruit of honest conviction. Pitt established the "Sun" newspaper, through his factotum, the notorious George Rose—"the 'Sun' without a ray," as Peter Pindar styled it. The minister wanted supporters, and had even John Reeves, a character well-nigh forgotten; but altogether they had no effect on the popular mind compared to Cobbett, whose pen, dipped in mortification and the desire of vengeance, carried double venom. It was not the minister alone, but his measures, his friends, and his reputation, that were unsparingly attacked, and it cannot be admitted without eloquence and judgment, but in a coarse and violent manner, perfectly suited to the taste of the man and the time. But, the occasion

past, some of the most vigorous writings in the English language, worthy of preservation for style and grammatical purity, sank into oblivion. The man was distasteful, because he was unprincipled. It is singular that almost all his published political works were dictated. He kept a secretary. I was informed by a baronet whom he had visited for eight or ten days, that he composed walking up and down the room, or reclining upon a sofa. Having fixed upon a subject, he dictated, with considerable facility and little subsequent alteration, the whole of the matter he intended for the hebdomedal number of his Register. Still he was without talent as a public speaker. He had no resources from learning—no great extent of English reading, but a powerful mind, a temper despotic where he ruled, and a clear-sightedness upon the subjects he handled, which enabled him to observe at a glance their strong and weak points, and to obscure or expose, moderate, praise, or deprecate or caricature, accordingly. He well understood the right use of his native tongue, for he had studied the language minutely—in fact, words more than things. A selection of extracts from his works, taken from matter likely to be generally interesting, is a desideratum. He affected to be an agriculturist, and to understand the operations of the currency and traffic in general; but his errors, as well as

those of many other writers upon the latter subjects, only showed their fallacy, except to themselves. In private life, Cobbet was hospitable, or what country people call "hearty," and, what was singular, unless forced to it, he never suffered politics to become the subject of conversation. He was never an idler, and, to his praise, he showed much attachment to rural scenery and country life. Though not a very successful farmer, he loved the pursuit, as it were, from nature, and would labour lustily with his hands himself. His political tergiversation and his intemperance in writing did his character great injury. In political apostacy there is something odious, if it be followed by profit or stimulated by revenge. Wordsworth and Southey, among literary men, turned sides without compunction. The two latter were remarkable instances of the kind, changing extreme principles of one kind for the opposites of the other, pecuniarily profitable, and both implacably intolerant to those who remained of the side they deserted, when they exchanged the generous principles of early life for the selfish advantages of later years. Neither would incur worldly disadvantage for the sake of principle. When men obtain vulgar advantages by renouncing principles they before vehemently supported, they sink in the esteem of all honourable minds. Men may think differently at one time from what they

do at another ; but the change can only be tolerated when the new principle is adopted in sincerity and truth, only from its superiority to conviction, and the charge is destitute of any extraneous motive of profit, direct or prospective. We must not dally with conscience in the matter, or we must pay the justly merited penalty.

Of remarkable examples of this class, we have two that can never be forgotten in Burke and Windham. They were Whigs, and both abandoned their old attached friends—Burke with a ferocity unexampled, and a declamatory exposition of his reasons which savoured more of rage than calm conviction. His philippics against his old friends and his defence of despotism verged upon the ludicrous, from the blindness of his anger. He was at once rewarded with a pension. Windham, a country gentleman of strong prejudices, who could see nothing beneficial for the nation but a perseverance in almost all the coarser popular tendencies, was at once rewarded with an office under Pitt, which he filled with that tenacity of distaste for what was generous and liberal which is discoverable in apostates from principles political or religious.* When Pitt went out of office, Windham went out too ; and when Pitt returned, after the treaty of Amiens, he

* See "Recollections," vol. ii., p. 138, second edition—Remarks of Dr. Parr to the present writer.

did not again join him. "He lay to," as the sailors say. He probably saw that poor Pitt was insulated, and could not long remain in office, George III. refusing to let his too faithful minister strengthen himself as he desired. When Pitt died, Windham apostatized again, and joined Fox, whom he had deserted with Burke so many years before. He has found his level, and is nearly forgotten.

I believe there is some life of Windham. The matter, I know, was long ago considered, and Mr. George Ellis had begun it when he died. What Mr. Ellis put together was then placed by his executor or executors in the hands of a gentleman of the bar whom I knew, and it was nearly completed for Baldwin, the bookseller, when, at the late Mrs. Windham's request, it was not published—indeed, I believe, not fully completed. Windham spoke well, but nobody knew how he would vote.

It is not probable I shall ever listen to parliamentary eloquence worth hearing again, if I go down to the House out of curiosity; for it has long ceased to appear there and attract as it did of yore. There is none of the old kind of oratory, such as I once heard. The present conversational rhetoric of the ineloquent adopted there I can find in the papers, and read at leisure. The accent, the manner, the tone of voice, the action, are become of little moment; it is House of Commons talk. The

ethereal fire is extinguished. In the dayspring of my life it was different, and the comparison sometimes makes me sombre, with other things of the past in like manner. There is "nothing that deserves to be done at all that does not deserve to be done well." I wish a fraction of the six hundred and fifty members would remember this, study Cicero, forget Mammon awhile, and think of Old England. If one might be allowed to guess at the future, there will never be shown in this country the high feeling once so visible. Plutus, the lowest of the gods, expects that his worshippers will breathe his spirit in all things.

The gift of prophecy, by-the-bye, of which so much has been said and so little demonstrated by fact, has been carried at times to an extreme in absurdity. Events have been said to be foretold in language in which it would puzzle the cleverest of the resolvers of the Sybeline oracles to discover any prophetic meaning. When the Christian church used the heathen oracles disgracefully to enforce those truths of which their innate virtue was the best recommendation, and when the Catholic church in its beautiful hymn of "Dies Iræ," down to the present time, sings—

"Teste David cum Sybilla."

or as "David and the Sybils say,"* it threw no light upon the virtue of prophecy by quoting a Pagan oracle to make disciples to a creed which held idolatry in abhorrence. The church believed the Kingdom of Christ could not be so well promoted as by using heathen lies ! There are singular coincidences often arising from random words. Milton was not thought a prophet when he wrote of the "Sun's magnetic beam." He had been dust more than a century before it was discovered that one of the prismatic rays would polarize a needle ! Dr. Darwin had long been no more after his prophecy that steam would be used in navigation, and the British Admiralty declared later it never could be of use to his Majesty's service ; and long after the poet's vaticination, the Earl of Chesterfield prophesied the French revolution almost to the letter, a prophecy one of the most remarkable ever made, seeing he was in his grave long years before that event occurred. The truth was he possessed a sound judgment, knew men and things well, and hence his gift of prophecy. These remarks have been drawn from recollecting an extraordinary instance of vati-

* This is a singular subject. Sir John Floyer, the ancestor, I believe, of the present Rev. B. Floyer, of Aldershaw, near Litchfield, whom I have the honor of knowing, wrote Treatises on these oracles and translated many of them. I have never seen the work, which is, I believe, curious.

cination, that occurred in my own experience. I formed in Staffordshire an acquaintance with the old radical reformer, Sir Charles Wolesely, of Wolesely Hall, one of the oldest places in the county. I had left Staffordshire about a year, when in 1840 I received a letter from Sir Charles, who had shown me great civility when in the neighbourhood. I must premise that Sir Charles died in 1846. The extract to which I refer was as follows. I thought it so remarkable, falling upon it by accident in 1854, that I sent it to the *Globe* newspaper, with the letter. I copy it as it appeared in that paper.

PREDICTION RESPECTING NAPOLEON III.

“The original letter from which the following extract has been made was shewn to us,” observed the Editor. I prefixed, “The following paragraph in a letter I received from Sir Charles Wolesley in 1840 is curious. Sir Charles died in 1846:—

“Do you know Louis Napoleon? What is that clever fellow doing? He has got his two uncles in London, Murat’s son, some old French officers, and, if I am not mistaken, has an eye upon France. I’ll bet either he or Henri against the Duke of Orleans, when Philippe dies. At any rate there will be a tug for it, that is my opinion. When I go to town I shall try to scrape acquaintance with him. He would have frightened the present government of

France had he got possession of Strasburg, and he was within an ace of it. What will your 'friend' Peel do if Wellington goes off the stage? It has been running in my head, too, Philippe is meditating a grand game to embroil the powers in the East; then to pounce on the Rhine, and drive the Prussians to the other side. That would please the war-loving French, and secure France for his family."

Now this is nearer the mark than one in a hundred Sybil disclosures or prophetic warnings of which we have so many on record. It is clear, and the language does not require to be unravelled to make out the meaning.

I remember reading, I hardly know where, of Brandano of Sienna, in the fifteenth century, called the Fool of Christ. He had led a bad life, and was suddenly converted to the Christian faith. Just preceding an Easter celebration he personated the good thief on the cross, to which he was lifted up and fastened for the purpose. While thus suspended he reflected on his past wicked life, he was moved to tears of repentance, and from that moment began his conversion. He underwent a severe penance for several years, and at length began to preach to the people of Sienna. At times he went about the streets like a madman, prophesying and denouncing the Siennese, the Florentines and others, even to Italian princes. He prophesied that Charles V.

would take Rome. The Papal court not liking his free denunciation of its vices, Pope Clement ordered him to be put into a sack and thrown into the Tiber. On the same day the punishment was inflicted the Pope was going to visit the churches, and to his surprise met Brandano covered with wet and dirt, he having disengaged himself and crawled out of the river. The Pope was terrified, and his terror increased when Brandano said, with solemn emphasis, "You have put me into a sack, and for that God will assuredly sack you!"*

This alluded to the sacking of Rome, which soon afterwards actually occurred. The same Brandano, whose real name was Carosi, on the same night that Pope Clement died, ran about the streets of Sienna proclaiming aloud what turned out to be the fact, for the next day the news came from Rome. He was evidently a madman, whose denunciations happened in one or two cases to have been borne out by fact, or, as the common phrase, is "happened to come true." This work would supply some useful matter for our present hobgoblin raisers and spiritualists.

These wonderful prophets or wizards have generally been ignorant persons. The superior spirits

* "Voi avete messo nel sacco me, e Dio mettera in Sacco voi!" This man's life was published at Tivoli, printed by Indovidono, in 4to, entitled "Vita e Profesie del Brandano Sanese, volgarmente detto il Pazzo di Christo." It is full of his prophecies.

so rare on the earth cannot condescend to the arts used by the craft to deceive their fellow men, being unable to support a consistent *Charlatanerie*. It is extraordinary that many will insist that those who are the most ill-informed are the most competent religious teachers. This adds truth to the prevalence of the blind so often leading the blind.

St. Paul, the most distinguished of the Christian apostles, was the most learned. He not only quoted Jewish writers, some of whom are not extant, but he cited passages out of Aratus, Epimenides, and Menander. Scultatus has shown that Paul had read the epistles of Heraclitus of Ephesus, and the same author, from some of the phrases he used, had no doubt the apostle had read the works of the Platonists. So much for those who contend that ignorance qualifies for the duties of a Christian instructor. On the other hand, a deep knowledge of the classical writers alone, and little else, is not the whole qualification for a Christian clergyman, as too many seem to imagine. As to those who contend for ignorance, from the example of the apostles, who had the gift of the Holy Spirit and of languages specially conferred upon them, it may be replied in the words of a good bishop,—“If God has no need of human learning, still less can he have need of human ignorance?” Christ argued eloquently with the Jewish doctors. David and

Solomon, men in the old Testament, were men of high acquirement. The earlier teachers of Christianity were well-instructed men. Money was not the bar to the acquirement of wisdom, nor did poverty exclude mental attainments from respect as it does in the present venal age. Indeed, they seem to have received learning on purpose for their mission. The garb of the apostles was that of the Greek philosophers, who were generally poor men. Wealth was not the glory of the palmy days of Greece and Rome. The inference is inevitable from Robert Hall, that the more ignorant part of society embraced the Christian doctrine with the most readiness, and were therefore the more acceptable. If so, it must be admitted that the absurdities of Mormonism are highly acceptable, for it is probable the number of proselytes to that imposture in a given time has been superior to that of the converts at the earlier promulgation of our own faith. The class the excellent and eloquent Robert Hall would extol has been content not merely to believe in the most ridiculous doctrines, but to cross wide seas, encounter fever, famine, privation and hard toil for the new doctrine; does that prove its truth? No one who reasons would argue from that the validity of the Latter-day Saints' creed, and yet Mr. Hall makes it the point in favour of our faith, that the more ignorant embraced it at once. To draw such

an inference, is to put a powerful weapon into the hands of the foes of the Christian religion. That men nearest the state of uncultivated nature afford the best proofs of the authenticity of the Christian doctrine, by their unreflecting assent to it, and in consequence are the best judges of its value, is absurd, and suicidal to Christianity. All the advances of mankind in their progress so slow, yet so evident towards those things most at war with stolidity and ignorance, tending to still greater improvement, have not been works of the stupid clown, and the uninformed mind of the yeoman or peasant, but of the well-instructed. Who would insult the common understanding by the inquiry whether the harmonious and magnificent frame of nature were the work of the wisest, greatest, and most intelligent of spiritual beings, or the product of the lowest power in the region of those essences unknown to us, the least of whom can "wield these elements?"

• The natural and correct impression would be that the vast creation and its innumerable spheres were the product of infinite wisdom and unlimited power; of the *Λόγος*, or "Wisdom" of St. John, for so it should be rendered, and not "Word." The same rule must apply to mind or spirit in the stunted measure of our humanity. The faith of the clown may be stronger from ignorance, but not a more enlightened faith, or a more saving one, than that of the

well-informed individual. Faith, too, may be given to any plausible topic without discrimination, and can be no subject for boast in the way of proof of the truth or falsehood of any particular doctrine. Conviction must precede faith. It is most unsound to argue that all the improvements of the last three thousand years, in art, science, comfort, all the vast field of God's work which has been explored, not only regarding this, but other worlds, our and present elevation beyond the savage state, has not been brought about by doubt, and inquiry. There is more reason to suppose the advance of mankind towards the great infinity of intellect is in accordance with it than ignorance can be. When Moses and the Israelites fled before Pharoah, and the Red Sea, with all that accompanied the event of their escape, it was made much of as a matter of signs and wonders, but then man was in a comparative infancy of knowledge. No one would contend that the subsequent races of mankind, which have subjected that sea, and it may be said the great ocean as well, by science, are not worthy to be compared to the classes that would now be deemed among the more ignorant, and the further removed from the knowledge of the time. God has not been pleased that the human mind shall stand still. If the supreme being were best worshipped and best represented by the more ignorant portion of society, by

men without doubts, the untutored savage of the earliest age must have been the more favoured of the species. That the advance of mind, the discoveries of science, the glories of civilization, are inimical to the knowledge of the divine being is untrue, nor can the world go wrong in advancing. Its advance itself is sufficient proof of the design in him who rules all things, for he has ordered it. We should also find the adoption of novelties to be inimical to the welfare of the species, and to our maker, who has been pleased to elevate inventors above their kind, he who is himself the fountain of all "knowledge and wisdom." The instruments used in elevating human above animal existence must act contrary to his omniscience, in fostering that progression which will, despite the advocates of passive ignorance, continue to advance to still higher grades, the position of man. Yeomen and peasants, who act on impulse, or as they have been trained,—in other words, never think deeply at all,—and cannot judge for want of the power of judgment, who nine times in ten neither examine nor weigh any thing, but whose belief is mere instinct, gain no conviction from reason, but example, good natural tendencies, or perhaps gross superstition. There is no such thing as intuitive knowledge; we can know nothing worthily, further than we have ideas, and those who have few or no ideas,

and cannot weigh the points before them, can never be tolerated as the foremost in religion, unless it be a religion that gropes its way to its object, destitute of eyes. The most ignorant and humble may be virtuous and good men, but are they more acceptable to heaven on that account, than those of enlarged minds who are virtuous? A nation of Lockes or Newtons, according to such a doctrine, would have little chance for heaven compared to the stolid ploughman, or the turf-cutter on the mountain side, who may be possessed of all saving piety for his measure of mind, notwithstanding, but is content to believe what is told him, without questioning anything, since truth is no longer the child of doubt, or the result of intellectual scrutiny. Nor can such an opinion be defended on the ground that faith is the sacrifice of the reason to God. What, but reason, can be the judge between faith in falsehood, or that faith which truth will justify? It is much more likely that we should be wrong in ascribing to the supreme being many things called matters of faith, contradicting reason in the most palpable way, than that reason, the only criterion, should deceive us. This difficulty it is, which to get over, has constituted the labour of the Romish church, and those of our own church whose dark minds are inclined to amalgamate with Roman darkness. Superstition has been the weapon used

to bolster up all kinds of despotism, and to alarm timid and unreasoning people, backed with the anathemas of hierarchies, those gradations of imposture, only formidable to imbecile souls. Hence authority often takes the place of reason, and will naturally do so where Christian simplicity of doctrine is buried with the ignorant in things calculated to bewilder and terrify, in place of generating a lucid piety, and an affectionate respect for the Giver of all good. Terror is substituted for filial regard; man is dragooned into holiness, which is too often the method used by priestcraft. Fears are acted upon; hence it is besides that enlarged minds, less credulous, are more wary in giving assent to things which are presented to them in colours, the hues of which are suspicious as to purity. When men of intellect lose this wariness, society will halt.

CHAPTER VIII.

Polish Poets—Anecdote of Frederick of Prussia—Lines on Niemcewicz—Continued Mortality—The Royal Bereavement—Religious Consolation—References to Past Labours—Conclusion.

IN a former Chapter I mentioned the Polish poet Niemcewicz as, in my idea, bearing a resemblance to Franklin. I since find a memorandum of his death dated May, 1841. In 1788, he was a representative of Lithuania, his native province, in the Diet at Warsaw, where his eloquence made a deep impression, and obtained him great moral influence. He was one of those who framed the constitution adopted in 1791. He served in the same corps as Kosciuszko in 1777, and was adjutant-general to that hero, and taken prisoner with him in the battle of Macziewisc, in 1795, on which field he lay some time for dead. He shared the same prison in St. Petersburg, until made free at the death of Catherine by the accession

of Paul. His works were all written in the Polish language. He published a number of patriotic songs, set to favourite tunes, in order to keep alive that spirit of the Polish people, which for some hundreds of years had been uniformly marked by great patriotic devotion. He wrote a "History of the Kings of Poland;" a "History of the Reign of Sigismund III.;" "Memoirs relating to Polish History;" "John von Tenczyn," a romance; "Fables and Tales;" "The Jewish Lovers;" "Kasimir the Great," a drama; and some other theatrical pieces. He was in America in 1777 with Kosciuszko, and there became the friend of Washington and Franklin.

He was a well made and agreeable old man, apparently of a cheerful disposition, and highly respected for his talents. He was one of those who immediately fixes the regard of a stranger. He had been exceedingly anxious to improve the state of his fellow-countrymen. It was Niemcewicz who pronounced the funeral oration over the grave of Kosciuszko, at Cracow, after the prelate Lancowski. The latter complimented Paul for his magnanimity, as might be expected from a prelate, it was really a sop to Alexander.* In several conversations I had with

* Assis maintenant sur le trône des Jagellons, c'est à toi Alexandre, que la Pologne doit sa renaissante existence! Ainsi David prépara les matériaux du Temple de Dieu, et laissa à son fils la gloire d'achever cet immortel ouvrage!

the poet, his country was the topic, that appeared to engross all his thoughts, unless he were directly and pointedly led to another. He was evidently a man of extensive literature, a statesman, and a soldier. I have seldom been more struck with any stranger than when I was introduced to him. I soon felt an extraordinary feeling of respect for him and deep regret at his misfortunes.*

Poland boasted as well of Naruszewicz, a poet and bishop, born in Lithuanian territory, in 1733. He died of a broken heart in 1796, at witnessing the treachery of the three royal plunderers of his country. Poland also produced Krasicki, Count Sietzen, and Archbishop of Gnesen. This prelate stands out the most distinguished of all the Polish

* I could not help making note of his death in the following lines:—

ON JULIUS URSINUS NIEMCEWICZ.

I KNEW thee, Niemcewicz, now gone to God,
Where tyrants go not: blessed be thy sleep,
Thou glorious exile! Lo, thy fresh-made sod
Freedom bedews with tears that angels weep!
Thou silent, thy muse speaks wherever burn
Bright aspirations for humanity,
Its weal and elevation; on thy urn,
Deep-graved in gold, is Poland's liberty.

Hoary in years, to freedom constant still,
His bleeding country ever on his tongue,
The patriot poet left this world of ill,
Great in his death, as in the strains he sung—
His last faint prayer thanking his God that he
Died as he lived, in his integrity!

writers. His works are so voluminous, in verse and prose, that he was called the Voltaire of Poland. He lashed the monks in his "Monachomachia" for their ignorance and intolerance. His writings fill ten volumes. He visited Frederick the Great at Sans Souci, and occupied the apartment which Voltaire had occupied, by which the king told him he would become inspired. "As you are a bishop," said Frederick to him, in a jesting mood, "you will be able hereafter to take me into heaven."

"No, sire," he replied; "your Majesty has cut my gown so short, it will not permit me to hide beneath it any contraband commodities."

The archbishop died at Berlin in 1801, aged sixty-six.

Thus Poland has had her literature as well as the other Slavonian nations; but in every case it is in its earlier development, *Ráno Slowan*, Slavonian dawn, as contrasted with *Anglicko poledne*, English mid-day. The national misfortunes must retard its development. There was one thing to be admired in the Poles, that, under all their sufferings and oppression, they never would mix with the Russians in society, nor ever admit them into their family circles.

The ukase of Nicholas forbidding the use of the Polish language in the courts of justice, and substituting the Russian, in 1833, roused the indignation

of poor Niemcewicz in a high degree. All the schools in Poland were commanded to teach the Russian tongue! The horrible persecution of the nuns of Minsk, well known to the emperor, had no parallel besides in Europe, since the time when men were burned and racked for their religion. I know nothing in modern history more horrible or more wicked. Nicholas could not plead ignorance of it. When we hear of these atrocious crimes perpetrated by power, and see how tamely they are borne, we must feel astonished at the low calibre of the multitudinous mind; and, as a distinguished writer said on another occasion, feel that in it "religious men find exercise for their faith, and make it the last effort of their piety not to repine against Providence."

I must again remark how rapidly at times to those advanced in life, individuals in their day seem to disappear, and leave no succession. I have known, perhaps, as many or more men of note personally than most others have done, and that of every description and pursuit in life. At a certain time I found their number diminish fast, not to be replaced. That there were individuals in the mass capable of keeping up the succession and no doubt equally worthy may be the fact, but they are not equally congenial to the survivor. Time is required and an intercourse and a familiarity of some standing to re-

place those who are gone, and that time and intimacy cannot co-exist. I have worked hard for a long term of years, and reckoned so many in literature, art, and political life, as friends to an extent few have done, and now I do not know, even by sight, much more than half a dozen such in all the vast amplitude of London. It seems to me not a great while, though it must be perhaps about thirty years, that I have noted down the deaths of those I once knew who were conspicuous persons in life, and I have more than a hundred on my list!

Looking out of the window recently, during a gentle shower, I saw a line of crystal drops hanging from the eaves. Presently one fell and disappeared, another, and another glittered, elongated, dropped like the former, and was seen no more. It had gone into forgetfulness, and was never to sparkle again with the hues of the rainbow, or to refresh the warm atmosphere with its vivifying influence. It struck me as a representation of life, as apposite as Homer's—

“ Like the tree leaves, the race of man is found.”*

or as the “dream of the shadow” to which our lives have been compared; the end-all of our strugglings and labors, of our joys and sorrows, of

* Οίη γὰρ φύλλων γενέη τέθηδε κ' Ἄνδρων.

our ascents and descents throughout a distempered existence. Such thoughts will come to all who reflect after the maturity of existence is past, and we begin to calculate how little life is really worth, by correctly weighing its realities.

But I must not wander further into a subject which has occupied wiser heads. The painful event which occurred in the royal family by the death of the Prince Consort, and the interruption of a scene of domestic happiness rarely witnessed in royal circles, occupies general attention. I have lived in the reign of four sovereigns of England, but how differently marked the one from the other! How triumphant in comparison the rule of the royal lady. The reign of George III. was stained by disgraces such as England never before experienced, humbled at the feet of her own colonies, and forced to make over territory to France and Spain, in a mode her history till then never recorded. The peace of 1815, took place under a prince of clearer intellect and better predispositions for government in the Regent. Next came a sovereign of great goodness of heart, who will never be forgotten for his support of the reform bill; lastly Victoria ascended the throne, whose reign has been one continued national advance.

“How is it that England is always fortunate under a Queen?” inquired a French monarch of one of his courtiers, if I recollect rightly.

“Because, Sire, they have always selected good ministers,” was the reply.

There could be no stronger proof of the feeling of the country towards its honoured Queen than the sympathy shown towards her under her recent severe loss. As the humblest of her Majesty's subjects, I could not help feeling a sadness which I never felt before on any similar occasion. I have seen many sovereigns, but must confess they rather lowered than increased my high idea of crown. Here, not for mere rank's sake, but honestly from that gratitude and duty which were due in return for good government, independently of the regard for the sentiment of a common nature under affliction. The nation scarcely knows the amount of its debt to such a sovereign, especially that large part of it which never knew what it was to live in the times of George III., and can have no remembrance of the troubles of that reign. Her Majesty, whom I recal, it seems but a few years ago, as a child riding on a pony in Kénsington Gardens, ripened by age, and exalted by the decease of her predecessor, the good King William, to her high office, has borne “her faculties so meek, hath been so clear in her great office,” that it would be the highest injustice not to do credit to the satisfactory fulfilment of her exalted duties. Those duties, however, are but as the letter of her humanity, for the spirit has been seen to be that

which nature can alone bestow on sovereign or serf. The royal lady has received the sympathetic tribute of her subjects, perhaps I should say in exchange for her own towards the sufferings of her subjects whenever they occurred, were it not slighting in complexion to say so. With the conviction of these truths briefly stated, I could not help depicting my own feeling on a late melancholy event. Not from mere love of poetry, but because it best expressed what I felt. In solitude, in depression, at home and abroad for nearly threescore years (I have shared much of both unknown to others), I have often had recourse to recording my feelings in verse—my sorrows, however bitter, have troubled none. The neglect and ill-taste in its regard at the present time arises from the more blunted sensibility of the popular mind, absorbed in low pursuits, necessarily attended by a less regard for what soars above the immediate object. The many now look downwards in their pursuits. They have no idea of accommodating the “shows of things to the desires of the mind.” This alone will account for the slight of poesy.

Lady and Sovereign ! if the holy tear
Affection sheds on love's untimely bier
Should solace need, behold at sorrow's shrine
A grateful people blend their griefs with thine,
Mourning the consort of the royal choice,
Whose life was whispered out by God's still voice.
Dark clouds have curtain'd Windsor's stately towers,
Within still darker, pass the lonely hours.

Remember! he for whom thy spirit mourns
Sprang from eternal light, and there returns ;
Shoots his bright car along the ethereal way,
To bask in regions of unsetting day.
His earthly noontide past, his evening come,
While He who sent him only called him home
To his reward, from meaner things below—
Sooner, perhaps, because more fit to go
Where all is glorious spirit, heaven-refined—
The bright elysium of immortal mind.

But the disconsolate ! all hopes and fears
Have passed into a wilderness of tears
And mutual grief, though impotent is woe,
Even the great heart of Britain's overflow ;
Sorrow will have its course, however vain,
And love still linger but to nourish pain.

Illustrious Lady ! if thy sorrowing eyes
Rest on thy loved one's mournful obsequies,
And height of fondness change to depth of woe,
While nations kindred sympathies bestow—
If false to comfort in affliction's hour
Majestic calmness and unshaken power,
A mighty throne, a people proud and free—
Turn to the garden of Gethsemané,
Where one of birth divine and royal stem
Wept o'er the loved, the lost Jerusalem !

The arts bereaved are clad in deepest gloom
While science, bent before the royal tomb,
Sadly recalls the mandate of the skies,
" Man lives one moment, and the next he dies !"
Then sacred be the sorrows of a throne ;
" Leave us to mourn, for we would mourn alone !"

Sovereign beloved ! the glory of the free,
How truly great it is to reign like thee
In human hearts, that bless thee in thy power,
And share thy sorrow in this bitter hour,
When death the golden rein of love controls,
And the sweet servitude of kindred souls !

Strong resignation be thy resting-place,
And calm thy royal sorrows into peace,
Till the last day-spring opening in the sky,
Display the portal of eternity :
Where nature and her nobler works shall share
The boundless spring that blooms for ever there—
Till when, be this the mourner's orison :—
“ Lord, as in heaven, on earth thy will be done ! ”*

The death of Sir William Wraxall, the elder son of the writer of the “ Political Memoirs,” is just announced. The elder Wraxall must have had some merit, for his works were abused by both political parties in their reviews. I knew the late Sir William when young men together. We lived three or four months in the same house in France. I had not seen him for many years. He was of the lesser order of men in size, and slim in person. He was exceedingly effeminate, and yet few men possessed more personal courage. There was a noted duellist in Paris at that time, named Wallace, who had belonged to the fifteenth dragoons, and lost his commission for fighting a duel with another young officer—both mere boys—no doubt incited by some of the officers of the regiment. He used to tease Wraxall for his effeminate habits. At length Wraxall sent a friend to him at three o'clock, one Friday morning, with a challenge. The only reply he got was that it being a Friday, he (Wallace)

* See the “ New Monthly,” vol. 125, 1862.

could not fight that sacred day, in a catholic country ; and, that having a duel on his hands for every day of the week after, he did not wish to be killed twice over.

I remember that two or three friends agreed to go and dine at St. Cloud ; Wraxall was to be of the party. As usual, he was dressed with great exactness. Before setting out, he called to his servant, "Felix, go up to my drawers, and bring me a clean silk pocket-handkerchief." Felix presented it accordingly. "Now, dust my boots."

This set us all upon him. "Wraxall, you are getting fat ; you have a paunch ; you will be soon qualified for an alderman." He could not bear the idea of getting fat, and the appearance of it was urged upon him with so much apparent gravity, that he made a sudden excuse not to accompany us ; and we learned afterwards that he had shut himself up and taken a dose of medicine. He would have a couple of bottles of Eau de Cologne thrown into his bath, and sometimes order soup while he lay in it, "Well, Wraxall, did they float the soup up to your mouth on a cork waiter?" He was good-humoured, and certainly bore much quizzing. I suspected that he played occasionally. His father, he complained, had been angry with him about money affairs. He used to visit at the *petits soupers* of Madame D——, a place where much play went

on under the disguise of party-giving, and invitations were sent to all young heedless Englishmen who were good subjects for plucking; their names and addresses were to be easily obtained through the police. I do not believe there was any cheating, because, as at public tables, the French visitors were very keen-eyed, and the profits were ample without. The police, too, were the more sharp upon unfair play, knowing in the long run it defeated its own end. Waexall exhibited at that time no marks of intellectual acquirement above common-place. He was, it is true, only "sowing his wild oats;" and though it seems to me but as yesterday, it is really a very long time ago of which I am writing.

After all, we must turn to religion, and see whether that will not solve difficulties, as to lapsing time through ripened hope. I have often thought that one of the best proofs that there is another state of existence will be found in the trials as well as the short-lived being of the perishable man, if that tenure be not his "be all and end all," as materialists assert. It is so disproportionate and perishable, so soon returned into and rendered a portion of the other varieties of matter after death, perhaps absorbed into forms destitute of organization, that the enduring and soaring attributes of mind, so vast and powerful in proportion, would be flung away upon

it. The intellectual being, the "thoughts that wander through eternity," that have sometimes seemed to exhibit in the corporeal worm a god in spirit, can surely not have been created to serve a particle of matter that in itself would be worthless!—made to animate a clod for a moment, that can never again resume the shape of the living being it once illumined! The cost would be too unequal in comparison. Creation would be wasted, and the Creator act opposite to reason throughout the boundless immensity of His other marvellous works, in their admirable and perfect adaptation to their evident objects.

Geology displays to us the fact that death existed long before the earth was adapted to the use of man, and that its ravages seem to have begun with the lowest animated creation. The creatures which followed in numerous succession up to man plainly prove that the Creator's law of the universe is progressive improvement—a continued advance. To the more inferior creatures detected in the lower strata, the surface was alone congenial—on that alone could they have lived. As the surface was changed, a long succession of time intervening between each change, a new and more advanced succession of reptiles and animals peopled it, which in turn died off; thus proceeding up to man, of whom no traces are discoverable below the present alluvial soil. May

not the present race of men in turn disappear, to make way for a race still superior, perhaps of angelic natures, in a still more improved mundane superficies, and on a yet more beautiful face of nature? Human pride revolt at this? It is true it seems more reasonable to suppose that the last alteration in regard to matter is reached, except in those changes incident to maintaining the existing aspect of things, and perfecting them further. In regard to man, the progression seems to be connected with mind rather than matter. The bodily frame of the older races of men seems to have been constituted precisely like the present; if anything, the present races may be presumed the more corporeally powerful. The true advance of man, however, is mental, marked by its continual increase of collective power. The proudest conqueror of antiquity would be but as a child before the resources of modern warfare, while practical science has elevated the present over the past in the same proportion. The works of modern times unite the discoveries of science to mechanical power under the rule of right reason. In such a condition of things, the ocean has been dared, the whole earth mapped out, and new continents discovered and begun to be peopled. When the world is fully inhabited, cultivated, and refined, at that period, and not before, will the earthly destiny of man, as designed by the great Creator, become

evident to those alive whom it most concerns. It will be then seen whether this state is not one wholly of probation, since, while death exists, it cannot be man's permanent rest; and as his advance here is mental, and not corporeal, whether the beneficence of his mighty Creator has not made of the earth a preparative school for some orb of more advanced virtue and wisdom, until man become more fit for the presence of the Ineffable than from his present frail nature he is likely to be, either on quitting this distempered existence or for a long time afterwards, without great advances above his present limited knowledge and coarse passions.

If God be love, He is also truth in His essence, in His works, in His revelations. In Him all is truth, love, and wisdom. Those who would pretend that there are dangerous truths, err either through ignorance or wilfulness, and are fools or knaves. "The truth," says Locke, "never deceives those who trust to it." Those who promulgate the opposite doctrine seek to veil with human falsehood the ray of that eternal light by which alone the footsteps of man are to be guided. The fear of truth is generated by some early custom, vicious instruction, or individual interest, which interferes perniciously with the benefit of the great human family. It is the first duty of every responsible being to seek the truth, and fear nothing, adopting a well-known

axiom of a language now dead in the British Islands —“Truth against the world.” The honest search for truth is the golden road which leads to virtue and real religion, and no examination can be dangerous, no scrutiny superfluous, which man can institute with honest zeal in the search of the most precious gift of heaven to man. It is a duty to disregard all the dicta of custom, of usage, of hackneyed aphorisms, of established opinion, of religious or political interest, in the pursuit. Reason will not follow falsehood, for it feels the sentiment of truth at the first recognition of its presence.

We have our casuists—a race like other horrent things, it is true, in dry learning unmatched, and in the love of eld and the fathers more deeply engrained than ever monk or hermit of the past in affection for religious archaeology. Our present casuist is as dry as his predecessors in the knowledge he cultivates, the chaff of literature, the husks of learning, the empty notions, distinctions without differences, and ideas in sand which the gentlest wave effaces. Some divines, too, using that jargon with which they play at moppets with reason, raise scruples about cobwebs, while they swallow mountains. Others of the order pretend to be able to lead men to heaven through mysteries and intricacies of the most extraordinary nature. Many are eager, from lust of power over simple minds, to introduce

confessions like those of Rome, and combat sense with empty formalities. They hate simple truths that wayfaring men can understand, and love to raise a mist before men's eyes, that by bewildering us we may take heaven, through them, with a vain retailing of words and circumlocutions and subtleties, enslaving souls always better and more worthy, who, at first, not casuists like themselves, feel a strong revulsion to credit what they are unable to comprehend.

Time, the conclusion of all things, warns me to close this desultory autobiography, if it can carry the name. I have exceeded the limit I proposed to myself. I will recapitulate a little what I can remember in the way of summary as regards my labours to the extent of half a hundred volumes of my own; I have edited more than twice as many besides. I have no means to draw upon but memory, and that cannot, in minute points, be relied upon, as the long term of years for which it is solicited is an impediment to the recal of things so multifarious. Yet most of the pleasures of advanced life must come from the past.

The fault of speaking in the first person here the excessively fastidious can alone deem of any account, much less can one who thinks the middling state* the best, and is beyond all sensitiveness

* *Μίσηρον ἀπύκρον.*

about the world's estimation, if no just reproach attach to its censures, whether of the high or low.

My first lucubration in type was in youth, in 1801, in an epitaph on Sir Ralph Abercromby, who had just fallen in Egypt. Some translations from Ovid, and similar pieces between 1801 and 1804. The year 1806 found me in the Abbey, at the funeral of Pitt, afloat on the wide world, and soon after I became fatherless. Fox was in power, and during his short administration I commenced my labours, and for a year after its close I laboured on the "Pilot Newspaper." I adopted Liberal principles, and have never faltered, working for them, too often without fee or reward. I have stated before how it fell to my lot to proceed to Plymouth, where a newspaper came wholly into my hands. That paper was neutral as far as regarded whig or tory principle. No liberals or radicals were then known; whig or tory divided the politicians. A strong desire to do right induced me to support catholic emancipation, on which question the cabinet was divided. I have stated how I was served by Mr. Perceval for that heinous offence. It struck a severe blow on all my future life; in fact made me a political martyr. I sold the paper at a great loss, I may say of nearly all I possessed, and more indignant than repentant, after five or six years of life wasted, I returned to London, with little money

in my pocket. While at Plymouth I wrote for the "Naval Chronicle," in London, and also published two letters to Lord Holland, on the libel law.

The year 1814 found me in London, working at a "Dramatic Review," publishing articles in the "Morning Chronicle" and "Examiner," and learning German. All this was given up for a projected work on Ireland, in consequence of Wakefield's volumes not being satisfactory. It was to have been on a large scale. I had letters from persons of consequence, to individuals in the island. After wasting several months, the whole was abandoned, because no one could be got on moderate terms to manage the plates and engravings, which were a necessary. After the battle of Waterloo I went to France and resided four months at Rouen; then at Gisors, collecting notes on Normandy, or travelling in the country south, and making observations on the vine and its product. I also corresponded with the "Examiner." I next proceeded to Paris, and there edited Galignani's Messenger. I returned after three years' absence, and, going into Warwickshire, edited a paper for a short time at Warwick, as a holding of place for another. I also, while there, wrote two letters on the Game Laws, to Dr. Parr. In 1820 I commenced writing in the "New Monthly Magazine," at the same time as the late Judge Talfourd, but in two months afterwards

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Campbell was engaged as the editor. I have explained elsewhere the part I had in that work, in which every third volume, part original and part compilation, was mine. Besides this I found time to correct the proofs of all the work, and write one hundred and seventy-seven articles besides. Campbell's articles were not more than one third of mine even in the original part; all his, bear his name. The whole weight of it soon fell upon myself. The form of that wonderfully successful work was different then from what it has been since. Here I have to lament I wasted ten years, the best years of my life, doing nearly the whole work, and writing all the political matter. But Campbell and myself were intimate friends. The "Metropolitan" followed the abandonment of the "New Monthly." In 1833 I went into Sussex and put together my work on wine, which has made me extensively known in England and America. The history of that work is curious; to myself it was of less advantage than any other I had undertaken considering its labour. The MS. in material lay untouched for thirteen years! None of the "trade" would look at it or hear of it. I had proposed it to Colburn in vain. "It would not answer." "So few drank wine," and so on; which meant that there was no work in the market like it, that had made a noise, by which it could be judged. My notes on wine, like those on

Normandy, had not, like them, become useless from being superseded by others. When I left the "Metropolitan," therefore, I put the work in order. The late Mr. Whittaker, who was a particular friend, at last said he would publish it on the principle of half profits. It was most beautifully printed by Gilbert and Rivington, in one volume. The woodcuts were then five times the price they are at present, and the expense of the work was thus greatly enhanced. It went through a second edition, but I never received more profit from it than paid my sojourn on the coast for two or three months while I put it together. I abandoned it in disgust, as labour and toil entirely wasted. What the second edition made I do not know. On Mr. Whittaker's death, when his house disposed of its copyrights, the work was bought by Mr. Bohn, who printed five thousand copies at once, in a smaller form. Such, however, is generally the fate of works that do not resemble others in the market. It was the fate, as I have before said, of Robinson Crusoe.* I had only the empty consolation that I had served the public. Nor was this all the pleasure without

* Paradise Lost could scarcely find a publisher. Gulliver's Travels lay ten years in MS. Sir W. Scott tried three times to dispose of Waverley in vain, and had it by him twelve years, while the dullest and most stupid works were eagerly taken. I must not therefore repine at the fate of my humbler book and my vain labor, which lay by me so long.

profit I sustained derived from that work. I was sought after by wine merchants, and cited before a committee of the House of Commons on the question of the wine duties. I went down with some of the wine committee to meet the chamber of commerce at Manchester, on the subject, and I lost a great deal of time, which to me was most valuable, in efforts to aid in the free trade object of lessening duties which Mr. Gladstone has at length carried out. It is continually expected that literary men should serve public purposes gratuitously, while the public cares not a rush how they fare or live or die in harness, never giving its services without an equivalent. I was glad to serve the public, I confess, but more because it was a pleasure in my case than a duty, though ruinous as a waste of time, for I could look nowhere for remuneration. But it has been the same in politics. I have served liberal and reform and free-trade principles devotedly for above half a century without more pecuniary profit than very common labour returned, and can ask myself the question *cui bono*? except that the public benefited. Still it is a very serious question, at above three-score years and ten, to a literary man, too, whose time is his estate. In active politics it is true I worked *con amore* for my party; I paid my own expenses, and never received a shilling, except the moderate salary paid me, all through my career.

Besides the weight of a paper to meet this salary, working at the same time for London periodicals, which nothing but a happy constitution of body enabled me to bear. Of the same colour in politics, from the time of Mr. Fox I have seen almost all the literary men I knew pass away, while I have been in the same state. In political works through perilous times, often from the pressure of circumstances, not having quitted the writing-table even for a meal, for thirty-six hours together. I find myself in my age no better off in worldly circumstances than when, in 1814, I left Plymouth, though I am the oldest continued literary workman in England, and over the largest scope of action. I have been told I am too independent, that is, I have not complied with requests to write on any side for profit; I have not—it is too late to swerve—and I never will act upon a shop-keeping principle. So far, the press shall not be degraded by me. It would be a confession that all the past part of my life I had erred in principles, when those principles have become triumphant, however feeble my aid may have been in their behalf. I can only repose on the consciousness of having done rightly, acted consistently, and received empty thanks for services performed, and promises in return never realized, perhaps because my pride restrained me from that superabundance of solicitation, which,

bordering upon abject humility, is not regarded by many in the present time in comparison with its object—at least not more so than the huckster of his wares in the market feels when he asks the custom of the passenger.

I hope I have not spoken of myself with any vanity. I belong to the past rather than the present race of literary men, not less from modes of thinking than of action, and I am content to remain so my short allotted time. I make the acknowledgment without shame and in sincerity. I have endeavoured to serve the party I ever professed to serve, often amid a mind distracted and anxieties known only to myself, which last will plead I trust for many of my hasty efforts and deficiencies, for exuberance of thought at one time and paucity at another.

But to conclude, besides between forty and fifty volumes of my own, I have edited above a hundred, beginning in 1806. I have established four newspapers, and edited six, one in France, and written for four others. There are few periodicals which have not had something of mine, and I have published articles I know not how many in Encyclopædias and similar works. I have mentioned my idea of a postage stamp for bills just fifty-four years ago; but to enumerate that, the name of which is legion, would be impossible. I may say that I never have

written a work without a moral or political end. Thus I wrote two novels as simple and as true to nature as I could, with the object, as I thought, of assailing the insatiate love of lucre, which moves the masses in the present day; that is, I made war on the over-craving love of money that at present absorbs all other considerations. One did tolerably well in the market, the second was too plain, perhaps, and did not do; it was not startling enough. As a sequel, with the same view, the subject and object has been terminated by two volumes of the lives of Misera, gathered from various sources. I might have endeavoured, by abandoning nature, and by lying in defiance of all reason, fact, and probability, to have attracted a sensation, and might have failed, but a sense of probity and of social duty would have withheld the attempt, with my old-fashioned view of the true use of the press and its moral ends under all circumstances.

During the siege of Sevastapol in 1855, I suggested a method of throwing shot *en ricochet*, the mode most destructive to a besieged place, in its nature demanding a low velocity. The object was to expose fewer men to casualties, and save ammunition. It was considered in the kindest and most attentive way by the Select Committee of the Artillery at Woolwich, and the plan was placed in

their archives. I had seen much artillery practice when young. The following report was perfectly satisfactory:—

“ War Department, Pall Mall,

“ 10th October, 1855.

“ SIR,

“ With reference to your invention described in the margin, which has been considered by the Select Committee at Woolwich :

“ I am directed by Mr. Monsell to acquaint you that the projectile itself, and also the method of using it, are inapplicable to the service, except in circumstances requiring low velocities.

“ I am, Sir,

“ Your obedient servant,

“ J. WOOD.”

The siege of Sevastapol soon afterwards terminated. The experiments I made were on a small but careful, proportional scale.

Here I must conclude these volumes upon a subject which will never again be obtruded upon the public, if not from sameness or any other reason, still from the inevitable course of things. The perpetual contest for wealth which keeps the world in commotion will soon make these notes be forgotten. But there will be a reaction when the passion of

gain ceases to remunerate itself, when it is gorged, and commerce excels in other lands, and the golden shackles are broken, and the pride of accumulation is humbled, and man begins to think there is some object in life besides that is worthy of his existence. It is true by that time it will matter little to the author, whether he have readers or not. To those who may at present honor him with their perusal he bids them *Valeté* without the conceit of adding the second part of the hackneyed quotation.

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